TUFTS UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

From the Library of
the late
Hon. Richard Frothingham

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

https://archive.org/details/worksofmadamerol12rola

Mrs. Clarke

THE

WORKS

OF

MADAME ROLAND,

WIFE OF THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

CONTAINING:

I. AN APPEAL TO IMPARTIAL POSTERITY; WITH HER PRIVATE LIFE, WRITTEN DURING HER CONFINEMENT IN THE PRISONS OF THE ABBEY AND ST. PELAGIE, IN PARIS.—IN FOUR PARTS.

II. PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY ESSAYS WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO HER MARRIAGE: HER CORRESPONDENCE AND TRAVELS. TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED, DOCUMENTS RELATIVE TO HER IMPRISONMENT AND CONDEMNATION.

WITH A

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE & ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

By L. A. CHAMPAGNEUX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING AN APPEAL TO IMPARTIAL POSTERITY:

PART I. & II.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

BY I. GOLD, 103, SHOE-LANE.

1803.

26436.

DC
146.
.R7C4

ADVERTISEMENT

FROM

THE EDITOR.

MADAM Roland, the wife of a man of ſcience, was perſuaded, that the celebrity of a woman ought to be confined to the eſteem ariſing from the practice of the domeſtic virtues. On this account ſhe never would conſent to publiſh writings, which might have procured her literary fame. It was even neceſſary to be intimately acquainted with her, to be able to form a juſt eſtimate of her native merit, her acquired talents, and her ſtrength of mind.

Madam Roland, when the wife of a miniſter, retained the ſame principles. She aſſiſted her huſband in his political labours, as ſhe had aſſiſted him before in his ſcientific purſuits, without permitting her name to appear. But her ſituation was changed. Her ſociety

before was confined to a few intimates, but now when ſhe was become the centre of a wider circle, the admiration of her friends, and the malevolence of her enemies, ſoon combined to give her a celebrity which ſhe was ſtill far from ſeeking.

Impriſoned, calumniated on all ſides, and having nothing but a ſcaffold before her eyes, Madam Roland was naturally induced to ſeek the eſteem of poſterity as a conſolation for the injuſtice of her contemporaries, and to aim at future glory, as a ſort of compenſation for an untimely death.

Then, and not till then, ſhe appeared to ſeparate her reputation from that of her huſband: then, and not till then, ſhe took up her pen to make herſelf known individually, and to furniſh materials for hiſtory in her own name. It will be ſeen, however, that ſhe was not actuated ſolely by the deſire of vindicating her reputation, and acquiring fame: every page will ſhow, that ſhe was particularly anxious to repel the calumnious charges heaped upon her huſband, and to revenge the memory of Roland, in caſe he himſelf ſhould not have it in his power to write or publiſh his laſt juſtification.

The public, already prepoſſeſſed in her favour, will judge,

judge, from a perusal of her writings, whether she really merited the praise of her friends, and whether she did not deserve the hatred of the villains, who succeeded at last in bringing her to the block.

Malevolence, assuming the mask of criticism, will endeavour, no doubt, to depreciate this monument erected by a woman to the glory of her sex; but the impartial reader will acknowledge her powers. I will only say, as an excuse for some superfluous relations, and some negligences of composition, that Madam Roland composed the part entitled Historical Memoirs (two thirds of which, and those the most interesting, are lost) in the space of one month, and all the rest in two and twenty days, in the midst of sorrows and alarms of every kind; and that scarcely a passage in the manuscript is erased.

Many persons, whose characters Madam Roland has drawn, will have reason to complain; but it belongs to posterity alone to decide, whether she have done them justice. It was *my* duty to confine myself strictly to the office of an editor; and to make no alteration in the text, even when it was evident, that she had been mistaken. There is a passage, for instance, where she seems to throw reflections on citizen Dulaure, which I believe him far from deserving, and

which every true republican will be eager to reject. It may not be amiſs here to relate the cauſe of her error.

Dulaure, a patriotic journaliſt, and a bold aſſertor of truth, was a frequent viſitor at Roland's, whoſe principles were analogous to his own, and whoſe conduct he deemed meritorious. But when Dulaure became a member of the convention, he thought it incumbent on him, as a matter of delicacy, to deſiſt from going to the houſe of a miniſter, of whoſe actions he was conſtituted a judge. Madam Roland attributed this reſerve to a change of political opinions, and to the inſtigation of the mountaineers: hence the ill-humour which ſeems to have predominated, when ſhe wrote the article concerning him; but in which, notwithſtanding, ſhe does his character the juſtice it deſerves. The courage with which citizen Dulaure printed all the complaints of madam Roland after the 31ſt of May; the honourable proſcription he has undergone; and his laſt publication entitled, A Supplement to the Crimes of the late Committees of Government, render all farther juſtification unneceſſary.

I could have wiſhed to have given to the public the whole of the work at once; but the delays of the preſs at the preſent moment, and the obſervations of

of ſome good citizens, have made me reſolve to publiſh one part at a time. There will be four, which will follow each other, as ſpeedily as circumſtances will permit. The ſecond will contain ſeveral detached pieces, reſpecting the events of the revolution, with the papers that relate to her death, or that immediately preceded it. The third and fourth will contain her private life, written preciſely in the ſame manner, and with the ſame intention, as the Confeſſions of Rouſſeau: to which will be added ſome familiar letters, that I found among my papers. I much lament, that I have not a more complete ſeries of her correſpondence to publiſh*: it is in the effuſions of friendſhip, that the mind diſplays itſelf fully, and that our opinions, inclinations, and acquirements, exhibit themſelves naked to the eye. On this account I conſider her letters, though at firſt view they appear to concern only our friendſhip, turn of mind, and our purſuits, as a neceſſary ſupplement to her private memoirs. Her republican ardour will appear from the very firſt of them; and certainly, on the 28th of Auguſt, 1792, ſhe could not foreſee, that France would become a republic;

* This correſpondence, very active for ſeveral years, was frequently diurnal during her abode at Amiens. Imperfect traces remain in my memory of ſome intereſting letters which I cannot now find: poſſibly they are with ſeveral others in the hands of Lanthenas, with whom that correſpondence was frequently carried on in common. He then conſidered it, and with reaſon, as of great importance; but now!——

ſtill

ſtill leſs that ſhe was deſtined to be a principal actor in that eventful ſcene.

Madam Roland was very fond of practiſing epiſtolary writing. She turned her pen to every ſubject with incredible facility, and with uncommon elegance of ſtyle. As a letter writer, ſhe was ſuperior, in my opinion, to a Sevigné or a Maintenon: becauſe ſhe was far better informed than thoſe two celebrated women, and becauſe her correſpondence conſiſted of things, and not of words.

It is my wiſh to collect ſuch of her letters, as may have been preſerved; and I here requeſt thoſe who have them in their poſſeſſion to ſend me the originals, as free from expence as may be; as I purpoſe publiſhing them at the end of ſeveral literary productions of madam Roland, which are known to me, and which I think worthy of ſeeing the light.

Roland during his retreat had alſo compoſed ſome hiſtorical memoirs; but they were conſigned to the flames the moment the intrepid woman, who concealed him, was taken into cuſtody. At the concluſion of his firſt miniſtry, he publiſhed a collection of pieces, calculated to make his conduct in office known

to

to poſterity; it is my intention to continue it, by getting together ſuch as relate to his ſecond miniſtry.

But that I may be enabled to accompliſh this object, as well as the preceding one, it is requiſite, that the national convention, either by a general law, ſolicited by all the friends of juſtice, or by a particular decree, deſired by every true friend of liberty, reſtore to Roland's daughter the property to which ſhe has a juſt claim. I muſt have liberty to ſearch among the papers ſtill under ſeal at Villefranche, and among thoſe taken from the houſe at Paris, after the ſale of the furniture by the agents of the national domains. It is incumbent on all true republicans, victims of tyranny, and perſecuted for their virtues or talents like Roland and his wife, to favour my wiſhes with their influence, and to promote my engaging ward's reſtoration to her rights.

Let me be permitted to conclude with an obſervation, which perhaps is not unneceſſary. This work is, at preſent at leaſt, the ſole fortune of Eudora, the beloved daughter, the only child of Roland. Woe to the villain who dares to pirate it! For certainly he would not be able to ſell a ſingle copy; and yet I ſhould not fail to call down upon him all the vengeance of the law.

The portrait of madam Roland, engraved by the worthy Paſquier, the countryman of Roland, and the friend of them both, ought to be placed fronting the title page of the firſt part; but it cannot be got ready for delivery, till the publication of the laſt.

BOSC.

Paris, germinal 20, in the year of the republic 3 [April 9, 1795.]

HISTORICAL MEMOIRS.

Abbey Priſon, June 1793.

To-day on a throne, to-morrow in a priſon.

SUCH is the fate of virtue in revolutionary times. After the firſt commotions of a nation, weary of the abuſes by which it has been aggrieved, have ſubſided, enlightened men, who have pointed out its rights, and aſſiſted in regaining them, are called into places of authority: but they cannot long maintain themſelves there; for the ambitious, eager to take advantage of circumſtances, ſoon contrive to miſlead the people by flattery, and ſet them againſt their real defenders, that they themſelves may acquire conſequence and power. Such has been the progreſs of things, particularly ſince the tenth of Auguſt. On ſome future day, perhaps, I ſhall recur to earlier times, to give an account of what my ſituation has enabled me to know: at preſent the ſole object I have in view is to commit the circumſtances of my arreſt to paper: it is the kind of amuſement moſt ſuitable to the ſolitary, to reflect on their perſonal concerns, and to expreſs what they feel.

The reſignation of Roland appeaſed not his enemies. He had quitted the miniſtry, in ſpite of his reſolution to await there the laying of the ſtorm, and to brave every

danger; becauſe the ſtate of the council, when he became fully acquainted with it, and his want of influence, which kept continually increaſing, and was particularly evident about the middle of January, no longer left him any thing to look forward to but faults and follies, of which he muſt participate the diſgrace. He was not even allowed to enter his reaſons or his opinions on the regiſter of the proceedings, when they were contrary to the determination of the majority.

The conſequence was, that from the day of that pitiful decree reſpecting the comedy intituled *l'Ami des Loix*, which he would not ſign, becauſe the ſecond article was at beſt ridiculous, he no longer affixed his ſignature to any deliberation of the council. That was the fifteenth of January. The proſpect held out to him by the convention was by no means encouraging. His very name was there become the ſignal of diſcord and diſturbance; and could no longer be pronounced without producing an uproar. If a member ventured to anſwer the odious accuſations gratuitouſly preferred againſt the miniſter, he was treated as an inſtrument of faction, and reduced to ſilence. In the mean time Pache was accumulating in the war department all the faults which his weakneſs and implicit ſubmiſſion to the jacobins enabled the perfidy, imbecility, and imprudence of his agents to commit; and yet the convention could not obtain the diſmiſſion of Pache; for the moment a ſingle ſentence was uttered againſt him, the bloodhounds of the mountain ſet up a howl againſt Roland. Thus the continuation of his courageous ſtruggle in the miniſtry could no longer prevent the faults of the council, while it became an additional motive of diſorder in the convention. He deemed it therefore

therefore prudent to give in his reſignation. To prove that it was neceſſary, it ſuffices to remark, that the ſound part of the legiſlative body, convinced as it was of the virtues and talents of the calumniated miniſter, durſt not make a ſingle obſervation on the ſubject. This was unqueſtionably weakneſs; for it ſtood in need of a firm and honeſt man in the home department, who would have been its moſt powerful ſupport; and loſing this it could not do otherwiſe than ſubmit to the yoke of the violent patriots, who were endeavouring to ſet up and maintain an authority capable of rivalling the national repreſentation.

Roland kept a uſurping commune in awe. Roland gave to all the adminiſtrative bodies a regular, uniform, and harmonious motion: he watched over the ſupply of proviſions of the great national family: he found means to re-eſtabliſh peace in all the departments; he diffuſed throughout them that order which proceeds from juſtice, and that confidence which is kept alive by a vigilant adminiſtration; and he ſet on foot between them a friendly correſpondence, and a ready communication of knowledge. Roland ought therefore to have been ſupported: but ſince weakneſs denied the means, he, to whom that weakneſs was well known, could not chooſe but retire.

The timid Garat, an agreeable companion, a man of letters of moderate merit, and a deteſtable miniſter; Garat, whoſe appointment to the judicial department proved the want of able men, a want which is inconceivable, and which none can tell but they who, occupying places of importance, have coadjutors to ſeek; Garat had not even ſenſe enough to remain in that office, where there is leaſt to be done, and where his bad

health, his natural indolence, and his incapacity for buſineſs, would have been leaſt conſpicuous; but removed to the home department, without poſſeſſing the ſmalleſt ſhare of the requiſite knowledge, not only where politics are the queſtion, but in regard to commerce, the arts, and a multitude of adminiſtrative operations, that come within its cognizance. With all that ignorance, and with all his inactivity, he ventured to take the place of the moſt active man in the republic, and the beſt informed in all the above particulars. The relaxation of the machine ſoon occaſioned the diſlocation of its parts, and proved the weakneſs of the regulator: the departments were thrown into commotion, ſcarcity began to be felt, the flames of civil war were lighted up in la Vendée; the authorities of Paris exceeded their powers; the jacobins aſſumed the reins of government; and the puppet Pache, diſmiſſed from the department, which he had thrown into confuſion, was raiſed by a cabal to the mayoralty, where his ſuppleneſs was wanted, while his place at the council-board was filled by the idiot Bouchotte, as ſupple as he, and even ſurpaſſing him in ſtupidity.

Roland gave a terrible blow to his adverſaries, by publiſhing, on his retirement, ſuch accounts, as no miniſter before him had furniſhed. To have them examined and ſanctioned by a report, was a piece of juſtice, which he was doomed to ſolicit in vain; for that would have been acknowledging the falſehood of the obloquy thrown on him, the infamy of his detractors, and the weakneſs of the convention, which had not dared to undertake his defence.

It was neceſſary to perſevere in ſlandering him, without coming to the proof; in order to perplex and

and miſlead the public opinion, ſo as to be able to ruin him with impunity; and thus to get rid of a troubleſome witneſs of ſo many atrocities, which muſt either be concealed, or juſtified, to preſerve to the perpetrators the wealth and authority they helped them to acquire. In vain did Roland intreat, publiſh, and write ſeven times in four months to the convention, to demand an examination and a report on his conduct in the miniſtry. The jacobins continued to employ their ſatellites, to proclaim him a traitor: Marat proved to *his people* that the ex-miniſter's head was neceſſary to the tranquillity of the republic: conſpiracies fruſtrated, ſet on foot anew, baffled again, and yet conſtantly carried on, ended at length in the inſurrection of the 31ſt of May, when the good people of Paris, with a fixed determination to maſſacre no one, did every thing beſides that their audacious directors, their inſolent commune, and the revolutionary committee of meſſieurs the jacobins, grown mad or furious, or elſe become the hirelings of the enemy, were pleaſed to require. Roland had written the eighth time to the convention, which had not even deigned to read his letter; and I was preparing to get the municipality to ſign paſſports, by means of which I might go with my daughter into the country, whither I was called by domeſtic buſineſs, by the ſtate of my health, and by many good reaſons beſide. Among other things I conſidered, how much more eaſy it would be for Roland to eſcape alone from the purſuit of his enemies, ſhould they proceed to the laſt extremities, than for the whole of his little family together: prudence pointed out the propriety of diminiſhing the number of

points in which he was attackable *. My paſſports had been delayed at the ſection, through the chicanery of ſome zealous maratiſts, in whoſe eyes I was an object of ſuſpicion; and they were but juſt delivered to me, when a fit of the nervous colic, attended with violent convulſions, the only indiſpoſition to which I am ſubject, and to which the vehement affections of a ſtrong mind ruling a robuſt body expoſe me, obliged me to keep my bed. I paſſed ſix days in this ſtate, and purpoſed going out on Friday, to ſhew myſelf at the municipality; but the ſound of the alarm-bell informed me, that it was not a proper time. Every thing had long foretold an approaching criſis. It is true that the aſcendency of the jacobins made it very unlikely that its iſſue ſhould be favourable to the real friends of liberty: but energetic minds deteſt ſuſpenſe; and the debaſement of the convention, with its daily acts of weakneſs and ſlavery, appeared to me ſo diſtreſſing, that I hardly conſidered the worſt exceſſes as more lamentable, becauſe they would neceſſarily contribute to open the eyes, and determine the conduct of the departments. The alarm gun, and the commotions of the day, awakened in me that intereſt, which great events inſpire, without producing any painful emotion. Two or three perſons came to confer with us; and one, in particular, preſſed Roland to make his appearance at his ſection, by which

* That was not my ſtrongeſt inducement: for, tired of the courſe of affairs, I feared nothing for myſelf; innocent and courageous, injuſtice might reach, but could not degrade me; and to ſuffer it, was a trial, in the thought of braving which I felt pleaſure; but another reaſon, altogether perſonal, and which ſome day perhaps my pen will diſcloſe, determined me to depart.

he

he was eſteemed, and of which the good diſpoſition was the beſt warrant of his ſafety. It was agreed, however, that he ſhould not ſleep at home the following night: though, by the way, nothing was talked of but the good intentions of the citizens, who drew up under arms, in order to oppoſe every act of violence. It was not added, that they would permit preparations for every act of violence to be made.

The blood boils in my veins when I hear praiſes beſtowed on the good-nature of the Pariſians, who are determined not to have another day like the 2d of September. Why, good heavens! nobody wants you to execute another; you need only ſuffer it as you did before: but you are neceſſary to collect the victims, and you kindly lend your aid to apprehend them; you are neceſſary to give the appearance of a legitimate inſurrection to the violence of the galleries* by whom you are governed, and you approve their undertakings: you obey their orders, you ſwear fealty to the monſtrous authorities they create; you ſurround the legiſlative body with your bayonets, and you permit rebels to dictate to the national repreſentation the decrees they wiſh to paſs. Boaſt then no more of being its defenders; it is you who bind it in chains; you who deliver into the hands of oppreſſion the members, the moſt diſtinguiſhed for their virtues and their talents; you who with equal cowardice would ſee them brought to the block, by proceedings ſimilar to thoſe that deſtroyed Sidney; and you it is who will have to anſwer to indignant France for ſo many crimes; who

* Of the convention, which at this period were filled with ruffians from the jacobin club. *Tranſ.*

ſerve the cauſe of her enemies, and who prepare the way for federaliſm. Think you, that the high-ſpirited Marſeilles, and the enlightened department of la Gironde, will paſs over the outrages committed on their repreſentatives, or fraterniſe with a city polluted by ſuch crimes? You are the deſtroyers of your country, and ſoon will you lament, in vain, your infamous puſillanimity in the midſt of its ruins.

It was half after five in the evening, when ſix armed men came to our houſe. One of them read to Roland an order of the *revolutionary committee*, by virtue of which they were come to apprehend him. 'I know no law,' ſaid Roland, 'which conſtitutes the authority you mention; nor ſhall I obey the orders which it iſſues. If you employ violence, I can only oppoſe to you ſuch reſiſtance as a man of my years is capable of; but I ſhall proteſt againſt it to the laſt moment of my life.'—'I have no order to employ violence,' replied the ſpokeſman, 'I ſhall therefore go and communicate your anſwer to the council-general of the commune: in the mean time I will leave my colleagues here.'

It occurred to me immediately, that it would not be amiſs to denounce theſe proceedings to the convention, in the moſt public manner, in order to prevent the arreſt of Roland, or to obtain his prompt releaſe, if it ſhould have taken place. To communicate this idea to my huſband, write a letter to the preſident, and ſet out, was the buſineſs of a few minutes. My ſervant being abſent, I left a friend, who was in the houſe, to keep Roland company; and ſtepped alone into a hackney-coach, which I ordered to proceed as faſt as poſſible to the Carouzel. The court-yard of the Tuileries was filled with

with armed men. I croſſed it, and flew through the midſt of them like a bird. I was dreſſed in a morning gown, and had put on a black ſhaul, and a veil. On my arrival at the doors of the outer halls, which were all ſhut, I found ſentinels, who allowed no one to enter, or ſent me by turns from door to door. In vain did I inſiſt on admiſſion; till at length it came into my mind to employ ſuch language as a bigotted Robeſpierian would have held. 'Why, citizens,' ſaid I, 'in this day of ſalvation for our country, and in the midſt of the traitors, from whom we have ſo much to fear, you do not know then of what importance ſome notes may be which I wiſh to tranſmit to the preſident. Send at leaſt for an uſher, that I may entruſt them to his care.'

The doors inſtantly flew open, and I walked into the petitioner's hall. I then enquired for one of the uſhers, and was deſired by a ſentry, planted within the hall, to wait till one came out. A quarter of an hour had already paſſed, when I perceived Roſe *, the very man who had brought me the decree of the convention, requeſting me to repair to the bar, on account of the ridiculous accuſation of Viard, whom I overwhelmed with confuſion: I now ſolicited permiſſion to appear there, and repreſented Roland's danger, as connected with the public weal. But circumſtances were no longer the ſame, though my rights were equally good: before, requeſted reſpectfully, now a ſuppliant, how was I to obtain the ſame ſucceſs? Roſe took charge of my letter; conceived at once the ſubject, and the greatneſs of my impatience;

* A Scotchman, who was uſher to the convention, as well as to each of the preceding aſſemblies. *Tranſ.*

and

and left me, in order to lay it on the table, and to requeſt that it might be read without delay. An hour elapſed; I walked haſtily backwards and forwards; and every time the door was opened, my eyes were caſt towards the hall, but it was immediately ſhut by the guard, and from time to time a dreadful noiſe aſſailed my ears. Roſe made his appearance again.—'Well!'—'Nothing has yet been done. A tumult I cannot deſcribe prevails in the aſſembly. Some petitioners, at this moment at the bar, demand the confinement of the *twenty-two:* I have juſt aſſiſted Rabaud in getting out without being ſeen: they will not conſent to his making the report of the commiſſion of *twelve:* he has been threatened: ſeveral others are making off: nor can any one ſay what will be the event.'—'Who is preſident?'—'Héraut-Séchelles.'—'Ah! my letter will not be read. Send me ſome member or other with whom I may ſpeak a few words.'—'Whom?'—'Indeed I am little acquainted, or have little eſteem for any, but thoſe that are proſcribed. Tell Vergniaux I wiſh to ſee him.'

Roſe went in queſt of him; at the end of a very conſiderable time he came; and we talked together for ſeven or eight minutes. He then returned to the hall, came back, and ſaid: 'In the preſent ſtate of the aſſembly, I dare not flatter you: you have no great room for hope. If you get admiſſion to the bar, you may obtain a little more favour as a woman; but the convention is no longer able to do any good.'—'It is able to do any thing it pleaſes,' exclaimed I: 'for the majority of Paris only deſire to know how they ought to act. If I be admitted, I will venture to ſay, what you could not utter without expoſing yourſelf to an impeachment. As to me I fear nothing

nothing in the world; and if I cannot ſave Roland, I will ſpeak ſome home truths, which will not be altogether uſeleſs to the republic. Inform your worthy colleagues: a courageous ſally may have a great effect, or at leaſt will ſerve to ſet a great example.'—I was indeed, in that temper of mind, which imparts eloquence: warm with indignation, and ſuperior to all fear, my boſom glowing for my country, the ruin of which I foreſaw, every thing dear to me in the world at ſtake, feeling ſtrongly, expreſſing my ſentiments with fluency, and too proud not to utter them with dignity, I had the moſt important intereſts to diſcuſs, poſſeſſed ſome means of defending them, and was in a ſingular ſituation for doing it with advantage.—'But, at any rate,' ſaid Vergniaux, 'your letter cannot be read this hour or two: a motion of ſix articles is going to be diſcuſſed; and petitioners, deputed by the ſections, are waiting at the bar: only think what a tedious time you will have to ſtay!'—'I will go home, then, to know what has been paſſing there; and will immediately return: you may tell our friends ſo.'—'Moſt of them are abſent; they behave courageouſly, when they are here; but they are deficient in aſſiduity.'—'That, alas! is but too true.'

I quitted Vergniaux, flew to Louvet's, wrote a note to inform him of what was going on, and what I foreſaw would follow; threw myſelf into a hackney-coach, and ordered it to drive home. The wretched horſes did not get on to my mind; and we were ſoon met by battalions of national guards, whoſe march ſtopped the way. I jumped out of the coach, paid the coachman, ruſhed through the ranks, and made off. This was near the Louvre, from whence I ran to our houſe, which was

in

in the *Rue de la Harpe*, oppoſite the ſchool of ſurgery. The porter whiſpered me, that Roland was gone to the landlord's, at the bottom of the court; and thither I repaired, perſpiring at every pore. A glaſs of wine was brought me, and I was told, that the bearer of the warrant having returned, without being able to procure a hearing at the council, Roland had perſiſted in proteſting againſt his orders; and that theſe good people, after demanding his proteſt in writing, had withdrawn; in conſequence of which Roland had come to beg a paſſage through their apartments, and had got out of the houſe by the back door. I did the ſame in order to find him, to inform him of the attempt I had made, and of the ſteps I meant to purſue. At the firſt houſe to which I repaired, I found him not: in the ſecond I did. From the ſolitude of the ſtreets, which, by the way, were illuminated, I preſumed that it was late: I prepared nevertheleſs to return to the convention, where I ſhould have taken care to be ignorant of Roland's eſcape, and ſhould have ſpoken as I had before intended. I was going to ſet out on foot, without recollecting, that it was paſt ten o'clock, and that I was out that day for the firſt time ſince my illneſs, which demanded reſt and the bath. A hackney-coach was brought me. On approaching the Carrouzel, I ſaw nothing more of the armed force, except two pieces of cannon, and a few men, who were ſtill at the gate of the national palace: I went up to it, and found that the ſitting was at an end.

What! on the day of an inſurrection, when the ſound of the alarm-bell ſcarcely ceaſes to ſtrike the ear, when only two hours before forty thouſand men in arms ſurrounded the convention, and petitioners threatened its

members

members from the bar, the assembly is not permanent!—Surely then it is completely subjugated! it has done every thing, that it was ordered! The *revolutionary power* is so predominant, that the convention dares not oppose it, and it stands itself in no need of the convention!

'Citizens,' said I to some sans-culottes collected round a cannon, 'has every thing gone well?'—'O wonderfully! they embraced each other, and sang the hymn of the *Marseillois*, there, under the tree of liberty.'—'What, then, is the right side appeased?'—'Faith, it was obliged to listen to reason.'—'And what of the committee of twelve?'—'It is kicked into the ditch.'—'And the *twenty-two?*'—'The municipality will have them taken up.'—'Ay, but can the municipality?'—'Why, body o' me, is not the municipality the sovereign? It is high time it should, to set those b——— of traitors to rights, and support the common-wealth.'—'But will the departments be well pleased to see their representatives * * * *'—'What are you talking about?—the Parisians do nothing but in concert with the departments: they said so to the convention.'—'That however is not quite so certain, for, to know their will, the primary assemblies were wanting.'—'Was there any want of primary assemblies on the 10th of August? Did not the departments approve what Paris did then? They will do the same now: it is Paris that is saving them.'—'Or rather, it is Paris that is ruining itself.'

I had crossed the court, and was returning to my hackney-coach, while concluding this dialogue with an old sans-culotte, who was well paid no doubt for tutoring the dupes. A pretty dog followed close at my heels:—'Is the poor brute your's?' said the coachman with a tone of sensibility very uncommon amongst his fellows,

lows, which ſtruck me exceedingly.—'No: I am not acquainted with him:' anſwered I gravely, as if ſpeaking of a man, but in reality thinking of ſomething very different: 'you will ſet me down at the galleries of the Louvre.' There I meaned to call on a friend, with whom I intended to concert the means of conveying Roland out of Paris. We had not gone a dozen yards before the coach ſtopped. 'What is the matter?' ſaid I to the coachman.—'Ah, he has left me; like a fool; for I wanted to keep him for my little boy. They would have been rare company for one another. Here! Here! my little fellow.'—I recollected the dog, and was highly pleaſed at having for my coachman, at ſuch an hour, a good-natured man, poſſeſſed of a feeling heart, and a father. 'Endeavour to catch him:' ſaid I: 'you ſhall put him into the coach, and I will take care of him.' —The honeſt fellow, quite delighted, caught the dog, opened the door, and gave him to me for a companion. The poor animal appeared ſenſible, that he had found protection and an aſylum, and careſſed me with great affection. I recollected the tale of Sandi, in which he deſcribes an old man, who being weary of his fellow-creatures, and diſguſted with their paſſions, retired to a wood; and there conſtructed himſelf a dwelling, of which he enlivened the ſolitude by the ſociety of ſeveral animals, who repaid his cares with teſtimonies of affection, and with a ſpecies of gratitude, with which he contented himſelf, for want of meeting with its like among mankind.

Paſquier was juſt gone to bed. He roſe; I ſubmitted to him my plan; and we agreed, that he ſhould call on me the next day a little after ſeven, when I would let him know where his friend was to be found. I ſtepped into

my

my coach again, and was proceeding home, when I was ſtopped by the ſentry, at the poſt of the *Samaritaine* *. 'Have a little patience:' ſaid the honeſt coachman in a whiſper, and turning round on his ſeat: 'it is the cuſtom at this time of night.'—The ſerjeant came, and opened the door. 'Who have we got here?'—'A woman.'—'Whence do you come?'—'From the convention.'—'It is very true:' ſaid the coachman, putting in his word, as if he were afraid I ſhould not be believed.—'Whither are you going?'—'Home.'—'Have you no bundles?'—'Nothing at all, as you may ſee.'—'But the aſſembly is broke up.'—'Yes: to my ſorrow, for I had a petition to preſent.'—'A woman! at this hour! it is extremely ſtrange: it is very imprudent.'—'It certainly is not a very common occurrence, nor is it with me a matter of choice. I muſt have had ſtrong reaſons for it.'—'But, madam, alone?'—'How, ſir, alone! Do you not ſee that I have *innocence* and *truth* for my companions? what would you have more?'—'Well! I muſt be contented with your reaſons.'—You are quite in the right:' replied I, in a gentler tone: 'for they are good ones.'

The horſes were ſo tired, that the coachman was obliged to pull them by the bridle, to get them up the ſteep part of the Rue de la Harpe. At length, however, I reached home, paid my coach, and had aſcended eight or ten ſteps, when a man, who had ſlipped in at the gate unperceived by the porter, and who was cloſe at my heels, begged me to conduct him to citizen Roland. —'To his apartment I will conduct you with pleaſure, if you have any thing advantageous to impart: but to *him* is

* A fountain at one end of the Pont Neuf. *Tranſ.*

impoſſible.'

impoſſible.'—'Why, I came to let him know that they are abſolutely determined to put him in confinement this very evening.'—'They muſt be cunning indeed if they accompliſh their purpoſe.'—'I am very happy to hear it; for it is an honeſt citizen you are ſpeaking to.'—'Well and good,' ſaid I, and went up ſtairs, without well knowing what to think of the matter.

I may be aſked, why, under ſuch circumſtances, I returned to the houſe? nor is the queſtion irrelevant; for ſlander had attacked me too, and malevolence might direct its ſhafts againſt my boſom; but to give a proper anſwer to it, the ſtate of my mind ought to be completely developed; and that would require details, which I reſerve for a future period: their reſults will be all I ſhall notice at preſent. I have naturally an averſion to every thing inconſiſtent with the grand, bold, and ingenuous proceedings of innocence: an effort to eſcape from the hand of injuſtice would be to me more painful, than any thing it can inflict. In the laſt two months of Roland's adminiſtration, our friends often urged us to quit the hotel, and three ſeveral times they found means to make us ſleep from home; but it was always contrary to my inclination. It was an aſſaſſination that was then apprehended; but I was of opinion, that no one would readily undertake to violate the aſylum of a man inveſted with a public office; and if there were villains bold enough to attempt ſuch a crime, it appeared to me, that its perpetration would not be altogether uſeleſs. At all events, it was incumbent on the miniſter to be at his poſt, for there his death would cry aloud for vengeance, and be a leſſon to the republic; while it was poſſible to reach his life when abroad, with equal advantage to the deviſers of the deed, but with leſs benefit to the public weal, and leſs glory to the

the victim. Such reaſoning, I am well aware, will be deemed abſurd by thoſe who prefer life to all things: but he, who ſets any value on his exiſtence in a period of revolution, will ſet none on virtue, on honour, or on his country. Accordingly I refuſed to leave the hôtel in the month of January; Roland's bed was in my chamber, that we might both undergo the ſame fate: and under my pillow I kept a piſtol, not to kill thoſe who might come to murder us, but to ſecure myſelf from their outrages, if they offered to lay hands upon my perſon.

When out of office the obligation was no longer the ſame, and I thought it right in Roland to ſhun the fury of the populace, and the clutches of his enemies. As to me, they had not an equal intereſt in doing me a miſchief: killing me would be incurring an odium they did not deſire; and my commitment to priſon would be of little ſervice to them, and to me no great misfortune. If they ſhould feel any ſenſe of ſhame, wiſh to proceed according to form, and begin the buſineſs by making me undergo an examination, I ſhould find no difficulty in confounding them; and my anſwers might even ſerve to diſpel more rapidly the deluſion of thoſe who were only miſled in regard to Roland. If they ſhould dare to go the length of another ſecond of September, it could only be becauſe all the honeſt members of the convention would be alſo in their power, and becauſe all would be loſt at Paris. In that caſe I ſhould prefer death, to living a witneſs of my country's ruin; and glory in being comprehended among the glorious victims ſacrificed to guilty fury. That fury, glutted by my deſtruction, would be leſs violent againſt Roland, who, if once ſaved from this criſis, might ſtill render great ſervices to the public in other parts of

France. Thus, of two things one was ſure to happen: either I might only riſque impriſonment and a trial, which would redound to my huſband's and my country's good; or elſe, if I were doomed to periſh, it would be under circumſtances in which life itſelf would be a burthen.

I have an amiable daughter. I ſuckled her myſelf *. I have brought her up with the enthuſiaſtic anxiety of maternal love. I have ſet before her ſuch examples, as at her age will not be forgotten; and doubt not but ſhe will make a good and accompliſhed woman. Her education may be completed without my aſſiſtance, and her father will derive conſolation from her exiſtence; but ſhe will never feel my ſtrong affections; ſhe will never know my pains, nor my pleaſures: and yet were I to be born again, and to have my choice of diſpoſitions, I would not change my temper of mind, but would aſk of the gods to make me ſuch as I am. Since Roland's reſignation, I had lived ſo ſecluded from the world, that I had ſcarcely the ſmalleſt intercourſe with any human creature: the family at one houſe, in which I might have concealed myſelf, was gone into the country; in another there was a ſick perſon, which rendered the admiſſion of a new gueſt difficult; and that in which Roland lay hidden, could not accommodate me without the greateſt inconvenience; it would beſides have been ſuſpicious, if not impolitic, for me to have been in the ſame place with him; and, in the laſt place, I ſhould even have been ſorry to abandon my ſervants. I therefore returned home, quieted their uneaſineſs, already excited to a conſiderable degree, kiſſed my

* In France it was unuſual for any but women of the very loweſt claſſes to ſuckle their children. *Tranſ.*

child,

child, and took my pen, to write a note, which I intended to diſpatch early in the morning to my huſband.

Scarcely had I ſat down, when I heard a knock at the door. It was about midnight. A numerous deputation of the commune appeared, and inquired for Roland.—'He is not at home.'—'But,' ſaid the perſon who wore an officer's gorget, 'where can he be? when will he return? You are acquainted with his habits, and can judge of the hour of his coming home.'—'I know not,' replied I, 'whether your orders authoriſe you to aſk ſuch queſtions; but this I know, that nothing can oblige me to anſwer them. As Roland left the houſe while I was at the convention, he had it not in his power to make me his confidante. This is all I have to ſay.'

The whole troop withdrew much diſſatisfied; but I perceived that a ſentry was left at my door, and a guard at that of the houſe. I therefore inferred, that I had nothing to do but to ſummon ſtrength to ſupport the worſt that might happen. Being overcome with fatigue, I ordered ſupper, finiſhed my letter, entruſted it to my faithful maid, and retired to bed. I ſlept ſoundly for about an hour, when a ſervant came into my chamber, to inform me, that ſome gentlemen of the ſection requeſted me to ſtep into the adjoining apartment. 'I underſtand what it means,' replied I: 'go, child; I will not make them wait.' I ſprung out of bed, and was dreſſing myſelf when my maid came in, and expreſſed her ſurpriſe at my being at the pains to put on any thing more than my bed-gown.—'When people are going abroad,' ſaid I, 'they ſhould at leaſt be decent.'—The poor woman looked in my face, and the tears guſhed from her eyes. I went into the next room.

'We come, *Citoyenne*, to take you into cuſtody, and to put ſeals upon your property.'—'Where is your authority?'—'Here,' ſaid a man, taking out of his pocket a warrant from the revolutionary committee *, ordering me to be committed to the Abbey, without ſpecifying any motive for my arreſt. 'I have a right to tell you, like Roland, that I know nothing of your committee, that I will not obey its orders, and that you ſhall not take me hence, unleſs by violence.'—'Here is another order,' ſaid a little hard-featured man, in great haſte, and in a commanding tone of voice, reading to me one from the commune, which directed alſo, without alleging any charge, the commitment of both Roland and his wife. In the mean time I deliberated, whether I ſhould carry my reſiſtance to the utmoſt, or quietly reſign myſelf into their hands. I had a right to avail myſelf of the law, which prohibits nocturnal arreſts; and if the law, which authoriſes the municipality to ſeize ſuſpected perſons were urged, I might retort the illegality of the municipality itſelf, caſhiered and created anew by an arbitrary power. But then this power is in a manner ſanctioned by the citizens of Paris; the law is no more than an empty name, employed for the purpoſe of trampling more ſecurely on the moſt ackowledged rights; and violence prevails, to which, if I had compelled theſe brutes to reſort, they might have preſerved no bounds in its application. Reſiſtance therefore was vain, and could ſerve only to expoſe me to indignities and inſult.

'How do you mean to proceed, gentlemen?'—'We

* The author means the committee of inſurrection of the commune of the 31ſt of May.

have

have ſent for a juſtice of peace of the ſection, and you ſee here a detachment of his armed force.'—The juſtice of peace came, went into the parlour, and ſealed up every thing, even to the windows and the drawers containing linen. One ſtrange fellow would have had the *forte piano* ſealed up too, but he was told it was a muſical inſtrument; he then drew out a foot rule, and took its dimenſions, as if he intended it for ſome particular place. I aſked leave to take out my daughter's clothes, and made up a ſmall packet of night-clothes for myſelf. In the mean time fifty or a hundred perſons were paſſing backwards and forwards continually, completely filled two rooms, crowded every place, and might eaſily have concealed malevolent perſons diſpoſed either to depoſit or to carry any thing away. The atmoſphere became infected with noiſome exhalations, and I was obliged to retire to the window of the anti-chamber for a little freſh air. The officer not daring to lay his commands upon this crowd, requeſted them now and then in gentle terms to withdraw, which only ſerved to produce the exchange of one ſet of perſons for another. Sitting down at my bureau, I wrote to a friend concerning my ſituation, and to recommend my daughter to his care. I was folding up the letter, when Mr. Nicaud, the bearer of the order from the commune, told me it was neceſſary I ſhould read what I had written to them, and let them know to whom it was addreſſed.—'I have no objection to read it, if that will ſatisfy you.'—'No, it would be better to let us know to whom you are writing.'—'I ſhall do no ſuch thing: the title of my friend is not of a nature, at preſent, to induce me, to name the perſon on whom I beſtow it:' and on my ſaying this I tore the letter to pieces. While I turned myſelf

from them, they gathered up the fragments, in order to ſeal them up: a ſtupid precaution, which tempted me to laugh; for the letter was without an addreſs.

At length, at ſeven in the morning, I left my daughter and my ſervants, after having exhorted them to be patient and calm, and feeling myſelf more honoured by their tears, than dejected by the oppreſſion of which I was the victim.—'You have people there, who love you:' ſaid one of the commiſſioners.—'I never had any about me who did not:' replied I, while walking down ſtairs. From the bottom of the ſtair-caſe to the coach, which was drawn up on the oppoſite ſide of the ſtreet, I found two ranks of armed citizens; and proceeded gravely with meaſured ſteps, and with my eyes fixed upon theſe puſillanimous or deluded men. The armed force followed the coach in two files; while the wretched populace, deceived, and maſſacred in the perſons of its true friends, ſtopped as I paſſed by, attracted by the ſight, and ſeveral of the women exclaimed, '*Away with her to the guillotine.*'—'Shall we draw up the blinds?' ſaid one of the commiſſioners very civilly.—'No, gentlemen, innocence, however oppreſſed, never puts on the guiſe of criminality: I fear not the eye of any one, nor will I conceal myſelf from any perſon's view.'—'You have more ſtrength of mind than many men: you wait patiently for juſtice.'—'Juſtice! Were juſtice done I ſhould not be now in your hands: but ſhould an iniquitous procedure ſend me to the ſcaffold, I ſhall walk to it with the ſame firmneſs and tranquillity with which I now go to priſon. My heart bleeds for my country; and I regret my miſtake in ſuppoſing it qualified for liberty and happineſs: but life I appreciate at its due value; I never feared

feared aught but guilt; and injuſtice and death I deſpiſe.'—The poor commiſſioners underſtood but little of this language, and probably thought it very ariſtocratic.

We arrived at the Abbey, the theatre of thoſe bloody ſcenes, the revival of which the jacobins have for ſome time preached up with ſo much fervour. Five or ſix field beds, with as many men ſtretched on them, in a dark and dreary room, were the firſt objects that ſtruck my ſight. After paſſing the wicket, every thing ſeemed in motion; and my guides made me aſcend a dirty and narrow ſtair-caſe. At length we came to the keeper's apartment, and found him in a kind of little parlour, kept tolerably clean, where he offered me a ſeat. 'Where is my room?' ſaid I to his wife, a corpulent woman, of an agreeable countenance.—'Madam, I did not expect you: I have no room as yet: but in the mean time you will remain here.'—The commiſſioners went into the adjoining room, directed an entry of their warrant to be made, and gave their verbal orders. Theſe, I afterwards learnt, were very ſevere, and often renewed afterwards, but they durſt not give them in writing; and the keeper knew his trade too well literally to obſerve what he was under no obligation to perform. He is an active, obliging, and civil man, and in fulfilling his official duties does every thing that humanity or juſtice can demand.—'What would you chooſe for breakfaſt?'—'A little capillaire and water.'

The commiſſioners withdrew, obſerving to me, that if Roland were not guilty, there could have been no occaſion for him to abſcond.—'It is ſo ſtrange to ſuſpect a man, who has rendered ſuch important ſervices to the

cauſe of liberty; there is ſomething ſo abominable in calumniating, and perſecuting with ſuch bitter rage, a miniſter whoſe conduct is ſo open, and whoſe accounts are ſo clear, that he is fully juſtified in avoiding the laſt outrages of envy. Juſt as Ariſtides, and ſevere as Cato, it is to his virtues he is indebted for his enemies. Their fury knows no bounds: but let them ſatiate it on me: I defy its power, and devote myſelf to death. It is incumbent on him to ſave himſelf for the ſake of his country, to which he may yet be capable of rendering important ſervices.' — An awkard bow, in which their confuſion was evident, was the only anſwer the gentlemen thought fit to make me.

As ſoon as they were gone, I ſat down to breakfaſt, and in the mean time a bed-chamber was haſtily put in order, into which I was introduced.—'You may remain here, madam, the whole day; and if I cannot get an apartment ready for you this evening, as we are rather crowded, a bed ſhall be made up in the parlour.'—After ſaying this, the keeper's wife made ſome civil obſervations on the regret ſhe felt whenever a perſon of her own ſex arrived, 'for,' added ſhe, 'they have not all your ſerene countenance, madam.'—I thanked her with a ſmile; and ſhe locked me in.

Well, then, I am in priſon, ſaid I to myſelf, ſitting down, and falling into the deepeſt reverie. The moments that followed I would not exchange for thoſe which others may eſteem the happieſt of my life, nor will they ever be eraſed from my memory. In a critical ſituation, and with a ſtormy and precarious period in view, they made me ſenſible of the value of honeſty and fortitude, in union with a good conſci-

ence,

ence, and firm temper of mind. Hitherto impelled by circumſtances, my actions, in this criſis, had been the reſult of ſtrong feelings, hurrying me away. How grateful to find their effects juſtified by the ſober operation of reaſon! I recalled the paſt to my mind: I calculated future events: and if, while liſtening to a tender heart, I ſometimes felt too powerful an affection, I did not diſcover one that could ſuffuſe my cheek with a bluſh; not one, but what ſerved to keep alive my courage, nor one that my reaſon was not able to ſubdue. I devoted myſelf, if I may ſo ſay, voluntarily to my deſtiny, whatever it might be: I defied its rigour, and fixed myſelf firmly in that ſtate of mind, in which we only ſeek employment for the preſent, without giving ourſelves any concern about the future. But this tranquillity with regard to what concerned me alone, I did not even endeavour to extend to the fate of my country, and of my friends: I waited for the evening paper, and liſtened to the noiſe in the ſtreet with inexpreſſible anxiety. I did not however neglect to make inquiry concerning my new ſituation, and what portion of liberty was left me.—'May I write? May I ſee any body? What will be my expences here?' were my firſt queſtions. Lavacquerie, the keeper, acquainted me with the directions given him, and the liberty he could venture to take with orders of that kind. I wrote to my faithful maid, to come and ſee me; but it was agreed that ſhe ſhould keep this indulgence a ſecret.

The firſt viſit I received at the Abbey was from Grandpré, on the day of my arrival.—'You ſhould write to the aſſembly,' ſaid he: 'have you not yet been thinking of it?'—'No: and now you put me in mind, I do

I do not see how I shall be able to get my letter read?' —'I will do all I can to assist you.'—'Very well: then I will write.'—'Do so. I will return in two hours.'— He left me, and I wrote as follows.

'Madame ROLAND to the National Convention.

Abbey Prison, June 1, 1793.

"LEGISLATORS! I have just been torn from my home, from the arms of my daughter, a girl of twelve years of age, and am detained in the Abbey, by virtue of orders which assign no cause for my confinement. Those orders were issued by a revolutionary committee; and commissioners of the commune, who accompanied those of the committee, shewed me others from the council general, which were equally defective.*" Thus am I placed in the light of a culprit before the eyes of the public. I was dragged to prison with great parade, in the midst of an ostentatious guard, and of a misled populace, some of whom were for sending me to the scaffold; without my conductors being able to assign to me or to any other person the reason why I was presumed a criminal, and treated accordingly. This is not all. The bearer of the orders of the commune made no use of them except in regard to myself, and to make me sign minutes of what passed: as soon as I quitted my apartment, I was delivered over to the commissioners of the revolutionary committee, who conducted me to the Abbey; and on their warrant alone I was constituted a prisoner. An attested copy of that warrant, signed by

* The words between double commas had been changed.

a single

a ſingle individual poſſeſſing no office, is here ſubjoined. Every thing in my houſe has been ſealed up; and while that was doing, which was from three o'clock in the morning till ſeven, a crowd of citizens filled my apartment. If, among the number, there were any malicious perſon, capable of privately ſlipping falſe evidence into a library open in every part, he could not want an opportunity.

'As early as yeſterday, the ſame committee ſought to put the late miniſter under arreſt, though the laws render him accountable to you alone for the acts of his adminiſtration, and though he has been inceſſantly ſoliciting an enquiry.

'Roland had proteſted againſt the order, and the bearers of it had withdrawn. He had afterwards left his houſe, to ſpare Errour a crime, while I was on my way to the convention, to give it information of thoſe attempts; but it was in vain that I procured the tranſmiſſion of a letter to the preſident: it was not read. I went thither to demand *juſtice* and *protection*: I demand them again, and with ſtronger claims, for I too am oppreſſed. I demand of the convention, to order an account of the cauſe and the manner of my being apprehended, to be laid before it; and I demand its deciſion. If it confirm my arreſt, I appeal to the law which ordains the declaration of the crime, and the examination of the priſoner within twenty-four hours from the time of his caption. And in the laſt place, I demand a report on the accounts of that irreproachable man, who exhibits an inſtance of perſecution unheard of before, and who ſeems deſtined to give to all Europe the terrible

leſſon

leſſon of virtue proſcribed by the blindneſs of infuriate prejudice.

'If to have ſhared the ſtrictneſs of his principles, the energy of his mind, and the ardour of his love of liberty, be a crime; I plead guilty, and await my puniſhment. Pronounce ſentence, legiſlators: France, freedom, the fate of the republic, and of yourſelves, depend on this day's diſtribution of that juſtice, which it is yours to diſpenſe.'

The agitation, in which I had paſſed the preceding night, made me feel extreme fatigue. I deſired to have a chamber that very evening; and obtained one, of which I took poſſeſſion at ten o'clock. When I entered it, and found myſelf ſurrounded by four dirty walls, in the midſt of which was a bed without curtains; when I perceived a double-grated window; and when I was aſſailed by that ſmell, which a perſon accuſtomed to an apartment extremely clean, always finds in thoſe that are not ſo, I was ſenſible that I was indeed an inhabitant of a priſon, and that I had no pleaſure to expect from ſuch a ſituation. My room, however, was ſufficiently ſpacious; there was a fire-place; the bed-clothes were tolerable; a pillow was given me; and eſtimating things, in themſelves, without entering into compariſons, I deemed myſelf not altogether badly accommodated. I went to bed fully reſolved to remain in it as long as I ſhould find myſelf comfortable there; and was not up at ten in the morning, when Grandpré arrived. He did not appear leſs affected, but more uneaſy, than the preceding evening; and caſt a mournful look around the wretched

wretched room, which already appeared tolerable to *me*, for I had ſlept in it.

'How did you paſs the night?' ſaid he with the tears ſtanding in his eyes.—'I was repeatedly waked by the noiſe; but fell aſleep again as ſoon as it was over, in ſpite even of the alarm-bell, which I thought I heard this morning.—Ha!—is it not ſounding ſtill?'—'Why I thought ſo:—but it is nothing.'—'Be it as it pleaſes heaven: if they kill me, it ſhall be in this bed; for I am ſo weary, that here I will expect my fate. Is any thing new brought forward againſt the members?'—'No. I have brought back your letter. It is my opinion, as well as Champagneux's, that the beginning ſhould be ſoftened. Here is what we propoſe to ſubſtitute; and then you ſhould write a line or two to the miniſter of the home department, that he may tranſmit your letter officially, which would enable me the better to ſolicit its being read.'—I took the paper; looked at it; and ſaid to him, 'If I thought my letter would be read as it now ſtands, ſo it ſhould remain, even were I ſure of its being attended with no advantage to myſelf; for it is hardly poſſible to hope for juſtice from the convention. The truths addreſſed to it are not for an aſſembly which is at preſent incapable of putting them in practice; but they ſhould be uttered, that they may be heard by the departments.'

I perceived, that my exordium might prevent the reading of the letter, and that conſequently it would be a folly to let it ſtand: I therefore omitted the firſt three paragraphs, and ſubſtituted what was propoſed to me in their ſtead. As to the miniſter's interference, I was ſenſible it would render the proceeding more regular:

gular: and though Garat ſcarcely deſerved the honour of being written to, I knew how to do it without leſſening myſelf, and addreſſed him in the following lines.

'To the MINISTER of the Interior Department.

'THE part of adminiſtration allotted to you, citizen, gives you a right to ſuperintend the execution of the laws, and to denounce their violation by authorities that hold them in contempt. I am perſuaded, a ſenſe of juſtice will make you happy to tranſmit to the convention the complaints I have but too much occaſion to make againſt the oppreſſion, of which I am the victim.'

Riſing about noon, I conſidered how I ſhould arrange my new apartment. With a clean napkin I covered a little paltry table, which I placed near my window, intending that it ſhould ſerve me for a bureau, and reſolved to eat my meals on a corner of the chimney-piece, that I might keep the table clean, and in order, for writing. Two large hat-pins, ſtuck into the boards, ſerved me as a port manteau. In my pocket I had Thomſon's Seaſons, a work which I was fond of on more than one account; and I made a memorandum of ſuch other books as I ſhould wiſh to procure. Firſt, Plutarch's Lives of Illuſtrious Perſons, which at eight years of age I uſed to carry to church inſtead of the Exerciſes of the holy week, and which I had not read regularly ſince that early period: then Hume's Hiſtory of England, and Sheridan's Dic-

tionary, in order to improve myſelf in the Engliſh language. I would rather have continued to read Mrs. Macaulay; but the perſon, who had lent me ſome of the firſt volumes, was not at home; and I ſhould not have known where to enquire for the work, as I had already tried in vain to get it from the bookſellers. I could not avoid ſmiling at my peaceful preparations; for there was a great tumult in the town: the drums were continually beating to arms, and I knew not what might be the event. At any rate, ſaid I to myſelf, they will not prevent my living to my laſt moment: more happy in my conſcious innocence, than they can be with the rage that animates them. If they come, I will advance to meet them, and go to death as a man would go to repoſe.

The keeper's wife came to invite me to her apartment, where ſhe had directed my cloth to be laid, that I might dine in better air. On repairing thither, I found my faithful maid, who threw herſelf into my arms, bathed in tears, and half ſuffocated by her ſobs. I could not avoid melting into tenderneſs and ſorrow. I almoſt upbraided myſelf with my previous tranquillity, when I reflected on the anxiety of thoſe who were attached to me; and when I deſcribed to myſelf the anguiſh firſt of one friend, and then of another, my heart was rent by the keeneſt ſenſations of grief. Poor woman! how many tears have I cauſed her to ſhed! and for what does not an attachment like her's atone? In the common intercourſe of life ſhe ſometimes treats me roughly, but it is when ſhe thinks me too negligent of what may contribute to my health or happineſs; and when I am in diſtreſs, the office of complaining is her's,

and

and that of conſoling mine. There was no getting rid of ſo inveterate a habit. I endeavoured to prove to her that, by giving way to her grief, ſhe would be leſs capable of rendering me ſervice; that ſhe was more uſeful to me without, than within the walls of the priſon, where ſhe begged me to permit her to remain; and that, upon the whole, I was far from being ſo unfortunate as ſhe imagined, which indeed was true. Whenever I have been ill, I have experienced a particular kind of ſerenity, unqueſtionably proceeding from my mode of contemplating things, and from the law I have laid down for myſelf, of always ſubmitting quietly to neceſſity, inſtead of revolting againſt it. The moment I take to my bed, every duty ſeems at an end, and no ſolicitude whatever has any hold upon me: I am only bound to be there, and to remain there with reſignation, which I do with a very good grace. I give freedom to my imagination; I call up agreeable impreſſions, pleaſing remembrances, and ideas of happineſs; all exertions, all reaſonings, and all calculations, I diſcard: giving myſelf up entirely to nature, and, peaceful like her, I ſuffer pain without impatience, and ſeek repoſe or cheerfulneſs. I find that impriſonment produces on me nearly the ſame effect as diſeaſe: I am only bound to be in priſon, and what great hardſhip is there in it? I am not ſuch very bad company for myſelf.

I ſoon learnt that I muſt change my habitation. Victims were abundant, and the chamber into which I had been put would contain more than one bed. That I might be alone, I was obliged in the evening to be ſhut up in a little cloſet, and conſequently to remove the whole of my eſtabliſhment. The

window of my new apartment is, I believe, over the ſentry, who guards the priſon-gate. All the night I heard, *Who goes there?—kill him!—guard!—patrole!*—called out in a thundering voice. The houſes were illuminated; and from the number and frequency of the patroles it was eaſy to infer, there had been ſome commotions, and that more were to be feared. I roſe early, and employed myſelf in my houſehold affairs; that is to ſay, in making my bed, in cleaning my little place, and in rendering my perſon and every thing about me as neat as I could. Had I deſired theſe things to be done for me, I knew that I ſhould not have been refuſed; but I was aware, I muſt have paid for them dearly, waited a long time, and had them done in a very ſlovenly manner at laſt. By taking the office on myſelf I was ſure to be a gainer: I was ſure that I ſhould be better and ſooner ſerved, and that the trifling preſents I might make would be rated the higher, becauſe they would be altogether gratuitous. I waited with impatience to hear the maſſy bolts of my door opened, that I might aſk for a newſpaper. I read it: the decree of impeachment againſt the twenty-two was paſſed: the paper fell from my hands, and in a tranſport of grief I exclaimed, 'My country is undone!'

Firm and tranquil, while I imagined myſelf alone, or nearly alone, beneath the yoke of oppreſſion, I formed wiſhes for the future, and was not without hope that the defenders of liberty would triumph. But guilt and error have obtained the aſcendancy; the national repreſentation is violated; its integrity is deſtroyed; every one in it remarkable for probity, ſpirit, and talents, is proſcribed; the commune of Paris overawes the legiſlative body;

Paris is undone; the torch of civil war is lighted up; the enemy is about to avail himſelf of our diviſions; freedom is loſt to the north of France; and the whole republic is become a prey to the moſt dreadful diſſenſions. Farewell my country! ſublime illuſions, generous ſacrifices, hope, and happineſs, farewell! At twelve years old I lamented, in the firſt expanſions of my youthful boſom, that I was not born a citizen of Sparta, or of Rome; and in the French revolution I thought I ſaw the unhoped for application of the principles impreſſed upon my mind. Liberty, ſaid I, has two ſources; good manners, which produce ſage laws; and knowledge, which leads us to both, by making us acquainted with our rights: my ſoul will no longer be afflicted by the ſpectacle of mankind debaſed: the human race will improve; and the happineſs of all will become the foundation and the ſecurity of that of each individual. Splendid chimeras! dear deluſions, from which I reaped ſo much delight, you are all diſpelled by the horrible corruption of this vaſt city. I deſpiſed life: the loſs of you makes me deteſt it, and defy the utmoſt fury of the men of blood. Anarchiſts, ſavages, for what await you? You who have proſcribed virtue, why do you not ſpill the blood of thoſe who obey her laws? when ſhed upon the earth, it will make her open her devouring jaws, and ſwallow you up.

The courſe of things ought to have made me foreſee the event: but I could not eaſily bring myſelf to believe, that the bulk of the convention would not pauſe at the magnitude of the danger; nor could I help being aſtoniſhed at the deciſive act, which tolled its paſſing bell.

At

At preſent a ſullen ſort of indignation prevails over every other ſentiment: as indifferent as ever to what concerns myſelf, my hopes for others are feeble; and I wait for events with more curioſity than deſire: I no longer live to feel, but to know. It was not long ere I learnt that the revolutionary movement which was ordered on purpoſe to extort the decree of impeachment, had excited ſome uneaſineſs about the priſons. That was the cauſe of the ſtrict and noiſy guard during the night; and that the reaſon why the citizens of the ſection of Unity would not obey the beat of drum, which called them to the convention; but remained at home, to watch over their property, and the priſon within their precinct. I diſcovered the motive of Grandpré's alarm and diſquietude, and the next day he confeſſed his apprehenſions. He had repaired to the aſſembly, to obtain the reading of my letter; and, during eight ſucceſſive hours, he, as well as ſeveral of the members, had repeatedly requeſted it of the preſident in vain: it was therefore evident, that I ſhould not be able to get it read at all. Finding by the *Monitor*, that my ſection (that of Beaurepaire) had expreſſed its ſentiments in my favour, even after my impriſonment, it occurred to me to write to it; and I did ſo in the following terms.

'Citizens,

'THE public papers inform me, that you have placed Roland and his wife under the ſafeguard of your ſection. This I knew not when I was dragged from my family: on the contrary, the bearer of the orders of the commune repreſented the armed force, by which he was

 accompanied,

accompanied, as that of the ſection, granted him on his requiſition, and ſo it was ſtated in the minutes that were taken down. The moment I was ſhut up in the Abbey, I wrote to the convention, and applied to the miniſter of the interior-department, to forward my complaint. I underſtand he complied with my requeſt, and that the letter was delivered; but not read. I have the honour to tranſmit you an atteſted copy. If the ſection think it not beneath its dignity to plead the cauſe of ſuffering innocence, it will be eaſy to ſend a deputation to the bar of the convention, there to make known my juſt complaints, and to add weight to my reclamations. This point I ſubmit to its *wiſdom:* I add no *intreaty*, for *truth* has but one language, and that is the expoſition of *facts*. Citizens who love *juſtice* are not fond of having *ſupplications* addreſſed to them, and *innocence* is incapable of aſſuming the character of a ſuppliant.

'P. S. This is the fourth day of my detention, and I have not yet been examined. I muſt obſerve, that the order of arreſt aſſigned no reaſon for my confinement; but imported, that I ſhould be interrogated on the following day.'

Several days elapſed without my hearing any thing, and ſtill I underwent no examination. I had however received a great many viſits from adminiſtrators with fooliſh faces and dirty ribbands, ſome of whom ſaid they belonged to the police, others to I know not what; violent ſans-culottes, with filthy hair, and ſtrict obſervers of the order of the day, who came to know whether the priſoners were ſatisfied with their treatment. I had expreſſed

preſſed myſelf to them all with the energy and dignity ſuitable to oppreſſed innocence; and had noticed among them two or three men of good ſenſe, who underſtood me, without daring to take my part. I was at dinner, when five or ſix were announced to me all at once. One came a little forward: he, who aſſumed the office of ſpeaker, appeared to me, before he opened his lips, one of thoſe empty-headed babblers, who judge of their merit by the volubility of their tongue.—'Good morrow, *Citoyenne*.'—'Good morrow, ſir.'—'Are you ſatisfied with this houſe? Have you any reaſon to complain of your treatment, or any particular demand to make?'—'I complain of being here; and demand my enlargement.'—'Is your health impaired? or does ſolitude affect your ſpirits?'—'I am in good health, and not at all out of ſpirits. *Ennui* is the diſeaſe of hearts without feeling, and of minds that have no reſources in themſelves. But I have a ſtrong feeling of injuſtice, and proteſt againſt the lawleſs oppreſſion, which took me into cuſtody without cauſe, and has ſince detained me without examination.'—'Why, in a period of revolution, there is ſo much to be done, that there is not time to attend to every thing.'—'A woman, to whom king Philip made nearly the ſame reply, anſwered him: "if thou haſt not time to do me juſtice, thou haſt not time to be king." Take care you do not oblige oppreſſed citizens to ſay the ſame thing to the people, or rather to the arbitrary authorities, by which the people is miſled.'—'Adieu, *citoyenne!*'—'Adieu!'—And away went the flippant gentleman, not knowing what anſwer to make to my reaſons. Theſe people appeared to me to have entered purpoſely to ſee how I looked in my cage; but they

might go a great way, before they would find dolts like themſelves.

I have already mentioned my having inquired into the way of living in theſe places. Not that I ſet any great value on what are called the comforts of life. I make no ſcruple of enjoying them when it can be done without inconvenience; but it is always in moderation; and when it is neceſſary there is no one of them that I cannot forego. It is from a natural love of order that I deſire to know the amount of my expenſes, and to regulate them according to the circumſtances of my ſituation.

I was informed that Roland, when miniſter, thought five livres [4s. 2d.] a head, the daily allowance of the priſoners, a great deal too much, and reduced it to two [1s. 8d.]: but the exceſſive riſe in the price of proviſions, which within theſe few months has been tripled, renders this allowance ſcanty enough: for the nation allowing nothing but ſtraw and the bare walls, twenty ſous [10d.] are deducted in the firſt place, as an indemnification to the keeper for his expenſes, that is to ſay, for the bed and trifling furniture of the room. Out of the twenty ſous remaining, candles, fire, if neceſſary, and meat and drink, are to be provided. The ſum is inſufficient for the purpoſe; but every priſoner is free, of courſe, to make what addition he pleaſes to his expenſe. As I am not fond of ſpending much on myſelf; and take a pleaſure in trying my ſtrength at privation, I felt a deſire of making an experiment how far the human will is capable of diminiſhing our wants: but to go any great length, it is neceſſary to proceed by degrees. At the end of four days, I began by retrenching my breakfaſt, and

ſubſtituting

ſubſtituting bread and water for coffee and chocolate: I deſired to have for dinner one plain diſh of meat, with a few greens; and vegetables for my ſupper without a deſert. To break myſelf of drinking wine, I took firſt to beer, and then I left off that alſo. As this regimen, however, had a moral purpoſe, and as I have as much averſion as contempt for uſeleſs economy, I began by giving a certain ſum for the uſe of the miſerable wretches, who were lying upon ſtraw; that, while eating my dry bread in a morning, I might have the ſatisfaction to reflect, that the poor devils would owe to me their being able to add ſomething to their's at dinner. If I remain here ſix months, I will engage to leave the place with a healthy complexion, and a body by no means emaciated, having reduced my wants ſo far as to be ſatisfied with ſoup and bread, and deſerved a few benedictions *incognito*. I made ſome preſents alſo, but with quite a different view, to the ſervants belonging to the priſon. When a perſon is, or appears to be, rigidly economical in point of expenſe, he ought to be generous to others, if he would wiſh to avoid blame, particularly when the people about him derive from that expenſe their only emolument. I require neither attentions to be paid me, nor purchaſes to be made on my account; I ſend out for nothing; I employ nobody: I ſhould be conſequently the worſt of priſoners to the domeſtics, who make their little profits on what they are commiſſioned to provide or procure: it is fitting, therefore, that I ſhould pay for the ſtate of independence in which I place myſelf: by ſo doing I render it more perfect, and am moreover a gainer in good will.

I have received ſeveral viſits from the excellent Champaneux and the worthy Boſc. The former, father of a numerous family, was attached to liberty from principle, and had profeſſed its ſound doctrines from the very commencement of the revolution, in a journal, intended for the information of his fellow citizens. A good judgment, gentleneſs of manners, and great induſtry, are the moſt prominent features of his character. Roland, when miniſter, placed him at the head of the firſt diviſion of the home department; and it was one of the beſt appointments he made: though by the way he was not leſs happy in other principal clerks, ſuch as the active and ingenuous Camus, the able Fépoul, and ſeveral more. Never were offices better filled; nor could any thing but their excellent organization enable Garat to ſupport a burden ſo far beyond his ſtrength. It is to the honeſty and capacity of ſuch agents that he is indebted for the tranquillity he is allowed to enjoy. Of this he is ſenſible; and he ſaid with good reaſon, that he would give up his ſituation, if he were obliged to make any change in his official eſtabliſhment. Notwithſtanding this, he will be forced to quit his poſt, for no talents in aſſiſtants can compenſate a miniſter's want of firmneſs: irreſolution is the worſt of faults in thoſe who govern, particularly in the midſt of jarring factions. Garat and Barrère, as private individuals, would not be deemed deficient in ſenſe or honeſty: but the one charged with the executive power, and the other empowered to legiſlate, would ruin all the ſtates in the world by their half-meaſures: their rage for what they term conciliatory plans propels them in that oblique path, which leads directly to miſchief and

and confuſion. There ſhould be nothing conciliatory about a ſtateſman but his manner; I mean his mode of behaviour to thoſe whom he employs: he ought to avail himſelf of the very paſſions and faults of thoſe whoſe conduct he directs, or with whom he tranſacts buſineſs: but rigid in his principles, firm and rapid in action, no obſtacle, no conſideration, ſhould make him waver in the former reſpect, or alter his courſe in the latter.

Could Roland unite with his extenſive views, his ſtrength of mind, and his prodigious activity, a little more artfulneſs of manner, he would eaſily govern an empire: but his faults are prejudicial to himſelf alone, while his good qualities are infinitely valuable in the adminiſtration of public affairs.

Boſc, our old friend, a man of an ingenuous diſpoſition, and enlightened mind, came to me the firſt day of my impriſonment, and loſt no time in conducting my daughter to madame Creuzé-la-Touche, who gave her a kind welcome, and treated her like one of her own children, with whom it was ſettled that ſhe ſhould remain under her foſtering care. To be fully ſenſible of the value of this ſtep, it is neceſſary to be acquainted with the perſons. It is neceſſary for a man to deſcribe to himſelf the feeling and open-hearted Boſc, running to the houſe of his friends, taking poſſeſſion of their child, and intruſting her of his own accord to the moſt reſpectable family, as a depoſit which he felt himſelf honoured in confiding to their hands, and which he knew would be received with the pleaſure experienced by delicate minds, when an opportunity is offered them of doing good. It is

neceſſary

neceſſary to have been acquainted with the patriarchal manners, the domeſtic virtues of Creuzé and his wife, and with the gentleneſs and goodneſs of diſpoſition for which they are remarkable, to judge of the welcome they gave my girl, and to be ſenſible of what it was worth.

Who, then, is to be pitied in all this? Roland alone: Roland, perſecuted and proſcribed; Roland, to whom the examination of his accounts is denied; Roland, compelled to conceal himſelf like a criminal; to avoid the blind fury of men miſled by his enemies; to tremble for the ſafety even of thoſe who give him ſhelter; to drink in ſilence the bitter cup of his wife's impriſonment, and of the ſequeſtration of all his property; and to await, in a ſtate of incertitude, the reign of juſtice, which can never indemnify him for all that perverſity will have made him ſuffer.

My ſection, actuated by the beſt principles, had come on the third of the month to a reſolution, which breathed the ſpirit of juſtice, and which eſtabliſhed the right of citizens, to proteſt againſt arbitrary impriſonment, and even to reſiſt it if attempted. My letter was read there, and liſtened to with concern. The debate, that took place in conſequence, having been prolonged to the next day, the mountaineers laid their heads together: the alarm was given to their party; and a whole hoſt of furious deputies arrived from the other ſections, with a view to diſturb the proceedings, and deliberations, and, if poſſible, to pervert the ſpirit of mine, or elſe in the hope of terrifying it by menaces, and of engaging a majority of the ſections to deprive it of its arms.

In the mean time, being urged by Grandpré to neglect

no

no means of ſhortening the term of my captivity, I wrote again to Garat, and to Gohier alſo. The latter, whom I ſcarcely ever ſaw or knew, with at leaſt as much weakneſs as Garat, appeared to me inferiour to him in every other reſpect. I could not eaſily write to ſuch men, without giving them leſſons; and they were ſevere. Grandpré thinking them mortifying, though juſt, I ſoftened ſome of the expreſſions; and contented myſelf with the following words.

'Madame ROLAND to the MINISTER of Juſtice.

Abbey Priſon, June 8, 1793.

'I AM ſuffering oppreſſion: I am therefore entitled to remind you of *my* rights and of *your* duties.

'An arbitrary order, without ſpecifying any charge, has plunged me into this dungeon prepared for criminals. I have inhabited it a week, and as yet I have not been examined.

'The decrees of the convention are known to you. They direct you to viſit the priſons, and to enlarge thoſe who are detained without juſt cauſe. Another has alſo lately been paſſed, enjoining you to require the communication of all the warrants that are iſſued, to ſee that they be grounded upon ſome ſpecific charge, and to take care that all perſons in cuſtody be examined.

'I tranſmit to you an atteſted copy of that warrant by virtue of which I was taken from my home, and brought hither.

'I demand the execution of the law, on my own account, and even on yours. Innocent and firm, injuſtice may reach, but cannot debaſe me, and I can ſubmit

to it with pride, at a time when virtue is proſcribed *. As to you, placed as you are between the law and diſhonour, your inclination cannot be doubted: and you are to be pitied, if you have not courage to act according to its dictates.'

'To the MINISTER of the Home Department.

June 8, 1793.

'I KNOW that you have tranſmitted my complaints to the legiſlative body; but my letter has not been read. Have you fulfilled the whole of your duty by forwarding it at my requeſt?—I have been apprehended, without the ſpecification of any reaſon: and I have been detained a week, without examination. It behoves you, as a man in office, when you have not been able to ſave innocence from oppreſſion, to endeavour at leaſt to bring about its delivery.

'You are more intereſted, perhaps, than myſelf, in the taſk I requeſt you to undertake. I am not the only victim of prejudice and envy: and their preſent attacks upon every one remarkable for the union of a firm mind with virtue and talents, renders the perſecution honourable, of which I am the object, and for which I am indebted to my connexion with the venerable man, whoſe cauſe poſterity will revenge. But you, who are now at the helm, if incapable of holding it with a firm hand, will

* Here followed originally: 'But it is incumbent on you, placed between the law and diſhonour, either to fulfil the duties of your place, or reſign it; you muſt otherwiſe incur that infamy, with which poſterity will brand weakneſs like yours.'

not

not eſcape the reproach of abandoning the veſſel to the waves, the diſgrace of having occupied a poſt which you could not maintain.

'Factions paſs away, juſtice alone remains unalterable: and of all the faults of men in place weakneſs is the leaſt pardonable, becauſe it is the ſource of the greateſt diſorders, particularly in troubleſome times.

'I need not add any thing to theſe reflections, if they reach you in time for you and for myſelf, or urge their application to my own concerns; ſince nothing can ſupply the want of courage and of good-will.'

Moſt certainly the miniſters, who neglected and deſpiſed the decrees, that enjoined them to proſecute the authors of the maſſacre of September, and the conſpirators of the 10th of March; men, whoſe weak and unworthy conduct on thoſe occaſions emboldened guilt, favoured its enterprizes, and inſured this new inſurrection, in which blindneſs and audacity, preſcribing laws to the national convention, call forth all the evils of civil war; ſuch men certainly will not be the impeachers of oppreſſion. From them I expect nothing; and the truths I addreſs to them are rather intended to ſhow them what they ought, and what they have failed, to do, than to procure me that juſtice, which they are incapable of rendering, unleſs a little ſhame ſhould chance to produce a miracle.

Eſop repreſents all the animals, who uſually trembled at the aſpect of the lion, coming, every one in his turn, to inſult him when he fell ſick: in like manner the mob of little minds, actuated either by deluſion or jealouſy, fall with fury upon thoſe, whom oppreſſion holds captive,

or

or whoſe means of defence it diminiſhes, by lowering them in the opinion of the world. Of this the Thermometer of the Day, for the 9th of June, No. 526, affords an example. Therein appears, under the title of examination of L. P. d'Orleans, a ſeries of queſtions, amongſt which the following charge is worthy of remark: 'of having been preſent at ſecret cabals, held by night in the apartment of Buzot's wife, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, whither Dumouriez, Roland and his wife, Vergniaux, Briſſot, Genſonné, Gorſas, Louvet, Pétion, Guadet, and others uſed to repair.'

What atrocious wickedneſs! and what exceſs of impudence! The deputies here named are preciſely thoſe, who voted for the baniſhment of the Bourbons. Thoſe high-ſpirited defenders of freedom never conſidered d'Orleans as a leader poſſeſſed of capacity; but he always appeared to them a dangerous tool. They were the firſt to dread his vices, his wealth, his connexions, his popularity, and his faction; to denounce the latter, and to hunt down thoſe, who appeared to be its agents. Louvet marked them out in his Philippic againſt Robeſpierre; a valuable piece, as is every thing from his pen. In that compoſition, which hiſtory will carefully preſerve, he follows them ſtep by ſtep to the electoral aſſembly, whence d'Orleans iſſued a deputy. Buzot, whoſe perſevering energy has procured him the hatred of the factious, embraced the firſt favourable opportunity, to demand the baniſhment of the Bourbons; a meaſure, which he looked upon as indiſpenſable, from the moment the convention reſolved to paſs judgment on Lewis. Neither Roland, nor I, ever ſaw d'Orleans. I even refuſed to receive Sillery, though he

he was mentioned to me as as a good and amiable man, becauſe his connexion with d'Orleans rendered him ſuſpicious. I remember two curious letters on the ſubject; one of which was written by madame Sillery to Louvet, after he had ſupported Buzot's motion. 'Here,' ſaid Louvet, communicating the letter to me, 'is a proof that we are not miſtaken, and that the Orleans party is no chimera. Madame Sillery would not write in ſuch terms, if it were not a thing agreed upon between her and the parties concerned. If they be ſo much afraid of baniſhment, it muſt be becauſe exile will defeat ſome of their ſchemes.' In fact, the object of the ſtudied letter of madame Sillery was to prevail upon Louvet to change his opinion; to perſuade him, that the republican principles, in which the children of d'Orleans had been educated, rendered them the moſt zealous partizans of a commonwealth; and that it was both cruel and impolitic to ſacrifice individuals, who might certainly be made uſeful, to prejudices alike unjuſt and abſurd.

The other letter was Louvet's anſwer: replete with wit and dignity, it ſet forth the reaſons on which he founded his opinion in terms equally forcible and polite. Among other things he ſaid, that the monarchical principles, the ariſtocratical and other prejudices, which appeared in the works of madame Sillery herſelf, were far from ſatisfying him with reſpect to thoſe of her pupils; and he perſiſted with all the ſpirit of a free man in an opinion which the love of his country inſpired.

As to the pretended cabals at Buzot's wife's, nothing in the world can be ſo ridiculous. Buzot, whom I had frequent occaſions of ſeeing at the time of the conſtituent aſſembly, and with whom I had remained in friendly intercourſe;

tercourſe; Buzot, whoſe ſpirit, ſenſibility, purity of principles, and gentleneſs of manners, inſpired me with infinite eſteem and attachment, came frequently to the *Hôtel de l'Interieur*: his wife I have viſited only once ſince they came to Paris on the meeting of the convention; nor had they ever the ſlighteſt connexion with Dumouriez.

Indignant at theſe abſurdities, I took up my pen to write to Dulaure, the editor of the *Thermometre du jour*, a worthy man, with whom I lived on friendly terms until the moment he was ſeduced by the mountaineers *.

Madame ROLAND to the Deputy DULAURE, Author of the *Thermometre du jour*.

Abbey Priſon, June 9, 1793.

'IF any thing could add to the aſtoniſhment of innocence, when it finds itſelf under the yoke of oppreſſion, I ſhould tell you, citizen, that I have juſt read with the greateſt ſurpriſe the abſurdities contained in your paper of this day, under the title of examination of Philip d'Orleans, which chance has thrown in my way. It would appear very ſtrange, had not experience proved it to be only very impudent, that thoſe perſons who firſt feared, denounced, and watched the manœuvres of the faction of d'Orleans, ſhould be repreſented as having formed it themſelves.

* I have ſince learnt, that the late exceſſes of the mountain have opened his eyes, and brought him to a proper ſenſe of its principles.

'Time will unqueſtionably clear up this myſtery of iniquity: but while waiting for *its* juſtice, which may be tardy in the midſt of ſuch dreadful corruption, it appears to me incumbent on *your's*, when publiſhing the queſtions of an interrogatory calculated to excite ſuſpicions, to publiſh at the ſame time the anſwers, which muſt have been made, and which may ſerve to ſhow the degree of credit they deſerve.

'This act of juſtice is the more ſtrictly requiſite, as calumny and perſecution cloſely purſue the perſons named in thoſe queſtions; and as moſt of them are faſt held in the toils of a decree, extorted by audacity and prejudice from the hands of weakneſs and error. I myſelf have been confined a week, by virtue of a mandate which ſpecifies no reaſon for my arreſt. I have never been examined: I have not been able to obtain a hearing of my complaints from the convention; and when they were told, that thoſe complaints had been ſuppreſſed, they paſſed to the order of the day, under the pretence of its not being their concern. What! then new authorities act in the moſt arbitrary manner, while the conſtituted powers bow before them, and the acts of injuſtice they commit are not to be repreſented to the convention! It is not then to the legiſlative body that complaints ſhould be addreſſed, when there remains none other to hear them! It can intereſt itſelf in favour of perſons confined by order of the tribunal of Marſeilles; while I, who am confined here by a revolutionary committee, have no longer any rights! —And the commune makes the newſpapers repeat, that the priſons of Paris contain nothing but aſſaſſins, thieves, and counter-revolutioniſts!—Citizen, I have known you: I believe you honeſt: how will you grieve on ſome

future day!—I tranſmit to you ſome notes, which I beg you to peruſe: and I requeſt you to inſert in your paper that letter, which I could not get read at the convention. You owe me this piece of juſtice, as circumſtances ſufficiently demonſtrate; and if your own feelings do not tell you ſo, I ſhould urge the matter in vain.

'P. S. Neither Roland nor I ever ſaw Philip d'Orleans: and I can moreover ſay, that I have always heard the deputies mentioned in the interrogatory, as quoted by the Thermometer of this day, profeſs for him a contempt ſimilar to that with which he inſpired me. If, in ſhort, we ever talked of him at all, it was to ſpeak of the fears which the true friends of liberty might feel on his account, and of the conſequent neceſſity of baniſhing him from the republic.'

As circumſtances have led me to mention Dumouriez, I will ſay what I know of him, and what I think: but this carries me back to Roland's firſt adminiſtration, and leads me to relate here how a man ſo auſtere in his manners came to be nominated to a place, which kings ſeldom fill with ſimilar characters. I ſhall take up the thread of my narrative at a period ſomewhat remote; and ſhall be indebted to my captivity for leiſure to record facts, and recollect circumſtances, which otherwiſe, perhaps, would never have employed my pen.

Roland executed the office of inſpector of commerce and manufactures in the *generality* * of Lyons, with that

* Certain provinces, ſubject to the *general* laws of the empire, were called *generalities*, in contradiſtinction to the *Pays d'Etat*, or Provinces annexed to France with the reſerve of their particular privileges. *Tranſ.*

knowledge and thoſe adminiſtrative views, that ought to have diſtinguiſhed the body of inſpectors, if government had known how to keep up the ſpirit of the inſtitution, of which Roland was almoſt the only example. Superior to his place in every reſpect, fond of employment, and not inſenſible to the allurements of fame, he digeſted in the ſilence of the cloſet the materials with which his experience and activity had furniſhed him; and continued the Dictionary of Manufactures for the new Encyclopedia. Some of Briſſot's works were ſent to him from the author, as a teſtimony of the eſteem with which he had been inſpired by the principles of liberty and juſtice, that appeared in Roland's writings. That teſtimony was received with the uſual ſenſibility of authors, and with the feelings natural to a man of worth, who finds himſelf praiſed by a perſon of congenial mind. It gave birth to a correſpondence at firſt very unfrequent; but afterwards ſupported by that of one of our friends, who became acquainted with Briſſot at Paris, and ſpoke of his habits of life in a very favourable manner, as preſenting a practical proof of the philoſophical and moral theory contained in his writings. This correſpondence was ſtill further encouraged by the revolution of 1789; for events, ſucceeding each other with rapidity, called forth the moſt vigorous exertions of the minds and ſouls of philoſophers prepared for liberty; and produced intereſting communications between thoſe, whoſe boſoms were enflamed with the love of their fellow-creatures, and the hope of ſeeing the univerſal reign of juſtice and happineſs arrive. Briſſot having at this juncture begun a periodical paper, that will be often conſulted on account of the excellent reaſoning it contains, we ſent him every

thing, of which circumſtances ſeemed to make the publicity uſeful. Ere long our acquaintance received its laſt degree of improvement; and we became intimate and confidential friends, without ever having ſeen one another's faces.

Amid thoſe ſtruggles unavoidable in a period of revolution, when principles, prejudices, and paſſions, raiſe inſurmountable obſtacles between perſons, who had before appeared well diſpoſed to agree, Roland was elected a member of the municipality of Lyons. His ſituation in life, his family, and his connexions, were ſuch as might be ſuppoſed to attach him to the ariſtocracy: while his turn of mind and reputation rendered him intereſting to the popular party, to which he was naturally led to devote himſelf by his philoſophy, and the auſterity of his manners. No ſooner had he taken a decided part, than he made himſelf many enemies, ſo much the more violent, as his inflexible integrity laid open without reſerve the numerous abuſes that had crept into the adminiſtration of the finances of the town. They exhibited an epitome of the dilapidations of thoſe of the ſtate, the debt of the city of Lyons amounting to no leſs than forty millions of livres [£1,666,667]. It was become indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſolicit aſſiſtance, for the manufactures had ſuffered in the firſt year of the revolution, and twenty thouſand workmen had been out of bread during the whole of the winter. It was therefore reſolved to ſend a deputy extraordinary to the conſtituent aſſembly, to make known the circumſtances, and Roland was the perſon choſen. We arrived at Paris the 20th of February, 1791. I had been five years abſent from the place of my nativity; I had watched the progreſs of the

the revolution, and the labours of the aſſembly; and had ſtudied the characters and talents of its leading members, with an intereſt not eaſily to be conceived, and ſcarcely to be appreciated except by thoſe who are acquainted with my ardent and active turn of mind. I haſtened to attend their ſittings; and there I ſaw the powerful Mirabeau *, the aſtoniſhing Cazalés, the daring Maury, the artful Lameths, and the frigid Barnave: I remarked with vexation that kind of ſuperiority on the ſide of the *blacks* †, that dignified habits, purity of language, and poliſhed manners, give in large aſſemblies; but the ſtrength of reaſon, the courage of intregity, the lights of philoſophy, the fruits of ſtudy, and the fluency of the bar, could not fail to ſecure the triumph of the patriots of the *left*, if they were all honeſt, and could but remain united.

Briſſot came to viſit us. I know nothing ſo pleaſant as a firſt interview between perſons, who have grown intimate by means of an epiſtolary correſpondence, without being perſonally acquainted. They gaze upon each other, curious to obſerve whether the features of the face accord with the phyſignomy of the mind, and whe-

* The only man in the revolution, whoſe genius could guide the others, and ſway the whole aſſembly. Great from his talents, little from his vices, but always ſuperior to the multitude, and always maſter of himſelf, when he would take the pains to command his paſſions. He died ſoon after: I thought ſeaſonably for his fame, and for freedom: though events have inſtructed me to regret him. The counterpoiſe of a man of ſuch weight was wanting, to check the action of a pack of curs, and preſerve us from the domination of ruffians.

† The court party, ſo called. The uniform of the emigrants aſſembled at Coblentz with the princes was black. *Tranſ.*

ther the perſon's outſide confirm the opinion of him that had been previouſly entertained. The ſimple manners, natural negligence, and frankneſs of Briſſot, appeared to me in perfect harmony with the auſterity of his principles; but I found in him a ſort of levity of mind and diſpoſition, which was not equally ſuitable to the gravity of a philoſopher. This always gave me pain, and of this his enemies never failed to take advantage. In proportion as I became more acquainted with him, I eſteemed him the more. It is not in human nature to combine more complete diſintereſtedneſs with greater zeal for the public welfare, or to purſue the general good with more entire forgetfulneſs of private intereſt: but his writings are better fitted to effectuate it than his perſon; for *they* carry with them all the authority, which reaſon, juſtice, and intelligence can give; while in perſon he can aſſume none, for want of dignity. He is the beſt of men. A good huſband, an affectionate father, a faithful friend, and a virtuous citizen, his company is as agreeable, as his temper is eaſy: confiding even to imprudence, and as gay, as ſimple, and as ingenuous, as a boy of fifteen, he was formed to live with the wife, and to be the dupe of the wicked. Learned in the ſcience of law, and devoted from his youth to the ſtudy of ſocial duties, and the great means of human happineſs, he judges well of man, but of men he has no ſort of knowledge. He knows, that vice exiſts; but he cannot believe any one vicious, who ſpeaks to him with an open countenance: and when he has diſcovered a man to be ſo, he treats him as an idiot, who is to be pitied, without harbouring the leaſt miſtruſt. Of hatred he is incapable: one would ſuppoſe that his mind, with all its ſenſibility, poſſeſſes not ſufficient ſtrength for a ſentiment

timent of ſuch energy. Extenſive in his knowledge, he writes with extreme facility, and compoſes a treatiſe, as another would copy a ſong: hence the diſcriminating eye diſcerns in his works the haſty touch of a quick, and often light mind, though the groundwork itſelf is excellent. His activity and good-nature, which make him ready to do any thing, which he conceives may be of uſe, have given him an appearance of interfering in every thing; and have drawn upon him the charge of intriguing, from thoſe who are in want of a ſubject of accuſation. What a curious intriguer is a man, who never attends to himſelf, or thoſe belonging to him; who is alike incapable of, and averſe to, conſulting his own intereſt; and who is no more aſhamed of poverty, than afraid of death, looking upon both of them as the uſual rewards of public virtue. I have ſeen him dedicating his whole time to the revolution, for no other end than to forward the triumph of truth, and promote the welfare of the public; and aſſiduouſly employed in the compoſition of his journal, which he might eaſily have made a matter of ſpeculation, if he had not choſen to be content with the moderate recompence made him by his partner. His wife, as humble as himſelf, with a great deal of good ſenſe, and ſome ſtrength of mind, judged more properly of things. Ever ſince their marriage her views had been turned towards the United States of America, as the abode moſt ſuitable to their taſte and manners, and a place where it was eaſy to ſettle with very ſlender means. Briſſot had made a voyage thither in conſequence; and they were on the point of embarking for that diſtant ſhore, when the revolution came and chained him to his native land.

Born at Chartres, and a ſchool-fellow of Pétion, who is a native of the ſame town, Briſſot became ſtill more intimate with him in the conſtituent aſſembly, where his labours and information were often of uſe to his friend. He made us acquainted with him, as well as with ſeveral other members, whom old habits of friendſhip, or the mere ſimilitude of principles, and zeal for the public good, brought often together to compare their views. It was even agreed upon, that they ſhould meet at my apartment four evenings in the week, becauſe I was a very domeſtic, and could afford them good accommodations, and becauſe my lodgings were ſo ſituated, as to be at no great diſtance from any of the perſons who compoſed this little club.

This arrangement ſuited me perfectly: it made me acquainted with the progreſs of public affairs, in which I felt myſelf deeply intereſted; and favoured my taſte for purſuing political ſpeculations, and ſtudying mankind. I knew what part became one of my ſex, and never ſtepped out of it. The political debates paſſed in my preſence, without my taking any part. Sitting at a table without the circle, I employed myſelf in working at my needle, or writing letters, while they were deliberating; and yet if I diſpatched ten epiſtles, which was ſometimes the caſe, I did not loſe a ſingle ſyllable of what was ſaying, and more than once bit my lips, to reſtrain my impatience to ſpeak.

What ſtruck me moſt, and diſtreſſed me exceedingly, was that ſort of light and frivolous chit-chat, in which men of ſenſe paſs three or four hours, without coming to any concluſion. Taking things in detail, you would have heard excellent principles maintained, good ideas ſtarted,

ſtarted, and ſome good plans propoſed; but upon bringing the whole together, there appeared to be no path marked out, no fixed reſult, nor any determinate point, towards which it was agreed upon that each perſon ſhould direct his views.

Sometimes for very vexation I could have boxed the ears of theſe philoſophers, whom I daily learnt to eſteem more and more for the honeſty of their hearts, and the purity of their intentions: excellent reaſoners all, and all philoſophers, and learned politicians in theory; but being totally ignorant of the art of managing mankind, and conſequently of ſwaying an aſſembly, their wit and learning were generally laviſhed to no end.

And yet I have known ſome good decrees thus planned, which have afterwards paſſed. But ſoon the coalation of the minority of the nobility completely weakened the *left ſide*, and produced the evils attendant on a reviſal of the conſtitution. There remained but a ſmall number of inflexible men, who durſt contend for principles; and towards the concluſion theſe were reduced to little more than Buzot, Pétion, and Robeſpierre.

At that time Robeſpierre had to me the ſemblance of an honeſt man; and for the ſake of his principles I forgave the defects of his language, and his tireſome way of ſpeaking. I had, however, remarked, that he was always reſerved in theſe committees, hearing the opinions of all, and ſeldom giving his own, or when he did, not being at the pains to ſet forth the reaſons on which it was grounded. I have been told, that the next day he was the firſt to mount the tribune, and to avail himſelf of the arguments which the evening before he had heard delivered by

by his friends. When he was ſometimes gently reproved for this conduct, he would get off by a joke; and his artifice was forgotten, as the effect of that devouring ſelf-love, by which he was ſo cruelly tormented. This however was in ſome degree deſtructive of confidence; for if any expedient were to be deviſed, any mode of proceeding to be determined upon, and any caſt of parts to be adopted in conſequence, there could never be any certainty that Robeſpierre would not come, as it were in a freak, and thwart the buſineſs; or elſe with a view of aſcribing the honour to himſelf, bring forward the affair inconſiderately, and by ſo doing ruin all. Perſuaded at that time that Robeſpierre was paſſionately fond of liberty, I was inclined to attribute his faults to an exceſs of fiery zeal. That kind of reſerve, which ſeems to indicate either the fear of being ſeen through, becauſe we can get nothing by being known, or the diſtruſt of a man who can find no reaſon in his own boſom, for giving others credit for virtue; that kind of reſerve, for which Robeſpierre is remarkable, gave me pain; but I miſtook it for modeſty. Thus it is that, with a favourable prepoſſeſſion, we transform the moſt untoward indications into ſymptoms of the moſt amiable qualities. Never did the ſmile of confidence reſt on the lips of Robeſpierre, while they were almoſt always contracted by the malignant grin of envy, ſtriving to aſſume the features of diſdain. His talents, as an orator, were below mediocrity; his vulgar voice, ill choſen expreſſions, and faulty pronunciation, rendering his diſcourſe extremely tireſome. But he maintained principles with warmth and perſeverance; and there was ſome courage in continuing to do ſo, at a time when the defenders of the cauſe

cauſe of the people were greatly diminiſhed in number. The court deteſted and calumniated them: to ſupport and encourage them, was therefore the duty of a patriot. I eſteemed Robeſpierre on this account; I told him as much; and even when he was not very aſſiduous at the little club, he occaſionally came to take his dinner at our houſe. I had been much ſtruck with the terror that ſeemed to have taken poſſeſſion of his mind on the day of the king's flight to Varennes. That afternoon I found him at Pétion's, where he ſaid with great alarm, that the royal family would never have taken ſuch a ſtep, without having a coalition in Paris, to direct a maſſacre of the patriots; and that he did not expect to live four and twenty hours. Pétion and Briſſot on the contrary ſaid, that the flight would be the king's ruin, and that it ought to be turned to good account: they obſerved that the people were perfectly well diſpoſed, and would be more clearly convinced of the treachery of the court by this ſtep, than they would have been by the ableſt publications: that this ſingle fact rendered it evident to all, that the king was adverſe to the conſtitution, which he had ſworn to maintain; that this was the moment to ſecure a more homogenous form of government; and that it would be proper to prepare men's minds for a republic. Robeſpierre, with his uſual ſneer, and biting his nails, aſked what was a republic? The plan of a paper entitled the Republican, of which two numbers only were publiſhed, was then deviſed. Dumont of Geneva, a man of conſiderable abilities, was the editor; du Châtelet, an officer in the army, lent his name; and Condorcet, Briſſot, and others, were preparing to give their aſſiſtance. The ſeizure of the king's

perſon

perſon gave Robeſpierre great pleaſure; he ſaw in it the prevention of much miſchief, and laid aſide the fears he entertained on his own account; but the reſt of the party were ſorry for the event: they were of opinion that it was bringing back a peſt into the government; that intriguing would revive; and that the effervescence of the public mind, allayed by the pleaſure of ſeeing the culprit detained, would no longer ſerve to ſecond the efforts of the friends of freedom. They judged aright; and with the leſs riſk of being miſtaken, as the reconciliation of Lafayette with the Lameths proved the exiſtence of a new coalition, which could not have the public good for its foundation. It was impoſſible to counterbalance it, unleſs by the force of opinion diſplayed in a powerful manner; for which the patriots never had more than their pens, and their voices; but when any popular commotion came to their aid, they welcomed it with pleaſure, without inquiring how it was produced, or giving themſelves much trouble about it. There was behind the curtain a party, whom the ariſtocrats accuſed with ſo much vehemence, that it was impoſſible for the patriots not to be tempted to forgive him, ſo long as they perceived nothing, but what might be made to contribute to the public advantage: beſides, they could not perſuade themſelves that the perſon in queſtion was any way formidable.

' It is not eaſy to command our paſſions in the time of a revolution: there is indeed no inſtance of one accompliſhed without their aſſiſtance. Great obſtacles are to be overcome; and this cannot be effected without an ardour, and a devotion to the cauſe, bordering upon enthuſiaſm, or tending to produce it. Hence it is that we

graſp

graſp with avidity at every thing that ſeems to ſerve our purpoſe, and loſe the faculty of perceiving what may prove injurious. Hence that confidence, that eagerneſs to avail ourſelves of a ſudden movement, without tracing it to it's origin, in order to know how to direct it aright: and hence the indelicacy, if I may uſe the expreſſion, of ſuffering the co-operation of agents whom we do not eſteem, but whoſe proceedings we tolerate, becauſe they appear to tend the ſame way as our own. D'Orleans ſtanding ſingly was ſurely not to be feared; but his name, his connexions, his wealth, and his adviſers, gave him great influence; and he unqueſtionably acted a ſecret part in all popular commotions. Men of pure intentions ſuſpected him: but all this they conſidered as a fermentation neceſſary to ſet the inert maſs a working: they contented themſelves with taking no ſhare in them, and flattered themſelves, that they ſhould make every thing turn to the advantage of the public: they were, beſides, more inclined to aſcribe to d'Orleans the deſire of revenging himſelf on a court, by which he had been deſpiſed, and which he was inclined to humble, than any deſign of his own elevation.

The jacobins propoſed a petition to the aſſembly, requeſting it to paſs judgment on the traitor who had fled, or to take the ſenſe of the nation concerning the treatment he might deſerve; and in the mean time to declare, that he had loſt the confidence of the people of Paris. Laclos, that Laclos ſo remarkable for the powers of his mind, whom nature formed for the management of great affairs, but whoſe vices had made him dedicate all his faculties to intrigue; Laclos, devoted to d'Orleans, and of great weight in his council, made this propoſal to the jacobins,

jacobins, who entertained it favourably, and among whom it was abetted by ſome hundreds of motion-makers * and ſtrollers, who came thronging from the Palais-Royal into the place of their meeting at ten o'clock at night. I ſaw them arrive. The ſociety deliberated in the preſence of that mob, who were alſo allowed to give their votes; ſettled the fundamental points of the petition; and appointed a committee to draw it up, of which Laclos and Briſſot were members. They were buſied about it till a late hour of the night: for it had been reſolved, that a deputation of the ſociety ſhould on the following day carry it to the Champ-de-Mars, there to be ſhown to all, who might wiſh to examine or to ſign it. Laclos pretended that he had a head-ach proceeding from want of ſleep, which would not ſuffer him to hold the pen: he therefore requeſted Briſſot to take it; and, while converſing with him about the compoſition, propoſed, for the laſt article, ſome clauſe, I know not what, which called for the reſtoration of royalty, and opened a road for d'Orleans to the throne. Briſſot rejected it with warmth and aſtoniſhment; and the other, like an able politician, gave it up, under the pretence of his not having ſufficiently conſidered its conſequences: well aware, that he ſhould ſtill find means to get it foiſted in; which in fact he did, ſince it made part of a printed paper that was diſperſed as the plan agreed upon by the jacobins. But when the ſociety which aſſembled the next morning to examine the draught of

* In the early part of the revolution, the garden of the *Tuileries*, and the interior of the Palais Royal, were filled with groups of twenty or thirty people, in the midſt of each of which a demagogue called a *motionnaire* was holding forth. *Tranſ.*

the

the petition, and ſend it away, was informed, that the national aſſembly had decided on the fate of the king, it diſpatched its commiſſioners to the Champ-de-Mars, to inform the people, that the decree reſpecting the king having paſſed, there was no longer any occaſion for the intended petition. My curioſity had carried me to the *Champ-de-la-federation* *, where there were not more than two or three hundred perſons ſcattered about the environs of the national altar, upon which deputies of the cordeliers, and of the fraternal ſocieties, bearing pikes with pompous inſcriptions, ſtood haranguing ſmall groups, and exciting their indignation againſt Lewis XVI. It was ſaid, that as the jacobins had ſuppreſſed their petition, it was proper that ſuch citizens as were zealous in the people's cauſe ſhould draw up another, and aſſemble for that purpoſe on the enſuing day. Then it was that the partiſans of the court, feeling the neceſſity of employing terror, concerted the means of ſtriking a deciſive blow. They prepared their meaſures accordingly; and the unexpected proclamation of martial law, and its prompt execution, produced what has been juſtly called the *maſſacre of the Champ-de-Mars*. The terrified people durſt not ſtir, while part of the national guard, ſeduced or deceived, ſeconded Lafayette, either out of obſequiouſneſs to the court, or blind confidence in his pretended patriotiſm, and ſerved as a rampart againſt their fellow-citizens; the ſtandard of death was diſplayed from the town-hall; and the reviſion of the conſtitution was effected under its influence. The formation of the club of *Feuillans* had been planned much about the ſame time, to weaken the jacobins; and moſt aſſuredly

* The new name of the Champ de Mars. *Tranſ.*

the

the whole proceedings of the coalition at that period proved, how much the court and its partisans were superior to their adversaries in weaving a tissue of intrigues.

I never knew affright comparable to that of Robespierre under these circumstances. There was indeed a rumour of putting him on his trial, which was probably meant only to intimidate him; and it was said, that there was a plot at the Feuillans both against him, and the committee, who drew up the petition at the jacobins. Roland and I were really uneasy on his account, and drove to his house, at the farther end of the *Marais*, at eleven at night, to offer him an asylum: but he had already quitted his habitation. Thence we proceeded to Buzot's to tell him, that perhaps it would not be amiss, if without leaving the society of the jacobins, he were to enter into that of the feuillans, in order to see what was going forward, and to be ready to defend those whom they might wish to persecute. 'There is nothing I would not do,' said Buzot after some hesitation, and speaking of Robespierre, 'to save that unhappy young man; though I am far from entertaining the same opinion of him that many others do: he thinks too much of himself, to be greatly in love with liberty; but he serves its cause, and that is enough for me. The public must nevertheless take place of him; and I should be inconsistent in my principles, and exhibit them in a false point of view, if I went to the Feuillans. I have too much repugnance to act a part that would oblige me to put on two different faces. Grégoire is gone thither: he will let us know what is going on; but after all, nothing can be done to affect Robespierre, without the intervention of the assembly, and there I shall at all times be ready to

undertake

undertake his defence. As to the Jacobins, where I have been little of late, because my regard for our species makes me grieve to see it more than usually hideous in that noisy assembly, I shall be constant in my attendance, as long as the persecution is kept up against a society, which I believe to be useful to the cause of freedom.' These words of Buzot were exactly descriptive of the man: he acts, as he speaks, with truth and rectitude, the strictest probity, adorned with the pleasing forms of sensibility, being the leading feature of his character. He had distinguished himself in our little committee, by the soundness of his understanding, and by that decided manner which bespeaks a man of integrity. As he lived at no great distance from our house; and his wife, though she did not appear to possess a mind congenial to his, was an affable woman; we visited each other frequently. When the success of Roland's mission with respect to the debt of the commune of Lyons allowed us to return to Beaujolois, we kept up a correspondence with Buzot and Robespierre. That with the former was the more regular: there was a greater familiarity between us, a wider foundation for friendship, and a rich stock of materials to keep it from flagging. Our friendship became intimate and unalterable. Elsewhere I shall say how this connection grew closer still.

Roland's mission having detained him seven months at Paris, we quitted that city in the middle of September, after his obtaining every thing for Lyons that it could desire; and spent the autumn in the country, employed in the vintage.

One of the last acts of the constituent assembly was the suppression of inspectors. We considered, whether we

ſhould determine to remain in the country, or whether it would be better to go and paſs the winter in Paris, where Roland might prefer his claim to a penſion, as a reward for forty years ſervice; and at the ſame time continue his labours for the Encyclopedia, which he would be ſure to find more eaſy in the focus of ſcience, amidſt artiſts and men of letters, than in the depth of a deſert.

We came back to Paris in the month of December. As the members of the conſtituent aſſembly had returned to their ſeveral homes; and Pétion, who had been choſen mayor, was wholly occupied with the cares of that office, we no longer had any rallying point, and ſaw Briſſot himſelf much leſs frequently than before. The whole of our attention was concentrated at home. Roland's active mind inſpired him with the idea of eſtabliſhing a journal of uſeful arts; and by the charms of ſtudy we endeavoured to divert our attention from public affairs, which ſeemed to be in a lamentable ſtate. Several deputies of the legiſlative aſſembly uſed however to meet ſometimes at the apartments which one of them occupied in the *Place Vendôme*; and Roland, whoſe patriotiſm and knowledge were held in high eſteem, was invited to make one of the party: but he diſliked the diſtance, and ſeldom went. One of our friends, who was frequently there, informed us, about the middle of March, that the court, full of alarm and perplexity, was deſirous of doing ſomething to regain its popularity; that it would have no great objection to appoint jacobin miniſters; and that the patriots were buſied in endeavouring to make the choice fall upon men of ſteadineſs and ability; which was of the more importance, as it might only be a ſnare on the part of the court, which would

would not be ſorry to have wrong-headed perſons forced upon it, who might become juſt objects of complaint or deriſion. He added, that ſeveral perſons had turned their thoughts towards Roland, whoſe rank in the republic of letters, adminiſtrative knowledge, and reputation for juſtice and vigour of mind, afforded a proſpect of ſtability. Roland at that time went frequently to the jacobin ſociety, and was one of the perſons employed in its committee of correſpondence. The idea however ſeemed to me to be viſionary, and made but little impreſſion on my mind.

The 21ſt of the ſame month, Briſſot called upon me in the evening, and repeated the ſame thing in a more poſitive manner; aſking at the ſame time whether Roland would conſent to take ſuch a burden on him. I ſaid in anſwer, that, having mentioned the matter to him in the courſe of converſation, when the idea was firſt ſtarted, it had appeared to me, that after taking all the difficulties and danger into the account, his zeal and activity would not object to ſuch a field for exertion; but that it was a buſineſs which required further conſideration. Roland did not ſhrink from the taſk: the idea he entertained of his own abilities inſpired him with a hope of being ſerviceable to the cauſe of freedom and to his country: and ſuch was the anſwer that was given to Briſſot on the following day.

On Friday, the 23d, at eleven in the evening, I ſaw him walk into our apartment with Dumouriez; who came on the breaking up of the council, to inform Roland of his being appointed miniſter for the home-department, and to ſalute him as his colleague. They ſtayed a few minutes; and an hour of the following

day was fixed for Roland to take the oaths. 'There goes a man,' said I when they went away, speaking of Dumouriez, whom I had never seen before; 'there goes a man of a subtle mind, and a deceitful look; against whom perhaps it will behove you to be more upon your guard than against any man whatever: he expressed great pleasure at the patriotic choice he was employed to announce, and yet I shall not be surprised if on some future day he bring about your dismission.'—Dumouriez, indeed, at the first glance, appeared to me so widely different from Roland, that I could not suppose it possible for them to act long in concert. On one side I beheld integrity and frankness personified, with rigid justice devoid of all courtly arts, and of all the dexterous manœuvres of a man of the world: on the other I fancied I could recognize a libertine of great parts, a determined adventurer, inclined to make a jest of every thing, except his own interest and fame. It was not difficult to infer, that such elements would act repulsively upon each other.

Roland's incredible industry, his readiness in business, and his methodical turn, soon enabled him, when minister, to make an arrangement in his head of all the various branches of his department. But the principles and habits of the chief clerks rendered his employment extremely laborious. He was obliged to be on his guard, and to contend most strenuously to prevent any thing contradictory from taking place in his official proceedings; he was engaged in short in one continued struggle with his agents. He strongly felt the necessity of changing them; but he was too prudent to do so, before he had become familiar with affairs, and secured proper persons to supply their places.

hand as me

do not separate

places. As to the council, its ſittings rather reſembled the chit-chat of a private party, than the deliberations of ſtateſmen. Each miniſter brought with him ordinances and proclamations to be ſigned; and the miniſter of juſtice preſented decrees to be ſanctioned. The king read the gazette; queſtioned each of them about his private affairs, thus teſtifying with no ſmall ſhare of addreſs that ſort of kind concern, of which the great knew how to make a merit; talked like a plain man about affairs in general; and at every turn profeſſed, with an air of frankneſs, his deſire to put the conſtitution in force. For the firſt three weeks, Roland and Claviere appeared almoſt enchanted with the king's excellent diſpoſition of mind, giving him credit on his bare word, and rejoicing, like honeſt men, at the turn that things were about to take. 'Good God!' ſaid I: 'when I ſee you ſet out for the council with all that delightful confidence, it always ſeems to me that you are on the point of committing ſome egregious act of folly.'—I never could bring myſelf to believe in the conſtitutional vocation of a king born and brought up in deſpotiſm, and accuſtomed to exerciſe arbitrary ſway. Lewis XVI muſt have been a man above the common race of mortals, had he been ſincerely the friend of a conſtitution that reſtrained his power; and if ſuch a man, he would never have ſuffered thoſe events to occur which brought about the revolution.

The firſt time Roland appeared at court, the plainneſs of his apparel, his round hat, and his ſhoes tied with ribbands, were matters of aſtoniſhment and offence to all the court valets; to thoſe beings, who, deriving their ſole conſequence from etiquette, believed that the ſafety

of the ſtate depended on its preſervation. The maſter of the ceremonies, ſtepping up to Dumouriez with alarm in his countenance and a contracted brow, pointed out Roland by a glance of the eye: Oh dear! Sir, ſaid he in a whiſper, he has no buckles in his ſhoes!——Oh Lord! Sir, anſwered Dumouriez, with gravity truly laughable, we are all ruined and undone.

A council being held four times a week, the miniſters agreed to dine on thoſe days at one another's houſes by turns; and every Friday I received them as my gueſts. *Degrave* was then miniſter of war. He was a little man, in every ſenſe of the word: nature had made him gentle, and timid; his prejudices prompted him to be haughty, while his heart inſpired him with the deſire of being amiable; and in his perplexity to reconcile theſe jarring affections, he became nothing at all. I think I ſee him now, walking on his heels like a courtier, with his head erect on his ſlender body; turning up his blue eyes, which he could not keep open after dinner without the help of two or three cups of coffee; ſpeaking little, as if out of reſerve, but in reality for want of ideas; and at length ſo bewildered in the labyrinth of his official buſineſs, as to aſk leave to retire. *Lacoſte*, a true jack in office of the old order of things, of which he had the inſignificant and awkward look, cold manner, and dogmatic tone, wanted none of thoſe advantages which a man hackneyed in the routine of public buſineſs ſeldom fails to acquire; but his apparent reſerve and diſcretion concealed a violence of temper, which he carried when contradicted to the moſt ridiculous exceſs. He was beſides, deficient both in the extenſive views, and activity, neceſſary for a miniſter. *Duranthon*, who had been ſent

for

for from Bourdeaux to be made miniſter of juſtice, was an honeſt man, according to common report; but he was very indolent; his manner indicated vanity; and his timid diſpoſition, and pompous prattle, made him always appear to me no better than an old woman. *Claviére*, whoſe coming into office was preceded by a reputation of great ſkill in finance, was, I make no doubt, well informed upon that ſubject, of which I am no judge. Active, induſtrious, of an irritable diſpoſition, obſtinate, as moſt men are who live much in the retirement of the cloſet, and cavilling and uncomplying in debate, he could not do otherwiſe than claſh with Roland, who was dry and peremptory in diſpute, and not leſs ſtiff in opinion than himſelf. Theſe two men were made to eſteem, without loving each other; and they have not belied their deſtiny. *Dumouriez* had more of what is called parts than all of them put together, and leſs *morality* than any one of the number. Diligent, brave, an able general, an artful courtier, writing well, ſpeaking fluently, and capable of great undertakings, he wanted nothing but ſtrength of mind proportioned to his genius, and a cooler head to execute the plans he had conceived. Agreeable in his commerce with his friends, and ready to deceive them all; attentive to women, but by no means calculated to ſucceed with thoſe, whom a tender paſſion might ſeduce; he was made for the miniſterial intrigues of a corrupt and faithleſs court. His brilliant qualities, and love of fame, gave room to hope, that he might be employed with advantage in the army of the republic: and perhaps he would have proceeded in the right path, if the convention had been prudent; for he is too wiſe

not to act like an honeſt man, when his doing ſo is conducive to his intereſt and reputation.

Degrave was ſucceeded by *Servan*, an honeſt man, in the fulleſt ſignification of the term, of an ardent temper and excellent moral character, with all the auſterity of a philoſopher, and all the benevolence of a feeling heart; an enlightened patriot, a brave ſoldier, and an active miniſter, he ſtood in need of nothing, but a more ſober imagination, and a more flexible mind.

The troubles on the ſcore of religion, and the preparations of the enemy, calling for deciſive decrees, the refuſal of ſanctioning them completely tore away the veil from Louis XVI, whoſe ſincerity was already ſtrongly ſuſpected by ſuch of his miniſters as had before been inclined to believe it real. At firſt the refuſal was not poſitive: the king being deſirous of conſidering the ſubject, put off the ſanction till the following council, when he always found reaſons for deferring it ſtill longer. This procraſtination gave his miniſters an opportunity of ſpeaking out. Roland and Servan, in particular, remonſtrated inceſſantly, and ſpoke the moſt ſtriking truths with becoming ſpirit.

Their ſituation became critical: the public weal was in danger: and it was incumbent on miniſters truly patriotic, either to provide the means of its ſalvation, or to retire, that they might not be aſſiſting in its ruin. Roland propoſed to his colleagues a letter to the king purporting as much; but Claviere cavilled at the expreſſions, and Duranthon, who was fond of his place, was unwilling to riſk the loſs of it, if he could poſſibly keep it, without being a confeſt traitor. Lacoſte did not approve

approve of ſtrong meaſures, and the will of the king appeared to him, upon the whole, the beſt of all poſſible rules; while Dumouriez left them to ſettle the matter among themſelves, that he might be more at leiſure to play his own cards, and to revenge what he conſidered as a vexatious affront. The fact was as follows.

That kind of rumour, which does not as yet amount to the opinion of the public, but which foreruns and announces it, was afloat againſt Bonnecarrere, whom Dumouriez had made director-general of the department of foreign affairs. He had the reputation, the talents, the diſpoſition, and the manners of an intriguer: ſo at leaſt I have been told by men of probity, who related various circumſtances of his life, and lamented the choice that Dumouriez had made.

A report was ſpread of ſome place being beſtowed or affair ſettled, by Bonnecarrere, on his receiving a conſideration of a hundred thouſand livres [£4167], part of which was to be given to madam de Beauvert. That lady was Dumouriez's miſtreſs; and lived in his houſe, where ſhe did the honours of the table, to the great diſpleaſure of men of ſenſe, the friends of morality and freedom; for ſuch licentiouſneſs in a ſervant of the public, charged with the conduct of affairs of ſtate, too plainly indicated a contempt of decorum; eſpecially as madam Beauvert, the ſiſter of Rivarol, a man unfortunately but too well known, lived in the midſt of the ſworn friends of ariſtocracy, people little entitled to commendation in any point of view. Dumouriez's conduct, even if it had not been fundamentally wrong, was impolitic, and calculated to excite ſuſpicion.

I was frequently viſited by Briſſot, and ſeveral other

members of the legiſlative aſſembly. They ſometimes met the miniſters at my houſe; and kept up that kind of intimacy with them, which is requiſite among men who, being devoted alike to the cauſe of the public, ſtand in need of an intercommunity of views and information, in order to ſerve it the more effectually. The ſtory of Bonnecarrere was related to one of them; and the parties were mentioned by name, as well as the notary in whoſe hands the money was depoſited, or who was at leaſt appointed to receive it; but theſe particulars have eſcaped my memory. I only recollect, that two men of character came to my houſe and affirmed them in the preſence of three or four members of the legiſlative body, one of whom, a friend of Dumourez, was deſirous of hearing the whole ſtory from their mouths. It was reſolved to repeat to Dumouriez, with a degree of ſolemnity, the arguments that had already been urged to him in private, concerning the neceſſity, both on the public account and his own, of making his conduct, and the choice of his agents, more conformable to the political principles which he pretended to entertain. The converſation conſequently took place in the preſence of his colleagues and of three or four members of the aſſembly. Roland, availing himſelf of the authority given him by his years and character, pointed out to Dumouriez the neceſſity of his conducting himſelf with more propriety and prudence; and every one agreed, that this laſt trait of Bonnecarrere ought to open his eyes, and induce him to put ſome other perſon in his place. Dumouriez, who turned Bonnecarrere's talents to good account, and gave himſelf little concern on the ſcore of morality, treated the obſervations of his friends with great levity, and at length rejected them with

anger. From that moment he discontinued all intercourse with the members, behaved with greater coolness to his colleagues, and, without doubt, no longer thought of any thing, but overturning those by whose gravity he was the most displeased. I foresaw the effect of this conference, and said to Roland: 'if you were an intriguer, and capable of conducting yourself according to the policy of the old court and government, I should tell you, that the moment to ruin Dumouriez is at hand, if you wish to prevent his playing you a trick.' But honest men understand not this petty warfare; and Roland was as incapable of having recourse to it, as he would have been ill-fitted to carry it on.

The postponement of the sanction was nearly become a refusal: the utmost limit of delay was at hand *. We were sensible, as the council was neither sufficiently unanimous nor energetic to speak out in a collective shape, that it became the integrity and courage of Roland to step forward alone; and between us two we determined on his famous letter to the king. He carried it with him to the council, with the intention of reading it aloud, the very day when Louis XVI, on being pressed anew for his sanction, required each of his ministers to give him his opinion written and signed, and proceeded rapidly to discuss other affairs. Roland returned home, added a few introductory lines to his letter, and delivered the whole into the king's hands, on the morning of the 11th of June.

The next day, the 12th, at eight in the evening, Servan

* By the constitution of 1789, the king was allowed to withhold his sanction during a certain number of months, at the end of which his neglecting to give his consent amounted to a refusal. *Transl.*

walked

walked into my room with a ſmiling countenance, 'give me joy', ſaid he, 'I have juſt had the honour of being turned away.'—'That is an honour,' anſwered I, 'that my huſband will ſoon ſhare; and I am not a little mortified that you ſhould get the ſtart of us.' He then related to me, that, having been with the king in the morning on particular buſineſs, he had ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on the neceſſity of the camp of twenty thouſand men, if it were ſincerely his intention to oppoſe the deſigns of the enemy; that the king had turned his back upon him in very ill-humour; and that Dumouriez, at the very ſame inſtant, was coming out of the war-office, whither he had been to take his portfolio from him, by virtue of an order, of which he was the bearer.—'Who? Dumouriez? He is acting a vile part; but I am not at all ſurpriſed at it.'—The three preceding days Dumouriez had been frequently at the Tuileries, and had held long conferences with the queen; with whom, it may not be impertinent to remark, that Bonnecarrere had ſome intereſt, by means of her women. Roland, being informed that Servan was in my apartment, quitted the perſons to whom he was giving audience, and on hearing the news, requeſted his colleagues, Dumouriez excepted, to repair to the hotel.

It was his opinion, that they ought not to wait for their diſmiſſion; but that in conſequence of Servan's being declared, it became all thoſe who profeſſed the ſame principles to give in their reſignations; unleſs the king ſhould recall Servan, and diſmiſs Dumouriez, with whom they could no longer ſit at the council-table. Had the four miniſters acted thus, the court, I have no doubt, would have been not a little embarraſſed to replace them; it would have done honour to Lacoſte and Duranthon, and the affair would have had a more ſtriking effect upon the public

public mind: but it was deſtined to have that effect afterwards in a different way.

The miniſters came and debated for a long while, without coming to any reſolution, except that they would meet again the next morning at eight, and that Roland ſhould prepare a letter in the mean time. I could never have believed, had not circumſtances put me in the way of knowing it, that ſoundneſs of judgment, and a firm temper of mind, are things ſo uncommon, and conſequently that ſo few men are fit for the tranſaction of buſineſs, particularly that of the ſtate. Would you wiſh to meet with the above qualities in conjunction with perfect diſintereſtedneſs?—"That were indeed the Arabian bird," ſcarcely ſeen once in a long ſucceſſion of ages. I no longer wonder, that men ſuperior to the herd, and placed at the head of empires, commonly entertain a ſovereign contempt for their ſpecies: it is the almoſt inevitable conſequence of an extenſive knowledge of the world; and to avoid the errors, into which ſuch a ſentiment may lead thoſe to whom the welfare of a nation is entruſted, requires a fund of philoſophy and magnanimity very extraordinary indeed.

The miniſters came at the appointed hour; expreſſed their doubts about the letter; and at length concluded, that it would be better to go to the king, and declare their ſentiments in perſon. This expedient appeared to me no better than an evaſion; for certain it is, that a man never ſpeaks ſo boldly as he may venture to write, to a perſon, who, by virtue of his rank, and the force of cuſtom, lays claim to particular reſpect. It was agreed upon that they ſhould take Lacoſte, who had not yet made his appearance, along with them, or at leaſt that they ſhould invite him to be one of the party. But ſcarcely had

theſe

theſe gentlemen aſſembled at the admiralty-office, when a meſſenger from the king brought Duranthon an order to repair to the palace immediately and alone. Clavière and Roland told him, that they would go and wait for his return at the chancery. They had not been there long before Duranthon made his appearance in ſolemn ſilence, with a long face, and a hypocritical appearance of ſorrow, taking ſlowly out of his pocket an order from the king for each of the other two.—'Give it me,' ſaid Roland, with a ſmile: 'I perceive already that our delays have made us loſe the ſtart.'—In fact he brought their diſmiſſions.

'Well! I am turned out too,' ſaid my huſband on his return.—'I hope,' anſwered I, 'that it is better deſerved on your part, than on that of any one elſe; but you ſhould not by any means allow the king to announce it to the aſſembly: ſince he has not profited by the leſſon given him in your letter, you ought to render that leſſon uſeful to the public, by making it known. Nothing appears to me more conſiſtent with the courage evinced by writing it, than the hardihood of ſending a copy to the aſſembly: on hearing of your diſmiſſion, it will alſo be acquainted with the cauſe.'

This idea could not fail to be agreeable to my huſband. It was adopted; and every body knows the approbation which the aſſembly gave to the letter, by ordering it to be printed and ſent to the departments, as well as the honour they did to the three miniſters by declaring that the regret of the nation attended them in their retreat. In my own mind I am convinced, and I think the event has proved it, that Roland's letter contributed greatly to enlighten the French nation; it exhibited to the king, with ſo much force and wiſdom, what his own

intereſt

intereſt required of him, that it was eaſy to perceive he refuſed his compliance, out of a determined oppoſition to the maintenance of the conſtitution.

When I recollect, that Pache was in Roland's cloſet while we were reading the rough draught of that letter, and that he deemed it an adventurous ſtep; when I reflect how often that man has witneſſed our enthuſiaſm in the cauſe of liberty, and our zeal to ſerve it; and ſee him now at the head of that arbitrary authority, which oppreſſes and perſecutes us as enemies of the republic: I aſk myſelf, whether I be awake, and whether the dream muſt not terminate in the puniſhment of that infamous hypocrite.

Thus did we return to private life. Perhaps I may be aſked, whether I never knew any further particulars concerning the manner, in which Roland was called into adminiſtration. I can ſafely ſay, I never did; and that I never even thought of inquiring about it: for it appeared to me to be brought about like many other things in this world; the idea occurs to ſome one perſon, many approve it, and with this ſupport it attracts the notice of people capable of carrying it into effect. I perceived, that the buſineſs in queſtion had ſtruck ſome of the members; but I know not who it was that firſt propoſed it; nor by whom it was tranſmitted to the court. Roland knew no more of it, and gave himſelf no more concern about it, than I. When a ſucceſſor to Degrave was thought of for the war department, the miniſters and patriotic members did not know whither to direct their views, almoſt all the officers of the army, of any repute, being looked upon as enemies to the conſtitution. Roland at laſt thought of Servan, a military man, who had earned the croſs

croſs of St Lewis by his ſervices; and whoſe principles were not doubtful, ſince he had diſplayed them before the revolution, in a publication, called the Citizen Soldier, which had been well received. We were perſonally acquainted with him, in conſequence of ſeeing him at Lyons, where he enjoyed the well-earnt reputation of an active and ſagacious man: he had beſides, in the year 1790, loſt a place at court, where his civiſm was not agreeable to Monſieur Guynard-St.-Prieſt. Theſe conſiderations induced the members of the council to join in propoſing him to the king, by whom he was accepted.

As ſoon as my huſband was in the miniſtry, I came to a fixed determination, neither to pay nor receive viſits, nor invite any female to my table. I had no great ſacrifices to make on that head: for, not reſiding conſtantly at Paris, my acquaintance was not extenſive; beſides, I had no where kept a great deal of company, becauſe my love of ſtudy is as great as my deteſtation of cards, and becauſe the ſociety of ſilly people affords me no diverſion. Accuſtomed to ſpend my days in domeſtic retirement, I ſhared the labours of Roland, and purſued the ſtudies moſt ſuited to my own particular taſte. The eſtabliſhment of ſo ſevere a rule ſerved then at once to keep up my accuſtomed ſtyle of life, and to prevent the inconveniences which an intereſted crowd throws in the way of people occupying important poſts. Properly ſpeaking, I never received company in my hotel: twice a week, indeed, I gave a dinner to ſome of the miniſters, a few members of the aſſembly, and the perſons with whom my huſband had any thing to talk over, or whoſe acquaintance he wiſhed to preſerve. Buſineſs was talked

of

of in my preſence; becauſe I had not the rage of interfering, and was not ſurrounded with ſuch company as could excite diſtruſt. Out of all the rooms of a ſpacious apartment, I had choſen, for my daily habitation, the ſmalleſt parlour, which I had converted into a ſtudy, by removing into it my books and a bureau. It often happened, that Roland's friends or colleagues, when they wanted to ſpeak to him confidentially, inſtead of going to his apartment, where he was ſurrounded by his clerks or by the public, would come to mine, and requeſt me to ſend for him. By theſe means I found myſelf drawn into the vortex of public affairs, without intrigue or idle curioſity. Roland had a pleaſure in afterwards converſing with me about them in private, with that confidence which we ever placed in each other, and which eſtabliſhed between us an intercommunity of knowledge and opinions; and it ſometimes happened alſo, that friends, who had only ſome information to give, or a few words to ſay, being always ſure of finding me, came and requeſted I would make the neceſſary communication to Roland as ſoon as an opportunity might occur.

It had been found neceſſary to counterbalance the influence of the court, the ariſtocracy, the civil liſt, and the miniſterial papers, by information given to the people in the moſt public way. A daily paper, poſted up in the ſtreets, ſeemed well calculated for that purpoſe; but it was neceſſary to find a judicious and enlightened man, capable of following up events, and exhibiting them in their proper colours, to be the conductor. *Louvet*, already known as an author, a man of letters, and a politician, was pointed out, approved of, and undertook the taſk. Money was alſo wanting for its ſupport; but that

was a thing not quite ſo eaſily to be obtained. Petion himſelf was allowed none for the police; and yet in a town like Paris, and in ſuch a ſtate of things, when it was of importance to have people in pay, in order to gain timely information of every thing that happened, or that might be in agitation, it was indiſpenſably neceſſary. To obtain any thing from the aſſembly would have been difficult; for the demand would infallibly have given the alarm to the partiſans of the court, and would have met with many obſtacles. At laſt it occurred, that Dumouriez, who had ſecret ſervice money for the department of foreign affairs, might allow a certain ſum monthly to the mayor of Paris for the police; and that out of that ſum might be taken the expenſes of the daily paper which was to be poſted up, and which the miniſter of the home-department was to ſuperintend. The expedient was ſimple, and was adopted. Such was the origin of the *Sentinel*.

It was in the courſe of the month of July, that perceiving affairs daily growing worſe through the perfidy of the court, the march of the foreign troops, and the weakneſs of the aſſembly, we looked out for a place where liberty, threatened from ſo many quarters, might find an aſylum. We frequently converſed with Barbaroux and Servan concerning the excellent ſpirit that prevailed in the ſouth, the energy of the departments in that quarter of France, and the advantages its ſituation afforded for founding a republic, if the triumphant court ſhould find means to ſubjugate Paris and the North. We took a map, and traced the line of demarcation; Servan ſtudied the military poſitions it offered; we calculated its ſtrength; we examined the nature of its produce, and

and the means of circulating that produce; every one called to mind the places, or the perſons, from whom we might expect to receive ſupport; and every one repeated, after a revolution that had afforded ſuch great hopes, we ought not to relapſe tamely into ſlavery, but ſhould ſtrain every nerve to eſtabliſh a free government in ſome part of France. 'That ſhall be our reſource,' ſaid Barbaroux, 'if the *Marſeillois*, whom I accompanied hither, be not ſufficiently ſeconded by the Pariſians to ſubdue the court. I hope, however, they will ſucceed, and that we ſhall have a convention, which will give a republican form of government to all France.'

We underſtood very well, without his explaining himſelf farther, that an inſurrection was projected. It appeared indeed inevitable, ſince the court was making preparations, that indicated a deſign of enforcing ſubmiſſion. It may be ſaid, they were made in its own defence; but the idea of attack either would have occurred to no body, or if it had, it would not have been embraced by the people at large, if the court had really and truly enforced the conſtitution: for, though aware of all its defects, the moſt ſtrenuous republicans deſired nothing more for the preſent, and would have quietly awaited its improvement from the hands of time and of experience.

It is true, at the period of a revolution, there will always be found, particularly among a corrupt people, and in large cities, a claſs of men deſtitute of the advantages of fortune, covetous of her favours, and inclined to make any ſacrifice to obtain them, or elſe accuſtomed to ſupply the want of them by illicit means. If a daring mind, a courageous diſpoſition, and ſome portion

of natural abilities, diſtinguiſh a man of that deſcription, he becomes the chief, or the director, of a turbulent band, whoſe ranks are ſoon filled up by all thoſe who, having nothing to loſe, are ready to attempt any thing; by all the dupes, they have art enough to make; and laſtly, by the individuals diſperſed among them by domeſtic politicians or foreign powers, intereſted in fomenting diviſions, in order to weaken them by civil diſcord, that they may afterwards take advantage of their diſtracted ſtate.

The patriotic ſocieties, thoſe collections of men aſſembled to deliberate on their rights and intereſts, have exhibited to us a picture in miniature of what paſſes in the great ſociety of the ſtate.

Firſt we find a few men of ardent diſpoſitions, deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of the public danger, and ſeeking ſincerely to prevent it. Theſe men the philoſophers join becauſe they conceive ſuch a junction neceſſary to overturn tyranny, and propagate principles beneficial to mankind. Accordingly, great principles are developed, and diſſeminated; generous ſentiments are called forth and diffuſed; and a vigorous impulſion is given both to the hearts and minds of men. Then come forward individuals, who, by aſſuming principles that do not belong to them, which they decorate with the moſt captivating language, endeavour to gain the favour of the public, in order to acquire conſequence or power. They paſs the bounds of truth, to render themſelves more remarkable; heat the imagination by falſe and exaggerated repreſentations; flatter the paſſions of the populace, ever diſpoſed to admire the gigantic; urge it on to meaſures, in which they have the means of making themſelves uſeful, in order to be thought neceſſary upon all occaſions;

ſions; and employ themſelves in the foul work of throwing ſuſpicion upon thoſe prudent or enlightened men, of whoſe merit they are afraid, and with whom they are not able to ſtand in competition. Calumny, at firſt employed without art, learns, from the humiliation it receives, to ſhape itſelf into a ſyſtem; and at length becomes a profound ſcience, in which they and their fellows alone can ſucceed.

Unqueſtionably many people of this character joined the popular party againſt the court; ready to ſerve the latter for money, and as ready to betray it, in caſe it ſhould become the weaker party. The court affected to believe that all thoſe who oppoſed its deſigns were of the above deſcription, and was fond of confounding them under the appellation of the factious. The real patriots ſuffered this noiſy pack to go their own way, like ſo many hounds; and perhaps were not ſorry to make them ſerve as a forlorn hope, to receive the firſt fire of the enemy. In their hatred of deſpotiſm they did not recollect, that, if it be allowable in politics, to ſuffer good things to be effected by bad men, or to profit by their exceſſes for ſome uſeful purpoſe, it is infinitely dangerous to aſcribe to them the honour of the one, or not to puniſh them for the other.

Every body is acquainted with the revolution of the 10th of Auguſt, of which I know no more than is known to the public; for, though well informed of the great outline of affairs while Roland was a ſervant of the public, and attending to it with intereſt when he was no longer in place, I never was a confidant of what m y be called the manœuvring of parties; nor was he himſelf ever concerned in that ſort of buſineſs.

Recalled to the miniſtry at that period, he re-entered it

with renovated hopes. It is a great pity, we uſed to ſay, that the council ſhould be contaminated by that *Danton*, who has ſo bad a reputation.—'What can we do?' ſaid ſome friends, to whom I whiſpered the ſame remark; 'he has been uſeful in the revolution, and the people love him: there is no prudence in making malcontents: it will certainly be better to make the moſt of him as he is.'—There was ſome reaſon in this; but ſtill it is much eaſier to deny a man the means of influence, than to prevent his putting it to a bad uſe. There began the faults of the patriots: the inſtant the court was ſubdued, an excellent council ſhould have been formed, all the members of which being irreproachable in their conduct, and diſtinguiſhed for their knowledge, would have conducted the government with dignity, and have impreſſed foreign powers with reſpect. To take Danton into the adminiſtration, was to deluge the government with ſuch men as I have deſcribed; who haraſs it, when not in employ, and corrupt and debaſe it, when they participate in its operations. But who was to make theſe reflections? who could have dared to announce and openly maintain them? The choice was made by the aſſembly, or its committee of twenty-one; among whom there were many men of merit, but not one leader; not one of thoſe beings caſt in the mould of *Mirabeau*, and made to command the vulgar, to condenſe into one focus the opinions of the wiſe, and to preſent them with that force of genius, which compels obedience the moment it appears.

As they were at a loſs for a miniſter of the marine, Condorcet mentioned Monge, becauſe he had ſeen him ſolve geometrical problems at the academy of ſciences; and

and Monge was choſen. Monge is a kind of original, admirably calculated to play tricks in the manner of the bears that I have ſeen dancing in the ditches of the town of Berne. There cannot be a more awkward buffoon, or one who has leſs pretenſions to wit and pleaſantry. Formerly a ſtone-cutter at Mézières, where the abbe Boſſut encouraged him, and ſet him to ſtudy mathematics; he got on by dint of induſtry, and ceaſed to viſit his benefactor, as ſoon as he began to entertain hopes of becoming his equal. A good kind of man in other reſpects, or at leaſt contriving to be ſo eſteemed, in a ſmall circle, of which the moſt ſatirical members had not wit enough to divert themſelves by ſhewing that he was no better than a narrow-minded blockhead. But in ſhort he paſſed for an honeſt man, and a friend of the revolution; and people were ſo tired of traitors, and ſo puzzled to find men of ability, that they began to put up with any body of whoſe good faith they were convinced. I need not ſpeak of his miniſtry: the deplorable ſtate of our navy too plainly evinces his imbecility and inſignificance.

Roland's firſt care was to make that reform in his office, of which he had felt the neceſſity. He collected about him a ſet of men attached to the principles of liberty, of active diſpoſitions, and of enlightened minds: and, had he accompliſhed nothing more, he would have done great ſervice to that branch of adminiſtration. He haſtened to write to all the departments, with that force which reaſon gives, that authority which belongs to truth, and that expreſſion of ſentiment that flows from the heart; ſhewing them the new order of things that muſt neceſſarily reſult from the revolution of the 10th

of Auguſt; and the neceſſity for all parties to rally around juſtice, which prevents exceſſes; around liberty, which produces the happineſs of all; around good order, which alone can inſure it; and around the legiſlative body, which ſtands charged with the expreſſion of the public will. Thoſe adminiſtrative bodies which appeared to heſitate, were ſuſpended, or caſhiered. Great diſpatch in buſineſs, and the moſt active and extenſive correſpondence, diffuſed a ſimilar ſpirit through every part, reſtored confidence, and gave freſh life to the interior of the kingdom.

Danton ſcarcely ſuffered a day to paſs without coming to our houſe. Sometimes it was in his way to the council; he would arrive a little before the hour, and ſtep into my apartment; or elſe he would call in his return, moſt commonly accompanied by Fabre-d'Eglantine: at other times, he would invite himſelf to dine with me, on days when I was not accuſtomed to ſee company, in order that he might converſe with Roland about ſome buſineſs.

No man could make a ſhow of greater zeal, of a greater love of liberty, or of a greater deſire to concur with his colleagues in ſerving it effectually. I contemplated his forbidding and atrocious features, and, though I uſed to ſay to myſelf, that no one ſhould be condemned upon hearſay evidence, that I had no certain knowledge of any thing to his prejudice, that the honeſteſt man in the world muſt needs have two different characters when party-ſpirit ran high, and that appearances were not to be truſted, I could not bring myſelf to aſſociate the idea of a good man with ſuch a countenance. I never ſaw any thing that ſo ſtrongly expreſſed the violence of brutal paſſions,

paſſions, and the moſt aſtoniſhing audacity, half diſguiſed by a jovial air, an affectation of frankneſs, and a ſort of ſimplicity. My lively imagination repreſents every perſon, with whom I am ſtruck, in the action that I conceive ſuitable to his character. I cannot ſee for half an hour a face not from the common mould, without arraying it in the garb of ſome profeſſion, or giving it ſome part to play, the idea of which it revives or impreſſes on my mind. In this manner my imagination has often figured Danton, with a dagger in his hand, encouraging by his voice and his example a band of aſſaſſins, more timid or leſs ferocious than himſelf: or elſe, when ſatiated with his crimes, indicating his habits and propenſities by the geſtures of a Sardanapalus. I certainly would defy an experienced painter, not to find in the perſon of Danton all the requiſites for ſuch a compoſition.

Could I have confined myſelf to a regular path, inſtead of abandoning my pen to the wandering courſe of a mind, that ranges at large over the wide field of events, I would have taken up Danton at the beginning of 1789, a miſerable counſellor, more burdened with debts than cauſes; and whoſe wife was known to ſay, that ſhe could not have kept houſe, without the aſſiſtance of a louis-d'or a week which ſhe received from her father. I would have exhibited him making his firſt appearance at the *ſection*, which was then called a *diſtrict*, and attracting notice by the ſtrength of his lungs: a great ſectary of the Orleans faction; acquiring a kind of competency in the courſe of that year, without any viſible means of making money; and obtaining a little celebrity by exceſſes, which Lafayette was inclined to puniſh, but which he artfully found means to turn to his own advantage, by procuring himſelf the protection of the diſtrict, which he had rendered turbulent.

turbulent. I ſhould deſcribe him declaiming with ſucceſs in the popular ſocieties, ſetting himſelf up for the defender of the rights of all, declaring, that he would accept no place of profit, till the revolution ſhould be at an end; and ſucceeding nevertheleſs to that of ſubſtitute to the ſolicitor of the commune; preparing his influence at the Jacobins upon the ruins of that of the Lameths; making his appearance on the tenth of Auguſt among thoſe who were returning from the palace *; and entering into the adminiſtration, as a tribune in high favour with the people, whom it was neceſſary to ſatisfy by giving him a ſhare in the government. From that period his progreſs was equally bold and rapid. He attached to himſelf by largeſſes, or protected by his influence, thoſe greedy and miſerable men, who are goaded on by vice and want; he marked out the formidable perſons whoſe ruin it was neceſſary to effect; he paid the hireling ſcribes, and inflamed the minds of the enthuſiaſts, whom he intended to ſet upon them; he refined on the *revolutionary* inventions of headlong patriots, or artful knaves; he deviſed, promoted, and executed plans capable of ſtriking terror, of removing numerous obſtacles, of collecting great ſums of money, and of miſleading the public opinions concerning all theſe matters. He formed the electoral body by his intrigues, influenced it openly by means of his agents, and nominated the deputation from Paris to the convention, of which he became a member. He went to Belgium to augment his treaſures; and had the hardihood to avow a fortune of 1400000 livres [£.58333], to wallow in luxury, whilſt preaching up *ſans-culotiſme*, and to ſleep on heaps of ſlaughtered men.

* See Louvet's Narrative, p. 17. *Tranſ.*

As

As to Fabre d'Eglantine, muffled in a cowl, armed with a poniard, and employed in forging plots to defame the innocent, or to ruin the rich, whoſe wealth he covets, he is ſo perfectly in character, that whoever would paint the moſt abandoned hypocrite, need only draw his portrait in that dreſs.

Theſe two men were very deſirous of making me ſpeak out, by vaunting their own patriotiſm. It was a ſubject on which I had nothing to conceal, or diſſemble: I avow my principles equally to thoſe, whom I ſuppoſe to participate in them, and to thoſe, whom I ſuſpect of not entertaining ſentiments ſo pure: in regard to the former it is confidence—to the latter pride. I diſdain to diſguiſe myſelf, even under the pretence, or with the hope of being better able to fathom other people's mind. I form a firſt opinion of men intuitively, and judge them afterwards by their conduct compared at different times with the language they hold; but as to me, I lay open my whole ſoul, and never ſuffer a doubt to exiſt of what I really am.

As ſoon as the aſſembly had of its own accord paſſed a decree, allowing the miniſter of the home department 100,000 livres [£.4,167], to defray the expences of uſeful publications, Danton, and Fabre more particularly, aſked me by way of converſation, whether Roland were prepared on that point, and if he had writers in readineſs to employ. I anſwered, that he was no ſtranger to thoſe who had already attained any celebrity; that the periodical works, compoſed according to right principles, would point out in the firſt place thoſe whom it was proper to encourage; that it would be adviſeable to ſee their authors; and ſometimes to bring them together, that they might

might be informed of facts, the knowledge of which it would be uſeful to diffuſe, and that they might agree on the moſt efficacious method of leading men's minds to the ſame point. That if either of them, Fabre or Danton, knew any in particular, they ſhould mention and bring them to the miniſter; where they might converſe, once a week for inſtance, on what in exiſting circumſtances ought more eſpecially to occupy their pens.

'We have the idea,' anſwered Fabre, 'of a paper to be poſted up, entitled *Compte rendu au Peuple ſouverain* *, which ſhall exhibit a ſketch of the late revolution, and for which Camille-Deſmoulins, Robert, and ſome others, will write.'—'Very well! introduce them to Roland.'—This he took care not to do, and ſaid no more about the paper; which was however ſet on foot, as ſoon as the aſſembly had given the council two millions [£. 83,333] for *ſecret expenſes*. Danton told his colleagues, that it was proper for each miniſter to make uſe of it in his own department; but that as thoſe of the war department and foreign affairs had already ſimilar funds, the above ſum ought to be at the diſpoſal of the other four, who would conſequently have ſo many hundred thouſands of livres each. Roland objected ſtrongly to this propoſal. He ſhowed, that the intention of the aſſembly had been, to give the executive power, at this critical period, all the neceſſary means of acting with promptitude; that it was the council collectively that had a right to decide on the employment of the monies, on the demand being made, and the purpoſes ſpecified, by the head of each department: and he declared, moreover, that, for his own part, he

* An account rendered to the ſovereign people.

would

would never make any uſe of it, without producing vouchers to the council, to whoſe care the money was committed, and who had a right to watch over its expenditure *. Danton in reply, ſwore according to cuſtom, and talked of the revolution, of deciſive meaſures, of ſecrecy, and of freedom; while the others, ſeduced perhaps by the pleaſure of *dabbling* each in his own way came over to his opinion, contrary to all juſtice, delicacy, and ſound policy; and in ſpite of Roland's proteſt, and of his determined oppoſition, the harſhneſs of which procured him ill-will. Danton quickly drew a hundred thouſand crowns [£. 20,833] out of the public treaſury, and diſpoſed of them as he thought proper: which did not prevent his getting 60,000l. [£. 2,500] from Servan, and a ſtill larger ſum from Lebrun, out of the ſecret ſervice money of their ſeveral departments, under various pretences. To the aſſembly he never gave any account; contenting himſelf with affirming, that he had accounted to the council: though he only told the council, at a meeting at which Roland was not preſent on account of indiſpoſition, that he had given twenty thouſand livres to one perſon, ten to another, and ſo of the reſt, on account of the revolution, for their patriotiſm, or for reaſons of a ſimilar kind.

This is the way in which Servan related the ſtory to me. The council, on being deſired by the aſſembly to ſay, whether Danton had given them any account, anſwered ſimply *yes*. But Danton had acquired ſo much

* He expended of this fund only 12col. [£. 50], in an order payable to Hell, formerly member of the conſtituent aſſembly, for the expenſe of a body of inſtruction for the people, in the german language, for the departments of the Rhine.

power,

power, that these timid men were afraid of giving him offence.

Immediately after the brave Servan went out of office, Danton, no longer finding any opposition from the war-office, polluted the army with cordeliers *, as cowardly as they were avaricious, who promoted plunder and devastation; rendered the soldiers as ferocious to their countrymen as to their enemies; made the revolution odious to the neighbouring nations, by excesses of all kinds, which they practised in the name of the republic; and by preaching insubordination in every quarter, laid the foundation of the misfortunes that have since attended our arms.

After this no one will be astonished to hear, that Danton, wanting to send one of his creatures into Brittany, under pretence of visiting the sea-ports and examining the inspectors, prevailed on the minister of the marine to give him a commission. But commissions of this kind required the signature of all the members of the council, and Roland refused his. 'Either,' said he to Monge, 'your agents do their duty, or they do not; and of this you are competent to judge. If they do not, dismiss them without mercy: if they do, why damp their zeal and insult them, by sending a stranger among them, who has no connexion with your department, and would only prove your distrust. Such a proceeding by no means becomes the character of a minister; nor will I sign the commission.' The sitting of the council was unusually protracted, and towards the end of it the papers to be signed presented themselves in rapid succession.

* A faction which took its name from a particular club, that far outwent the Jacobins in revolutionary rage. *Transl.*

Roland perceiving, that he had juſt put his name, after thoſe of all his colleagues, to the rejected commiſſion, which had been ſlipt into his hand, cancelled it, and upbraided Monge. 'It is Danton who will have it ſo,' anſwered Monge in a whiſper, and with fear pictured in his countenance: if I refuſe, he will denounce me to the commune, and to the cordeliers, and get me hanged.'— 'Well! in my mind, a miniſter ought to die, rather than give way to ſuch conſiderations.'

The bearer of this commiſſion was arreſted in Brittany, by order of an adminiſtration which took offence at his conduct, and to which the cancelled ſignature of Roland appeared a ſufficient reaſon to enter into a cloſe examination of his conduct. Heavy charges were preferred againſt him; but it was at the end of the year, when the cauſe of all anarchiſts was eſpouſed by the mountain, which obtained a decree, directing that Guermeur ſhould be ſet at large.

I have ſuffered myſelf to be hurried away by circumſtances; let me now reſume the chain of facts.

Danton and Fabre ceaſed to viſit me towards the latter end of Auguſt. No doubt they were cautious of expoſing themſelves to attentive eyes, while chanting the matins of September; and were well aware of the nature of Roland and the people he had about him. His firm temper of mind, his upright and ingenuous diſpoſition, the ſtrictneſs of his principles, diſplayed without oſtentation, and yet without conſtraint, and the uniform tenor of his conduct, are ſure to ſtrike every eye at the firſt glance. They concluded, that Roland was an honeſt man, who was not to be tampered with in undertakings like their's: that his wife had no weak ſide,

through

through which he might be aſſailed; and that, with an equal ſhare of principle, ſhe poſſeſſed perhaps more of that penetration peculiar to her ſex, againſt which deceitful people have the moſt reaſon to be upon their guard. Perhaps too they judged, that ſhe could ſometimes wield a pen; and that ſuch a couple, endowed as they were with the faculty of reaſoning, a firm temper of mind, and ſome portion of talents, might ſtand in the way of their deſigns, and were fit only to be ruined. The events that enſued, illuſtrated by a number of circumſtances, which it would be difficult for me to detail at preſent, but of which a lively impreſſion remains upon my mind, give to theſe conjectures all the evidence of demonſtration.

It had been deemed expedient, as one of the firſt meaſures to be taken by the council, to diſpatch commiſſioners to the departments, for the expreſs purpoſe of explaining the events of the 10th of Auguſt, and ſtill more for that of inducing the people to prepare for defence, and to be expeditious in raiſing the neceſſary recruits for the armies oppoſed to the enemy upon the frontier of France. As ſoon as the ſelection of proper perſons, and the ſending them upon their miſſion began to be agitated, Roland deſired a day's delay to conſider whom he ſhould propoſe.—'I will take it all upon myſelf,' exclaimed Danton: 'the commune of Paris will furniſh us with excellent patriots.'—The indolent majority of the council accordingly intruſted him with the care of pointing them out: and the next day he came to the council with commiſſions ready made out, ſo that nothing more was neceſſary than to fill them up with the names he recommended, and to affix the neceſſary ſignatures. The council made little

little inquiry about them, and ſigned the commiſſions without going into any debate. Thus did a ſwarm of men ſcarcely known; intriguers of ſections, or bawlers at clubs; patriots from fanaticiſm, and ſtill more from views of intereſt; people deſtitute for the moſt part of all kind of conſequence, except what they had aſſumed, or hoped to acquire, in public commotions; but entirely devoted to Danton their protector, and enamoured of his manners and licentious doctrines; thus did theſe men, I ſay, become the repreſentatives of the executive council in every department of France.

This buſineſs always appeared to me a great ſtroke of policy on the part of Danton, and a moſt egregious blunder on that of the council.

A man muſt figure to himſelf the perplexity of each miniſter in the midſt of affairs of his own department, in thoſe turbulent times, to be able to conceive that upright and able men could act with ſo much inconſideration. The fact is, that the miniſters of the home department, of war, and even of the marine, were overwhelmed with an exceſs of buſineſs, and that official details ſo completely engroſſed their thoughts as to allow them no time to reflect on the general ſyſtem of politics. The council ought to be compoſed of men employed ſolely in deliberating, and freed from all the cares of adminiſtration. Danton was in the department that gives the leaſt trouble; and cared little about fulfilling the duties of his place: he gave his *griffe* * to his clerks, who turned the wheel, and the machine went on its own way without his taking any concern in the matter. All his

* An iron ſtamp uſed in France by people in office to repeat their ſignature with greater diſpatch. *Tranſ.*

time and attention were dedicated to intrigues, and ſchemes, tending to promote his views of aggrandizement, fortune, and power. Continually haunting the offices of the war department, he procured appointments in the army for people of his own deſcription; and found means to give them an intereſt in the contracts and purchaſes made on the public account. In ſhort, he neglected no line in which it was poſſible to promote theſe men, the dregs of a corrupted nation, of which they become the ſcum in political fermentations, and over which they domineer for a ſhort ſpace of time: with theſe he augmented his credit, and compoſed a faction, that ſoon became powerful, and are now lords paramount of all.

The enemy advanced, and made an alarming progreſs on our territory. Men, who deſire to govern the multitude, and who have ſtudied the various means of working upon their minds, know terror to be one of the moſt powerful. This affection abſolutely ſubjects thoſe who experience it, to the men who allow it to hold no dominion over their minds; how much greater ſtill are the advantages of thoſe, who purpoſely inſpire it by falſe rumours or pretences! That calculation had certainly been made by the inſtigators of the maſſacres of September; they muſt have had the two-fold object of producing a tumult, under cover of which, the violation of the priſons, and the murder of the priſoners, would afford them an opportunity of gratifying their private animoſities, of executing ſchemes of plunder, the produce of which held out a pleaſing proſpect to their avarice; and at the ſame time of diffuſing that kind of ſtupor, during which a ſmall number of bold and ambitious men might lay the foundations

dations of their power. Inferior agents were eaſily brought over by the lure of profit: the pretence of immolating ſuppoſed traitors, from whom conſpiracies were to be feared, could not fail to delude men of weak underſtandings, deceive the people, and ſerve to juſtify an action from which its directors would derive the blind obedience of their well paid ſatellites, the attachment of all who ſhared the profits with the leaders, and the ſubmiſſion of an intimidated people, ſurpriſed at the energy, or perſuaded of the juſtice of an operation, which the perpetrators would find means to make it abet, by repreſenting it as its own work. Accordingly whoever afterwards dared to reprobate thoſe crimes was proclaimed a *calumniator* of the city of Paris, pointed out as ſuch to the fury of a certain claſs of its inhabitants, and ſtyled a *federaliſt*, and a *conſpirator*. Such was the crime of the *twenty-two*, joined to the unpardonable guilt of ſuperiority.

A loud and alarming report of the taking of Verdun got abroad on the firſt of September. The orators accuſtomed to harangue the groups collected in the ſtreets, ſaid that the enemy was in full march to Châlons: according to them three days more were ſufficient to bring them to Paris; and the people, who calculated nothing but the diſtance, without taking into the account the various things neceſſary to the march of an army, for its ſuſtenance, and the conveyance of its baggage and artillery, every thing, in ſhort, that renders its progreſs ſo very different from that of an individual, already beheld the foreign troops triumphant amid the ſmoaking ruins of the capital.

Nothing was neglected, that could inflame the imagination, amplify objects, or augment the apprehenſion of

danger; nor was it difficult to get the aſſembly to adopt meaſures calculated to promote ſuch deſigns. Domiciliary viſits, under the pretence of ſearching for concealed arms or diſcovering ſuſpected perſons, ſo frequent ſince the 10th of Auguſt, were reſolved upon as a general regulation, and made in the dead of night. They gave occaſion to freſh and numerous captions, and to vexations unheard of before. The commune of the tenth, compoſed in great part of men, who, having nothing to loſe, have every thing to gain by a revolution; the commune already guilty of a thouſand enormities, ſtood in need of more; for it is by the accumulation of crimes that impunity is ſecured. The misfortunes of the country were ſolemnly announced. The ſignal of diſtreſs, the black flag, was hoiſted on the towers of the metropolitan church. The alarm-gun was fired. The commune proclaimed, by ſound of trumpet, a general aſſembly of the citizens, on Sunday, the 2d, in the *Champ-de-Mars*, in order to rally round the altar of the nation thoſe zealous patriots who would immediately ſet off for its defence. At the ſame time it directed the barriers to be ſhut, and yet no one was ſtruck with theſe contradictory proceedings. There was a rumour of a plot hatching in the priſons by the ariſtocrats (or the rich), of whom great numbers were confined; and of the uneaſy and repugnant feelings of the people at quitting their homes, and leaving behind them thoſe ravenous wolves, who were about to break their chains, and would fall with fury upon their dear and defenceleſs relatives.

On the firſt ſymptoms of commotion, the miniſter of the interior, whoſe buſineſs it is to watch over the general tranquillity, but who has neither the immediate exerciſe of power, nor a right to employ the

public force, wrote in an urgent manner to the commune, through the medium of the mayor, pointing out the vigilance that it became them to diſplay. Nor did he content himſelf with this ſtep; but applied alſo to the commandant general, exhorting him to ſtrengthen the poſts, and keep an eye on the priſons. He did ſtill more; for hearing they were threatened, he called upon him in the moſt formal manner, to keep a ſtrict guard over them, making his head reſponſible for events: and to give more efficacy to a requiſition, to which his authority was confined, he had it printed and poſted up at the corner of every ſtreet. That was hinting to the citizens at large, to be watchful themſelves, in caſe the commandant ſhould neglect his duty.

At five in the evening of Sunday, nearly at the very moment when the priſons were inveſted, as I have ſince been informed, about two hundred men repaired to the hotel of the home department, calling loudly for the miniſter, and for arms.

I was ſitting in my own apartment, and as I thought I heard a noiſe, I roſe, and perceiving the mob from the rooms that overlook the court, ſtepped into the anti-chamber, and inquired what was the matter. Roland was gone out; but the perſons who aſked for him not being ſatisfied with that information, inſiſted upon ſpeaking with him at any rate. The ſervants refuſed to let them come up, and told them over and over again the real ſtate of the caſe. Perceiving thoſe aſſurances ineffectual, I ſent out a domeſtic, to invite ten of them in my name to walk up ſtairs; they came in, and I aſked them calmly what they wanted. They told me, they were honeſt citizens, ready to ſet off for Verdun, but being in great want of

arms, they were come to aſk the miniſter for a ſupply, and were reſolved to ſee him. I obſerved to them, that the miniſter of the interior never had arms at his diſpoſal; and that it was at the war-office, to the miniſter of that department, they ſhould addreſs their requeſt. They ſaid in reply, that they had been there, and had been told there was no ſuch thing; that all the miniſters were raſcally traitors, and that they wanted Roland.—'I am ſorry he is gone out, for his ſolid arguments would have ſome weight with you: come along with me, and ſearch the hotel, and you will ſoon be ſatisfied that Roland is not at home, and that there are no arms here; nor indeed ought there to be any, as upon reflection you muſt needs ſuppoſe. Return to the war-office, or make your complaint to the commune: and if you wiſh Roland to ſpeak to you, repair to the hotel of the marine, where all the council is aſſembled.' —On their withdrawing, I went into the balcony over the court, and thence beheld a furious fellow in his ſhirt, with his ſleeves tucked up to his ſhoulders, and a broad-ſword in his hand, declaiming againſt the treachery of the miniſters. The ten deputies diſperſed themſelves among the crowd, and at length prevailed on it to retreat by beat of drum; but they carried the valet-de-chambre away with them as an hoſtage, made him follow them through the ſtreets for an hour, and then let him return.

Immediately after I got into a coach, and haſtened to the admiralty, to inform my huſband of what had juſt paſſed. The council was not yet ſitting; but I found a numerous circle, in which were ſeveral members of the aſſembly. The miniſters at war and of juſtice not being arrived,

arrived, the others were converſing in the council chamber like a private party. I related my ſtory, on which each made his remark, moſt of them ſuppoſing it the fortuitous reſult of circumſtances, and the effervescence of the public mind.

What was Danton doing all that time?—I knew not till ſeveral days after; but it is worth while to mention it here, in order that facts may be compared. He was at the *mairie* *, in the committee of vigilance, as it was ſtyled, whence iſſued the orders of arreſt that were become ſo numerous within the laſt few days. There a reconciliation had juſt taken place between him and Marat, after they had made a parade of a feigned quarrel for four-and-twenty hours. He went up to Pétion's apartment, took him aſide, and ſaid to him, in his cuſtomary language, interlarded with energetic expreſſions: 'Can you gueſs what they have taken into their heads? Why, may I die, if they have not iſſued a warrant againſt Roland?'—'Who do you mean?'—'Why, that mad-headed committee, to be ſure. I have the warrant in my poſſeſſion: look, here it is. We can never ſuffer them to go on at this rate. What, the devil! againſt a member of the council!'—Pétion took the warrant, read it, and returned it to him with a ſmile: 'Let them proceed,' ſaid he: 'it will have a good effect.'—'A good effect!' replied Danton, examining the mayor's countenance with an earneſt eye. 'Oh! no, I can never ſuffer it: I'll find means to make them liſten to reaſon.'—And ſo he did; for the warrant was never carried into execution. But who ſo blind, as not to ſee, that the two

* The reſidence of the mayor.

hundred men were ſent to the miniſter of the home department by the deviſers of the warrant? Who ſo dull, as not to ſuſpect, that the failure of their attempt, by delaying the execution of the project, might give time to pauſe to thoſe by whom it was conceived? And who ſo wanting in penetration as not to perceive, in Danton's conduct with the mayor, that of a conſpirator endeavouring to diſcover what effect ſuch a blow would produce, or to aſcribe the honour of having parried it to himſelf when once it has failed, or been rendered dubious, by involuntary delay.

It was paſt eleven, when the miniſters left the council; nor was it till the next morning that we learnt the horrors, of which the night had been witneſs, and which ſtill continued to prevail in the priſons. Diſtreſſed beyond meaſure at theſe abominable crimes, the inability of preventing them, and the evident participation of the commune and the commandant general *, we agreed that there

* Grandpré, who by his office is bound to give an account of the ſtate of the priſons to the miniſter of the home department, had found their ſad inmates in the greateſt affright, in the morning of the 2d of September. He had taken various meaſures to procure the liberation of many of them, and had ſucceeded with reſpect to a conſiderable number; but the rumours that prevailed, kept thoſe who remained in the greateſt conſternation. That worthy citizen, on his return to the hotel, waited for the miniſters at the breaking up of the council. Danton firſt made his appearance. He went up to him, told him what he had ſeen, related the ſteps he had taken, the requiſitions made to the armed force by the miniſter of the home department, the little regard apparently paid them, the alarms of the priſoners, and the care which he, as miniſter of juſtice, ought to take on their account. Danton, vexed at this unlucky repreſentation, cried out in his bellowing voice, and appropriate geſtures: 'I don't care a d——n for the priſoners: let them take care of themſelves!' and walked away in a rage.

there remained nothing for an honeſt miniſter to do, but to denounce them in the moſt public manner, to engage the aſſembly to put a ſtop to them, to rouſe the indignation of all honeſt men, to do away in this manner the diſhonour of conſenting to them by ſilence, and to expoſe himſelf, if need be, to the daggers of the aſſaſſins, in order to avoid the guilt and ſhame of being in any way their accomplice.—'It is equally true,' ſaid I to my huſband, 'that a courageous determination is not more conſonant to juſtice, than conducive to ſafety. Firmneſs alone can repreſs audacity. If the denunciation of theſe enormities were not a duty, it would be an act of prudence. The people who perpetrate them muſt neceſſarily hate you, for you have endeavoured to obſtruct their proceedings: nothing remains for you now, but to inſpire them with fear.'—Roland wrote to the aſſembly his letter of the third of September, which became equally celebrated with that he had addreſſed to the king. The

rage. That was in the ſecond anti-chamber, in the preſence of twenty people, who ſhuddered at hearing ſuch a ſavage ſpeech from the miniſter of juſtice. Danton enjoys the fruits of his crimes, after having attained ſucceſſively the ſeveral degrees of influence; and perſecuted and proſcribed that probity, which declared war againſt him, and that merit, of which he dreaded the aſcendency: Danton is become our maſter. His voice governs the aſſembly; his intrigues keep the people in motion; and his genius rules the committee, falſely denominated the committee of public ſafety, in which all the power of the government reſides. Thus diſorder every where prevails: the men of blood bear ſway; the moſt rigid tyranny oppreſſes the people of Paris; and France, torn to pieces, and degraded, under ſuch a maſter, can no longer change its oppreſſors. I feel his hand rivet the fetters that bind me, as I perceived his inſpiration in the firſt attack made upon me by Marat. It is incumbent upon him to ruin thoſe who know him, and reſemble him not.

aſſembly

assembly were delighted, and ordered it to be printed, posted up, and sent to the departments: it applauded, as weak men applaud acts of courage they cannot imitate, but which affect their feelings, and inspire them with hope.

I remember to have read a little work, strongly aristrocratic, published since that era at London, I believe by Pelltier: the author is greatly astonished, that the same person, who had been so audaciously wanting in respect to his king, should afterwards display so much justice and humanity. Either the spirit of party must render a man extremely inconsistent, or virtue is so scarce, that its very existence is become questionable. The friend of freedom and his fellow-creatures holds in the same thorough detestation, and denounces with equal energy, the tyranny of a mob, and the tyranny of a king, the despotism of a throne, and the disorders of anarchy, the wiles of a court, and the ferocity of a lawless banditti.

That same day, the 3d of September, a man, formerly a colleague of Roland, and to whom I had imagined I owed the civility of inviting him to dinner, took it into his head to bring with him the *orator of the human race*, without giving me any notice, or enquiring whether it would be agreeable. I considered his behaviour as attributable to the want of breeding of an honest man, imposed upon by the noisy fame of the orator. I gave a polite reception to *Clootz*, of whom I knew nothing but his bombast orations, and of whom I had heard nothing else unfavourable; but one of my friends on seeing him, whispered in my ear: 'Your guest has introduced to you an insufferable parasite, whom I am sorry to see here.'

The

The converſation turned on the events of the day. Clootz attempted to prove, that they were indiſpenſable and ſalutary meaſures; made many common-place obſervations on the rights of the people, the juſtice of their vengeance, and its ſubſerviency to the happineſs of mankind; ſpoke loud, and long; ate ſtill more than he ſpoke; and tired more than one of his auditors. Being ſoon after choſen a member of the convention, he returned occaſionally of his own accord; ſeating himſelf in the firſt place, and helping himſelf to the niceſt diſhes, without ceremony. My extreme and cold politeneſs, accompanied with the care of always helping ſeveral perſons before him, was calculated to make him ſpeedily perceive, that he had been "weighed in the ſcale, and found wanting." He felt it, came no more, and revenged himſelf by calumnies. I ſhould not have mentioned this contemptible fellow, but for the diſtinguiſhed part he acted amongſt the ſlanderers of better men, and the art with which he contrived to make *federaliſm* a ſcarecrow for fools, and to ſet it up as a title of proſcription againſt men of underſtanding, who refuſed to adopt his chimera of an univerſal commonwealth.

The laſt time he came to viſit me he mounted his hobby-horſe, and rehearſed all his extravangancies concerning the poſſibility of a convention formed of deputies from every corner of the world. Some of the company anſwered him with a jeſt, while Roland, tired of the noiſe and pedantry, with which Clootz maintained his opinion, and attempted to make converts to it, had the goodneſs to aſſail him with a ſyllogiſm or two, and then turned away to another part of the room. The converſation cooled, and branched out into a variety of ſubjects.

Buzot,

Buzot, whoſe ſolid underſtanding never amuſes itſelf long with attacking caſtles in the air, was aſtoniſhed, that federaliſm ſhould be treated as a hereſy in politics. He obſerved, that Greece, ſo celebrated and ſo prolific of great men and heroic actions, was compoſed of ſmall confederate republics: that the United States, which in our own days exhibit the moſt intereſting picture of a good ſocial organization, are a compoſition of the ſame nature: and that Switzerland afforded a ſimilar example. That at the preſent moment indeed, and in the actual ſituation of France, it was important for it to preſerve its unity; becauſe in this way it preſented a more formidable maſs to foreign powers, and a ſingleneſs of action which it was highly expedient to keep up for the completion of thoſe laws, on which it depended for a conſtitution: that it could not however be denied, there would ever be a laxity in political bands, uniting a Fleming and a native of Provence; that it was difficult to diffuſe that attachment, in which the ſtrength of a republic conſiſts, over a ſurface ſo extenſive; becauſe the love of our country is not ſtrictly that of the land we inhabit, but of the citizens with whom we live, and the laws by which they are governed, without which the Athenians would never have transferred their exiſtence from their city to their ſhips; that we can never thoroughly love any but thoſe whom we know; and that the enthuſiaſm of men ſeparated by a diſtance of ſix hundred miles can never be general, uniform, and lively, like that of the inhabitants of a little ſtate.

Theſe ſage reflections, eſteemed as ſuch by moſt of thoſe who heard them, were reported and denounced by Clootz as a conſpiracy to federalize France, and to

detach

detach the departments from Paris. He repreſented Buzot as the moſt dangerous of the conſpirators, Roland as their chief, and the members who viſited me moſt frequently as abettors of this *liberticide project*. I know not whether a madman like Clootz may have been ſincere in his apprehenſions. I cannot perſuade myſelf of it; but rather, that he ſaw, in the fabrication of his lie, an opportunity of revenging his vanity, offended at not being admired; a ſubject for declaiming in his own way, extremely ſuitable to the turgidity of his ſtyle, and the diſorder of his imagination; the occaſion of injuring men, whoſe reaſon muſt neceſſarily diſpleaſe him, and of making a common cauſe with thoſe in whoſe vices he delights; even ſuppoſing him to have no ſecret miſſion to embroil France, by the help of extravagant patriots, in order to clear the way for his countrymen, the Pruſſians.

In the mean time the maſſacres continued; at the Abbey, from Sunday evening till Tueſday morning; at the Force, ſtill longer, and four days at Bicêtre. To my preſent abode, in the firſt of thoſe priſons, I am indebted for a knowledge of particulars, at which humanity ſhudders, and which I have not the heart to relate. One circumſtance, however, I will not paſs over in ſilence, becauſe it helps to demonſtrate, that it was a deep-laid ſcheme. It is this: the police having a receiving houſe in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where it depoſits the priſoners which the Abbey cannot admit, when too much crowded, choſe Sunday evening for their removal, the very inſtant before the general maſſacre. The aſſaſſins were prepared, fell upon the carriages, which were five or ſix hackney-coaches, and with their ſwords and pikes ſtabbed,

ſtabbed, and murdered, all that they contained, in the middle of the ſtreet, and unreſtrained by their ſad and heart-rending cries. All Paris witneſſed theſe horrible ſcenes, perpetrated by a ſmall number of cut-throats: ſo ſmall indeed, that they ſcarcely exceeded a dozen at the Abbey, the gate of which was guarded by two national guards only, notwithſtanding the requiſitions made to the commune and the commandant. All Paris looked on—all Paris was accurſed in my eyes; and I could no longer entertain hopes of the eſtabliſhment of liberty among cowards, inſenſible to the laſt outrages that can be committed on nature and humanity, and coolly contemplating enormities, which the courage of fifty armed men could have prevented with eaſe.

The public force was badly organized, as it is ſtill; for a lawleſs banditti, when determined to domineer, take care to oppoſe all kind of order, that may obſtruct their proceedings. But is it neceſſary for men to know their captain, and march in battalion, when called upon to fly to the aſſiſtance of victims who have the knife of the aſſaſſin at their breaſt? The fact is, that the rumour of a pretended conſpiracy in the priſons, improbable as it was, and the affected annunciation of the uneaſineſs and rage of the people, kept every one in a ſtate of ſtupefaction; and made him believe, while trembling within doors, that it was the people who were the actors; whereas, it appears from the beſt accounts, that there were not two hundred villains concerned in the whole of thoſe infamous proceedings. It is not the firſt night, therefore, that aſtoniſhes me: but four whole days!—and curious people went to the ſpectacle!—No! I know

know of nothing in the annals of the moſt barbarous nations, comparable to thoſe atrocious acts.

Roland's health was impaired by it. The diſturbance of the nervous ſyſtem was ſo great, that his ſtomach rejected every thing, and the bile, obſtructed in its courſe, diffuſed itſelf over the ſurface of the ſkin. He grew yellow and weak, but retained his uſual activity; and while unable to eat, or ſleep, continued his labours without intermiſſion. He was ſtill ignorant of a warrant having been iſſued againſt him; for though it had come to my knowledge, I took great care to keep the ſecret, as it could only have tended to feed an affection that had already gained too much ground: ſomebody, however, I know not who, took it in his head to mention it the following week. It muſt be confeſſed, that it ſometimes happened to him to ſtate the particular fact in ſuch a way, that his enemies affected to believe, his inveighing againſt thoſe maſſacres aroſe only from the fears he had entertained of being comprehended in the number of the victims; while, in reality, to the juſt horror, with which they had inſpired him, he only joined his indignation, at having been included in the number of the proſcribed.

Danton was the man, who took the moſt pains to repreſent Roland's oppoſition to theſe events as the fruit of an ardent imagination, and of the cauſeleſs terror with which he was ſtruck. I always thought much might be inferred from that circumſtance.

Hiſtory will no doubt preſerve the infamous circular letter of the committee of vigilance of the commune, containing an apology for the September maſſacres, and an invitation to perpetrate the like throughout France;

France; a letter of which great numbers were dispatched from the office of the minister of justice, and counter-signed by his own hand.

Various circumstances concurring to shew that the prisoners from Orleans, whose removal had been ordered, and who were already on the road, could not be brought to Paris without danger, the minister of the interior gave orders, in conformity with the opinion of the council, to conduct them to Versailles; and a numerous escort was sent off for that purpose. Men who affected horror at the assassinations of Paris, contrived, by means of that disguise, to make part of it, and were the directors of the slaughter that took place on the arrival of the prisoners at Versailles.

The gold, silver, jewels, and other valuables, which abounded at that time in the prisons, in consequence of the wealth and condition of their inhabitants, were pillaged, as may be supposed.

And much more considerable still was the plunder collected by the members of the commune after the 10th of August, from the palace of the Tuileries, from the royal houses in the environs of Paris, to which it sent commissioners, and from the houses of private persons who were termed suspected, on whose property it had affixed its seal.

The commune had received considerable deposits, and had ordered the removal of considerable treasures, and yet no account appeared; nor could the minister of the interior obtain the information he had a right to demand concerning these matters. He complained to the assembly; as he did of the negligence of the commandant-general, from whom he requested in vain a more numerous

numerous guard for the poſt of the *Garde-meuble*. In the mean time the *brigands* went every length, making a forcible ſeizure of watches, ſhoe-buckles, and ear-rings, upon the *boulevards*, and in the market-places, in open day. The aſſembly, as uſual, commended the miniſter's zeal; directed him to make a report of the ſtate of Paris; and took no meaſures whatever.

The robbery of the *Garde-meuble* was effected, and millions fell into the hands of perſons, who would naturally employ them to perpetuate that anarchy from which they derived their power.

On the day that ſucceeded this important theft, d'Eglantine called at our houſe at eleven in the morning; d'Eglantine, who had never made his appearance there ſince the matins of September; and who the laſt time he came, told me, as if from a deep conviction of the critical ſituation of France, that 'things would never go well without a concentration of powers: the executive council, ſaid he, muſt have the dictatorſhip; and the preſident muſt be the man to exerciſe it:'—D'Eglantine did not find me at home; for I had juſt gone out with madam Pétion. He waited two hours; and at my return, I found him in the court-yard. He walked up ſtairs with me, uninvited; and ſtayed an hour and half, without being aſked to ſit down. He lamented in a hypocritical tone the robbery of that night, which deprived the nation of ſo much real wealth; inquired, whether any information concerning the parties had been obtained; and wondered much at its not having been foreſeen. He talked afterwards of Robeſpierre and of Marat, who had begun their attacks upon Roland and myſelf, as

of hot-headed men, who muſt be permitted to go on in their own way, who meant well, were extremely zealous, and took umbrage at every thing, but whoſe conduct ought to excite no alarm. I let him talk on, ſaid very little, and took care not to ſpeak out. At length he withdrew, and I have never ſeen him from that day to this; nor could I ever clearly comprehend the purpoſe of this ſingular viſit. It is a myſtery that time muſt unfold.

I have juſt ſaid, that Marat was beginning to ſlander us; and it ſhould be ſaid alſo, that, the moment the aſſembly had ordered a ſum to be left at the diſpoſal of the miniſter of the home department for printing uſeful works, Marat, who, the day after the 10th of Auguſt, had got *his people* to carry away four preſſes from the royal printing-houſe, by way of indemnifying him for thoſe which had been ſeized by the hand of juſtice, wrote to Roland for fifteen thouſand livres [£.625], to enable him to publiſh ſome very excellent things. Roland made anſwer, that the ſum was too great to be delivered, without knowing the purpoſe for which it was to be employed; but that if Marat would ſend him his manuſcripts, he would lay them before the council, who would determine whether it were proper to publiſh them at the expenſe of the nation. Marat replied in a bad ſtyle, a thing he is very capable of, and ſent a heap of manuſcripts, the very ſight of which was enough to frighten one. There was an eſſay on *the chains of ſlavery*, and I know not what beſides, bearing evident marks of the author's pen, which is characterizing them ſufficiently.

I had ſometimes doubted, whether Marat were not a fictitious

a fictitious entity: but I was then convinced, that such a being really existed. I spoke of him to Danton, expressed a desire to see him, and begged he would bring him to our house; for monsters are deserving of attention, and I was desirous of knowing whether he were out of his wits, or a well-prompted actor. Danton declined it, as a thing perfectly useless, and even disagreeable, since it would be only making me acquainted with an original like nothing else in the world. Judging, from the manner in which he excused himself, that he would not gratify my longing, even if I insisted on it, I pretended not to have been serious in my request.

The council decided, that Marat's manuscripts should be put into the hands of Danton, who would find means to settle the matter in some way or other. This was cutting the gordian knot, instead of untying it. It did not become the minister of the home department to expend the public money in feeing a madman, nor was it prudent to make him an enemy: but a plain and direct refusal from the council would have set the question at rest. Entrusting this office to Danton was affording him fresh means of ingratiating himself with the mad dog in question, and of turning him loose upon every body he might wish him to worry.

Three weeks more had passed away, and the business of *Septembrizing* was at an end. Marat had the impudence to post up a demand of fifteen thousand livres from d'Orleans, complaining bitterly of the want of *civism* which Roland showed by refusing him that sum, and this when he had just stuck up a bill, in which I was attacked by name. I was not to be so deceived.—

'This,' ſaid I to my huſband, 'is Danton all over: intending to attack you, he begins by prowling round your houſe. With all his ſenſe he has the folly to imagine that I ſhall be hurt by his abuſe; that I ſhall take up my pen to anſwer it; that he ſhall have the pleaſure of bringing a woman forward upon the ſtage; and thus expoſe the man to whom ſhe is allied to the ſhafts of ridicule. Theſe people may form a tolerable opinion of my abilities, but are utterly incapable of judging of the temper of my ſoul. Let them continue their calumnies as long as they pleaſe—they will never make me ſtir a ſtep, nor call forth my complaints, nor excite my uneaſineſs.

Roland made his report concerning the ſtate of Paris on the 22d of September. It was exact and ſpirited: that is to ſay, it depicted the diſorders that had been committed, and the impropriety of ſuffering any longer the want of ſubordination that prevailed among the conſtituted authorities, and their dangerous exerciſe of arbitrary power. He did juſtice to the zeal of the commune of the 10th, and acknowledged the great ſervices it rendered to the revolution on that important day: but he ſhewed, that the prolongation of revolutionary meaſures produced preciſely the reverſe of what was hoped for; ſince tyranny was only deſtroyed with a view of introducing the reign of juſtice and order, not leſs averſe from anarchy than from deſpotiſm itſelf; he concluded by pointing out the propriety and difficulty of obtaining accounts from the commune, from which he had repeatedly demanded them in vain.

The aſſembly, ſound in its intelect, but of a weak temper of mind, applauded the report, ordered it to be printed,

printed, paſſed a few inſignificant decrees, and rectified nothing. It is ſcarcely poſſible to conceive a ſituation more painful, than that of a firm and upright man, who, while at the head of an important department, appearing to poſſeſs conſiderable power, and lying under a heavy reſponſibility, is obliged to be the daily witneſs of ſhocking abuſes, of which the denunciation alone belongs to him, and which the legiſlative authority either wants means or courage to repreſs. To caſhier the commune, to order a new municipality to be elected according to the forms preſcribed by law, to organize the public force, and to have a commander appointed by the ſections; theſe were the only meaſures capable of reſtoring order, without which the laws would be appealed to in vain, and the convention would neceſſarily become ſubject to the municipal authority, which defied all reſtraint. In this ſtate of things, I would rather have wiſhed Roland to dedicate his talents to his country as a repreſentative of the people, than as member of a council without energy, and miniſter of a government without power. I did not conceal this way of thinking from a few perſons capable of eſtimating it properly; for as to the vulgar, they would never have been able to underſtand how any one could prefer a modeſt ſituation to the "pride, pomp, and circumſtance," of a place in the miniſtry; and for want of ſeeing the matter in a proper light would have been apt to form very ſilly conjectures.

The department of the Somme, in which Roland had long reſided, elected him a member of the convention. This choice excited almoſt univerſal regret. It appeared inconſiderate and abſurd to take from the helm a man of integrity, courage, and underſtanding, whom it

would be difficult to replace; in order to put him into an aſſembly, where ſo many others might ſerve the ſtate by their votes as well as he, without poſſeſſing equal abilities. Roland ſaw no room for heſitation. He wrote to the aſſembly in conſequence, requeſting that his place might be filled up, and pointing out the perſon whom he thought beſt qualified to ſucceed him. This news occaſioned extraordinary agitation: great was the outcry on all ſides; and a motion was made, that he ſhould be invited to remain in the miniſtry. The convention had already formed itſelf into a body, compoſed of the great number of members of the legiſlative aſſembly who were re-elected, and of the new members who arrived firſt from the country; or elſe the latter took their ſeats in the legiſlative aſſembly. Which of the two was the caſe I do not perfectly recollect at this moment, when I have no documents by me: but Danton was preſent *, and roſe to oppoſe this invitation with great warmth. His impetuoſity betrayed his rancour, and led him to ſay many ridiculous things: among others, that they ought to addreſs the invitation to me alſo, as a perſon by no means uſeleſs to Roland's adminiſtration. Murmurs of diſapprobation repelled the invidious inſinuation; but the decree did not paſs, though the general wiſh was ſtrongly expreſſed. Neither was the offer of reſignation accepted, and Roland remained ſtill

* I remember that, for more than a month, he continued to officiate at the council, while he went and voted in the aſſembly. This concentration of power in one perſon appeared highly improper to Roland, who, during the laſt fortnight that Danton proceeded in this manner, kept away from a council, influenced by a man who had no longer any right to ſit there.

free

free to make his option. A crowd of members repaired to his houſe, to entreat him not to quit the miniſtry. They preſſed the matter home to him, as a ſacrifice he owed to his country, and aſſured him that the convention, when once complete, would bring the public affairs to a grand and deciſive iſſue, which his ſpirit and activity would help to advance, and by which he would be ſupported. Two days had paſſed in theſe ſolicitations, when news was brought, that his election was void, becauſe made in lieu of another erroneouſly ſuppoſed to be null; and that conſequently he had no reaſon to quit the miniſtry.

Accordingly he reſolved to keep his place; and wrote to the aſſembly in a courageous and dignified ſtyle, which was crowned with the plaudits of the majority, and made his enemies tremble. His election proved void in reality; but this was a circumſtance that Danton's party endeavoured to conceal till he ſhould have quitted the miniſtry, in order that he might be thrown out of every ſituation. That party no longer gave him any quarter: every day produced ſome freſh attack: Marat's journal, pamphlets compoſed for the purpoſe, and denunciations at the Jacobins, kept repeating inceſſant calumnies and accuſations, each more ſtupid or more atrocious than its predeceſſor. But effrontery and perſeverance in things of this kind are ſure to ſucceed with a people naturally fickle and ſuſpicious. They even went ſo far as to impute to him as a crime, what ought to have procured him praiſe; and had the art of inſpiring honeſt men of weak nerves with alarm at that very ſolicitude, which tended moſt to the ſafety of the republic; I mean his care to inform the public mind. It requires no profound

ſkill in politics to know, that the ſtrength of a government depends upon opinion; and accordingly all the difference that exiſts in this reſpect between a tyrannical adminiſtration, and one which takes juſtice for its guide, is, that the former is employed wholly in contracting the ſphere of knowledge, and ſuppreſſing truth, while the latter makes it a rule to diffuſe them as widely as poſſible.

The aſſembly rightly judged that the events of the 10th of Auguſt would produce different impreſſions, according to the prejudices or intereſts of individuals, and the manner in which they ſhould be repreſented, directed a narrative of the facts to be drawn up, decreed that it ſhould be printed, ſupported it by the publication of all the documents that tended to prove its accuracy, ordered the miniſter of the home department to diſpatch them to every part of France, and enjoined him to promote the writing of pamphlets conducive to the ſame end.

Roland felt that, in the circumſtances of the times, the art of diffuſing information needed improvement, and that it was requiſite to produce a ſtream of light, that might in ſome meaſure ſupply the want of public inſtruction, ever too much neglected. By means of the inquiries he ſet on foot in the departments, he found out and retained a ſmall number of zealous and enlightened men, on whoſe fidelity, in diſtributing ſuch writings as might be ſent to them, he thought he could rely. He made it a rule to anſwer every body, and to keep up a correſpondence with all the popular ſocieties, country clergymen, and private perſons, who might apply to him. He ſent to the ſocieties a circular letter, remind-

ing them of the ſpirit of their inſtitution, and calling them back to the fraternal care of inſtructing and enlightening each other, from which they had but too great a tendency to depart, in order to debate on public meaſures, and interfere with the government. He ſelected from among his clerks three or four intelligent men to carry on this *patriotic correſpondence*, and diſpatch the printed tracts, intruſting the principal management to him among them who had moſt ſenſibility of heart, ſtrictneſs of principle, and amenity of ſtyle; and this correſpondence he frequently animated by his own circular letters, dictated by circumſtances, and always breathing that morality, and couched in thoſe terms of affection, which engage men's hearts. It is impoſſible to conceive the excellent effect that theſe things produced: troubles of every kind ſubſided; the adminiſtrative bodies executed their functions with regularity; and five or ſix hundred ſocieties, and a conſiderable number of country clergymen, employed themſelves with laudable zeal in diffuſing inſtruction, and in attaching to the public weal men hitherto occupied in their manual labours, but at the ſame time loſt in ignorance, and more diſpoſed to hug their chains, than to maintain that freedom, of which they neither knew the extent, nor the limits, nor the duties, nor the rights.

This *patriotic correſpondence* is a valuable monument, equally atteſting the pure principles and enlightened vigilance of the miniſter, the good will of a great number of intelligent citizens, and the admirable fruits of wiſdom, patriotiſm, and reaſon.

In the thing itſelf, and in its effects, ſuſpicious and jealous men ſaw leſs the triumph of freedom, the maintenance

tenance of tranquillity, and the conſolidation of the republic, than the fame and reputation that might accrue to the firſt mover. From that moment Roland was repreſented as a dangerous man, who had *offices of public ſpirit*; ſoon after as a corruptor of the people's opinions, and a man ambitious of the ſupreme power; and laſt of all, as a conſpirator.

All that was wanting was to read his writings, and examine his correſpondence. The departments, that received his letters, anſwered him with their warmeſt thanks; but the banditti of Paris, always calumniating, and never proving any thing, excited by means of a thouſand ſtratagems, a ſort of diſtruſt in the public mind, which the jacobins ſeconded with all their power, for they were no longer ſwayed by any body but the Dantons, the Robeſpierres, and the Marats.

Note.

St. Pélagie, Auguſt 8, 1793.

More than two months have I been impriſoned, becauſe I am allied to a worthy man, who thought proper to retain his virtue in a revolution, and to give in exact accounts though a miniſter. For five months he ſolicited in vain the paſſing of thoſe accounts, and the pronouncing of judgment on his adminiſtration. They have been examined: but, as they have afforded no room for blame, it has been deemed expedient to make no report on the ſubject, but to ſubſtitute calumny in its place. Roland's activity, his multifarious labours, and his inſtructive writings, had procured him a degree of conſideration which appeared formidable; or ſo at leaſt en-

vious men would have it, in order to effect the downfal of a man whose integrity they detested. His ruin was resolved upon, and an attempt was made to take him into custody at the time of the insurrection of the 31st of May; the epoch of the complete debasement of the national representation, of its violation, and of the success of the decemvirate. He made his escape, and in their fury they fastened upon me; but I should have been arrested at any rate; for though our persecutors know that my name has not the same influence as his, they are persuaded that my temper is not less firm, and are almost equally desirous of my ruin.

The first part of my captivity I employed in writing. My pen proceeded with so much rapidity, and I was in so happy a disposition of mind, that in less than a month I had manuscripts sufficient to form a duodecimo volume. They were intitled Historical Notices, and contained a variety of particulars relative to all the facts, and all the persons, connected with public affairs, that my situation had given me an opportunity of knowing. I related them with all the freedom and energy of my nature, with all the openness and unconstraint of an ingenuous mind, setting itself above selfish considerations, with all the pleasure which results from describing what we have experienced, or what we feel, and lastly with the confidence, that, happen what would, the collection would serve as my moral and political testament.

I had completed the whole, bringing things down to the present moment, and had entrusted it to a friend, who rated it at a high price. On a sudden the storm burst over his head. The instant he found himself put under arrest, he thought of nothing but the danger, he felt

felt nothing but the neceſſity of averting it, and without caſting about for expedients, threw my manuſcript into the fire. This loſs diſtreſſed me more than the ſevereſt trials have ever done. This will eaſily be conceived, when it is remembered that the criſis approaches, that I may be murdered to-morrow, or dragged, I know not how, before the tribunal which our rulers employ to rid them of the perſons they find troubleſome; and that theſe writings were the anchor to which I had committed my hopes of ſaving my own memory from reproach, as well as that of many deſerving characters.

As we ought not, however, to ſink under any event, I ſhall employ my leiſure hours in ſetting down, without form or order, whatever may occur to my mind. Theſe fragments will not make amends for what I have loſt, but they will ſerve to recall it to my memory, and aſſiſt me in filling up the void on ſome future day, provided the means of doing ſo remain in my power.

PORTRAITS AND ANECDOTES.

BUZOT.

A MAN of an exalted mind, high ſpirit, and impetuous courage, endowed with great ſenſibility, ardent, melancholy, and indolent, cannot but ſometimes run into extremes. A great admirer of nature, feeding his imagination with all the charms ſhe has to offer, and his mind with the principles of the moſt amiable philoſophy, he ſeems formed to taſte and to confer domeſtic happineſs: he would forget the whole world in the placid enjoyment of private virtues with a heart worthy of his own. But, thrown into public life, he attends to nothing but the laws of rigid equity, and defends them at all hazards. Eaſily rouſed to indignation againſt injuſtice, he aſſails it with ardour, and is incapable of entering into a compoſition with guilt. The friend of human nature, ſuſceptible of the tendereſt feelings, and capable of the ſublimeſt flights and moſt generous reſolutions, he loves his fellow-creatures, and, like a true republican, is ever ready to ſacrifice himſelf for their good: but a ſevere judge of individuals, and cautious in ſelecting the objects of his eſteem, he beſtows his friendſhip upon few. This reſerve, added to the energetic freedom with which he expreſſes

expreſſes himſelf, has drawn upon him a charge of haughtineſs, and made him many enemies. Mediocrity ſcarcely ever forgives merit; but vice deteſts and perſecutes that courageous virtue, which ſets it at defiance. Buzot is the gentleſt man on earth with his friends, but the roughest adverſary a knave can have to do with. While yet a young man, the ripeneſs of his judgment, and purity of his morals, obtained him the eſteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens. Their confidence and eſteem were juſtified by his devotion to truth, and by his firmneſs and perſeverance in ſpeaking it. Men of vulgar minds, who depreciate what they cannot attain, call his penetration a revery, his warmth paſſion, his ſtrong remarks ſatire, and his oppoſition to all violent meaſures a revolt againſt the majority. He was accuſed of *royaliſm*, becauſe he aſſerted, that morals were neceſſary in a republic, and that nothing ſhould be omitted that may tend to maintain or correct them; of *calumniating Paris*, becauſe he abhorred the maſſacres of September, and aſcribed them to a handful of cut-throats hired by robbers; of *ariſtocracy*, becauſe he wiſhed to call upon the people to exerciſe its ſovereignty by paſſing judgment on Lewis XVI; of *federaliſm*, becauſe he inſiſted upon the maintenance of equality among all the departments, and oppoſed the municipal tyranny of an overweening commune. Such were his crimes. He had his errors alſo. Poſſeſſing a nobleneſs of countenance, and elegance of ſhape, he dreſſed himſelf with that care, neatneſs, and decorum, which beſpeak a love of order, a ſenſe of propriety, and that reſpect which a well-bred man owes to the public and to himſelf.

Thus, when the ſcum of the nation put the helm in the

the hands of men, who made patriotiſm conſiſt in flattering the people, in order to miſlead them; in overturning and invading every thing, by way of procuring conſequence and wealth; in libelling the laws, that they might govern according to their own diſcretion; in protecting licentiouſneſs, as a mean of procuring impunity for their crimes; in cutting throats, on purpoſe to perpetuate their power; and in ſwearing, drinking, and dreſſing like porters, in order to fraterniſe with wretches like themſelves; Buzot ſtill profeſſed the morality of a Socrates, and retained the politeneſs of a Scipio. — What a villain!—Accordingly the *upright* Lacroix, the *judicious* Chabot, the *gentle* Lindet, the *modeſt* Thuriot, the *learned* Duroi, the *humane* Danton, and their faithful imitators, have declared him a traitor to his country: they have had his houſe razed, and his property confiſcated, as in former days Ariſtides was baniſhed, and Phocion condemned to die. I am aſtoniſhed at their not paſſing a decree, making it felony to remember his name. It would have been more conſiſtent with their views, than their attempts to preſerve it coupled with epithets, that are diſproved by the evidence of facts.

They cannot expunge from the page of hiſtory Buzot's conduct in the conſtituent aſſembly; nor ſuppreſs his judicious motions, and vigorous ſallies, in the convention. However his opinions may be falſified by faithleſs journals, the principles by which they are ſupported are ſtill to be perceived through the diſguiſe. Buzot frequently ſpoke off-hand; was indolent in other reſpects; but never failed to ſtand up againſt all perverſe ſyſtems of politics, and every plan that appeared prejudicial to liberty. His report on the departmental guard,

guard, a project ſo much decried, contains arguments that have never been anſwered. That concerning the law propoſed againſt inſtigators to murder diſplays the ſoundeſt policy, and a ſpirit of philoſophy, as true as it is natural, and as ſtrong as the reaſon by which it is upheld. His propoſal for the baniſhment of the Bourbons is developed with preciſion, ſupported by the moſt accurate reaſoning, and written with equal elegance and feeling. His opinion on the judgment of the king, while it abounds with facts and arguments, is free from that declamation and irrelevance of matter, in which ſo many others indulged in their harangues upon that important ſubject. And laſtly, his letters to his conſtituents, of the 6th and 22d of January, depict his mind with ſuch truth, as will make them long an object of attention. A few combatants of his ſtrength might have given the convention the impulſion which it wanted: but the reſt of the men of talents, keeping themſelves back as *orators* for great occaſions, were too neglectful of the petty warfare which was carried on every day; nor were they ſufficiently aware of the tactics to which their adverſaries were forced by their mediocrity to reſort.

PÉTION,

A TRULY honeſt and good-natured man, is equally incapable of doing the leaſt thing repugnant to juſtice, of inflicting the ſlighteſt injury, or of giving the ſmalleſt uneaſineſs to any one. In regard to himſelf, he can neg-

lect

glect many things, but knows not how to refuſe a favour to any perſon in the world. The ſerenity of a good conſcience, the mildneſs of an eaſy temper, with frankneſs and cheerfulneſs, are depicted in his countenance. He was a prudent mayor, and faithful repreſentative: but he is too ſanguine, and too peaceable, to foreſee or to lay a ſtorm. Sound judgment, good intentions, and what is termed juſtneſs of thought, are the characteriſtics of his opinions and writings, which bear ſtronger marks of good ſenſe than of talents. As an orator he is cold; as a writer his ſtile is looſe. An equitable miniſter, and a good citizen, he was formed for the practice of the ſocial virtues in a republic, and not to found a republican government among a corrupt people, who for ſome time idolized him, and then rejoiced at his proſcription, as at that of an enemy.

At the time of the conſtituent aſſembly, during the reviſion of the laws, I was one day with Buzot's wife, when her huſband returned at a late hour from the aſſembly, and brought Pétion with him to dinner. It was at that period when the court affected to conſider them as factious men, and deſcribed them as intriguers entirely occupied in exciting diſturbances. After dinner, Petion, who was ſitting on a large ſofa, began to play with a young pointer, with all the earneſtneſs of a child, till at length they both grew tired, and fell aſleep *in one another's arms*. The converſation of four perſons did not prevent Pétion from ſnoring. 'Do but look at that ſower of ſedition,' ſaid Buzot, with a ſmile: 'we were eyed aſkance as we were quitting the hall; and our accuſers, very buſy about party intrigues them-

themſelves, imagine that we are engaged in ſimilar manœuvres.'

The circumſtance, and the remark, have often recurred to my mind, ſince theſe unfortunate latter times when Pétion and Buzot are accuſed and proſcribed as royaliſts, with as much reaſon as the court then had to charge them with intrigue. Always alone with their principles, or aſſociating with none but men who profeſſed the ſame, in order to diſcuſs their opinions; they thought it would ſuffice to contend obſtinately for juſtice, to ſpeak the truth conſtantly, and to ſacrifice themſelves, or at leaſt to run every hazard, rather than betray ſo good a cauſe.——And yet theſe are the men that are declared *traitors to their country*.

I will here record a fact of ſome conſequence. It has been ſeen elſewhere, that during the firſt patriotic adminiſtration, it had been agreed upon, that the miniſter for foreign affairs ſhould take from the fund allotted to his department for ſecret ſervice money certain ſums, which were to be put into the hands of the mayor of Paris, as well for the police, which was reduced to nothing for want of means, as for publications to counteract the influence of thoſe of the court. Dumouriez having quitted that department, the matter was mentioned to d'Abancourt, that is to ſay, as far as regarded the money wanting for the police alone. D'Abancourt would do nothing in it himſelf; but pretended, that it was a buſineſs, which the king ſhould be brought to approve, and of which his majeſty would not fail to ſee the juſtice. The propoſal was not at all to the taſte of the king, who anſwered in direct terms,

terms, that he would not buy rods to whip himſelf. In this he ſpoke ſenſibly enough, as he was not a ſincere friend to the conſtitution; and ſuch an anſwer might have been expected. But a few days after, Lacroix, the preſent colleague of Danton, in concert with whom he is plundering Belgium; Lacroix, the perſecutor of honeſt men, and the ſovereign of the day, who then had a ſeat in the legiſlative aſſembly, and who was known to frequent the palace, called upon Pétion to promiſe him the free diſpoſal of three millions of livres [£125,000] if he would employ them in ſuch a way as to ſupport his majeſty; a propoſition which muſt needs have been more offenſive to Pétion, in his character of mayor, than the other could have been to Louis XVI. It was accordingly rejected, notwithſtanding the peculiarly kind reception he met with at that very time from the king; for being ſent for to the palace, inſtead of finding the monarch, whom he had never before ſeen alone, ſurrounded as uſual, he was introduced into his cloſet, where there appeared to be no one elſe, and where Louis XVI. laviſhed upon him many marks of affability and regard, and even thoſe little captivating cajoleries, which he had the art of diſtributing at will. A ſlight ruſtling of ſilk behind the hangings made Pétion imagine that the queen was preſent without being viſible, and the careſſes of Louis convinced him of his hypocriſy: he remained firm and honeſt, without yielding to the king, who was trying to corrupt him, in like manner as, without flattering the people, he wiſhed to appeal to them on the trial of that very king; while Lacroix, who had ſerved him, and had probably been well paid for his ſervices, thought that he could not be too ſpeedily condemned to die.

Pache.

It has been ſaid with reaſon, that the talent of knowing mankind is of the firſt importance to thoſe who govern, their errors in that particular being always the moſt fatal. But the exerciſe of this talent, at all times ſo difficult, becomes infinitely more ſo in the time of a revolution; there is beſides a degree of hypocriſy, by which it is no diſgrace to be duped, ſince a man muſt be wicked himſelf to ſuſpect its exiſtence.

In my youthful days, I had met, at the houſe of one of my relations, a clerk in the poſt office, of the name of Gibert, who poſſeſſed that mildneſs of manners which generally accompanies a taſte for the fine arts. Gibert, a man of a cultivated mind, and an affectionate father, amuſed himſelf with painting, made a ſtudy of muſic, and by his ſtrict probity obtained the eſteem of all his acquaintance. He was extremely attached to a man, his moſt particular friend, whoſe extraordinary merit he extolled with all the enthuſiaſm of an affectionate heart, and with all the modeſty of a perſon who thought himſelf far his inferior. I was ſometimes in company with this friend; in whom there was nothing remarkable at firſt ſight, but his extreme ſimplicity. I had, however, no opportunity of forming a judgment of him, for I met with him but ſeldom, and did not often ſee Gibert himſelf; I only learnt, that his friend, who was *Pache*, being enamoured of a country life, the only one ſuited to his patriarchal manners, and in love with liberty, of which his well informed mind enabled him to eſtimate all the advantages,

advantages, was about to reſign a genteel place under the French government, to ſettle with his family in Switzerland. I afterwards leant, that having loſt his wife, and perceiving that his children regretted Paris, and that the revolution was paving the way for our national emancipation, he had taken the reſolution of returning; and that being ſatisfied with the independence he had derived from the ſale of his former property, and the fortunate purchaſe of a national eſtate, he had ſent back the grant of a penſion to a quondam miniſter by whoſe intereſt it had been obtained.

It was not neceſſary to be often in Gibert's company, and to know his intimacy with Pache, to be informed of every thing that could be ſaid to the latter's advantage. In the month of January, 1792, he brought him to our houſe, and I ſaw him from time to time. Pache, as I have already obſerved, wears an appearance of the utmoſt modeſty. It is ſo great indeed, that you would be tempted to adopt the opinion he ſeems to entertain of himſelf, and take him for a thing of no great value. But credit is given him for that modeſty, when it is diſcovered that he reaſons well, and is by no means wanting in information. As he is extremely reſerved, and never unboſoms himſelf freely, people ſoon ſuſpect him to know more than he ſays, and end with aſcribing to him more merit than he poſſeſſes, becauſe they were very near committing the injuſtice of allowing him none. A perſon who talks little, liſtens with an air of intelligence to every ſubject of diſcuſſion, and ventures a few well-timed obſervations, eaſily paſſes for a man of ſenſe. Pache had made an acquaintance with Meunieurs and Monge, both members of the academy of

ſciences; and had helped them to form a popular ſociety in the ſection of the Luxembourg, the object of which, they ſaid, was the diffuſion of information, and the encouragement of patriotic ſentiments. Pache was very aſſiduous in this ſociety; and appeared to dedicate to his country, as a citizen, all the time which he did not devote to his children, and which intervened between the public lectures, whither he attended them.

I have related elſewhere how Roland was called to the miniſtry at the end of March of the ſame year. The offices were filled with agents of the old government, little diſpoſed to favour the new; but they were accuſtomed to the routine of buſineſs; and it would have been wrong to hazard unhinging the whole of a great machine, in thoſe troubleſome times, for the ſake of changing a few clerks. Nothing more then was to be done but to keep a ſtrict eye over them, and to make preparations for their removal in due time. But in the multiplicity of buſineſs, the daily current of which hurries a man in office along with inconceivable rapidity, it cannot be denied, that he may eaſily commit himſelf, if he do not pay the moſt ſcrupulous attention to every thing, an attention which becomes infinitely irkſome, when the conſequence of diſtruſt. In this ſituation, Roland was deſirous of finding a truſty man, whom he might have always with him in his cloſet, and whom he might get to read over a letter, or a report, on any urgent buſineſs, when other buſineſs ſtill more urgent would not permit him to reviſe it himſelf: not to make any alteration in the compoſition, but merely to ſee that the adverſe principles of the clerks had not influenced the manner of ſtating facts, or drawing concluſions; a man, in ſhort, who might be

be truſted to ſeek for a particular paper, in a particular office, or to deliver a verbal meſſage on any matter of importance. The idea of Pache occurred. Pache had been a clerk in the admiralty; was well acquainted with the routine of office; poſſeſſed abilities, patriotiſm, morals, which would procure a man in office credit for his appointment, and that ſimplicity which never excites ill-will. The idea appeared excellent. It was mentioned to Pache, who immediately expreſſed the utmoſt eagerneſs to ſerve Roland, by making himſelf uſeful to the public weal; but on condition of preſerving his independence, by taking neither title nor ſalary. This was beginning well. It was ſuppoſed that, when a new arrangement ſhould take place in the office, it would be eaſy to ſee for what he was particularly fit; and Pache came to Roland's cloſet every morning at ſeven, with his morſel of bread in his pocket, and ſtaid till three, without its being poſſible to prevail on him to take any thing: attentive, prudent, zealous, doing his duty diligently, making an obſervation, putting in a word, to bring the argument back to the point in queſtion, and ſoothing Roland, who was ſometimes vexed at the ariſtocratical contradiction of his clerks.

Roland, whoſe diſpoſition was ardent, and his feelings ſtrong, rated the mildneſs and complaiſance of Pache very highly, and treated him as a valuable friend: while I, grateful for the ſervice I ſuppoſed him to render my huſband, laviſhed on him marks of eſteem, and proofs of attachment. The ſtyle of Pache was a bad one: it did not do to ſet him about compoſing a letter: it was ſure to be dry and flat; but he was not wanted for that purpoſe, and was uſeful on thoſe occa-

ſions which had been ſuppoſed to require the ſuperintendance of a truſty perſon. Our friend *Servan*, lately appointed miniſter at war, was alarmed at the complication and derangement of certain branches of his department, and envied us Pache. 'Let me have that honeſt man,' ſaid he to Roland: 'you have no further occaſion for him, you are above your buſineſs a hundred times over; and now that the chaos of the firſt outſet has aſſumed ſhape and order, you no longer need the ſuperintendance of another; but as to me, I am overwhelmed with buſineſs, and in the utmoſt want of perſons in whom I can confide.'—Theſe miniſters were alſo of opinion, that ſome ſhare of capacity was wanting to fill a place, and that a man ought not to be employed without reaſonable grounds to ſuppoſe him poſſeſſed of the neceſſary qualifications. Roland conſented, and Pache, upon being conſulted, yielded with as good a grace, on the ſame conditions that he had made with Roland. After his being thrown into this ſituation, we ſcarcely ever ſaw him; but Servan ſpoke highly in his praiſe.

A change in the miniſtry took place. Roland kept himſelf ſecluded from the world; and Pache returned to his ſection. The tenth of Auguſt followed ſoon after; and the legiſlative aſſembly recalled the patriotic miniſters. Roland arranged his offices; and as Pache perſiſted in his reſolution to retain his independence, Roland appointed Fépoul, whom Pache had introduced; an intelligent, induſtrious, and careful man, very well calculated for the accomptant department, dexterous in his conduct, never ſetting himſelf up in oppoſition to any one, and ever adhering to the ſtrongeſt party.

Roland,

Roland, elected a member of the convention, and disgusted at the horrors of September, was desirous of retiring from the ministry; and, knowing the extreme embarrassment the wisest heads would have been in to find him a successor, thought he should render an essential service to the public by mentioning Pache. This he did with all the frankness that belonged to his character, and all the warmth of a feeling heart, proud of acknowledging merit, wherever it seems to reside.

Pache, to whom he had not hinted his intention, and who had a little before refused the superintendance of the jewel office, a place for which he proposed *Restout*, whom Roland appointed upon his recommendation, appeared well satisfied to remain his own master. He accepted, however, a mission from Monge for Toulon, repaired thither, and committed several acts of folly, as I was afterwards informed.

Servan's health obliging him to quit the war-office, the man whom Roland had recommended was appointed to fill that department, as the person on whom in point of principle the strongest dependance might be placed, and who, as to talents, could not but be sufficiently qualified for such a place. We wrote to Pache, to inform him of his appointment, and pressed him to accept it. But this was in all likelihood unnecessary; for, jealous as he was of his independence, he appeared not to have the least uneasiness concerning the burden about to be laid on his shoulders, and took it up without hesitation. On his return to Paris he came to see us, and we talked with him freely on the disposition of men's minds; of the party which the Parisian deputies were forming; of the enormities of the commune;

of

of the dangers that appeared to threaten the liberty of the convention, and particularly of thoſe, which might ariſe from the predominance of immoral and guilty men, who only ſought to acquire power in order to eſcape puniſhment or to gratify their paſſions; of the order to be eſtabliſhed in his department, and of our joy at ſeeing him in the council, where his preſence would preſerve a union of will and ſingleneſs of action. Pache liſtened to the effuſions of confidence with the ſilence of a man who conceals his own ſentiments; oppoſed every opinion of Roland at the council-table; and came to ſee him no more.

At firſt we imagined, that this conduct aroſe from a movement of ſelf-love, a ſort of fear of appearing the creature of Roland. But I learnt, that this man, who never accepted the invitations of his colleague, under pretence of the retirement in which the multiplicity of his buſineſs obliged him to live, received Fabre, Chabot, and other mountaineers at his table; that he paid his court to their friends; that he took their creatures into office, all of them, either as great knaves as the valet in a comedy *, or ignorant fellows, or intriguers like themſelves; and that honeſt men began to murmur and deſpair. I thought it right to try the only means that remained of opening his eyes, if he were merely miſled, or of pulling away the maſk if he were really acting with ill faith. I wrote to him then on the 11th of November, in a friendly ſtyle, to communicate to him the murmurs that began to prevail, the cauſes to which they were owing, and what his own in-

* In the old French comedies, the lackey is invariably a knaviſh buffoon, who ſticks at nothing. *Tranſ.*

tereſt

tereſt ſeemed to require. I reminded him of what had been ſaid in confidence on his entrance into the miniſtry; and I added a word or two concerning the unequivocal ſentiments we had expreſſed, the unanimity they promiſed, and the preſent ſtate of things, ſo oppoſite to what they would have led one to expect.

Pache made me not the ſmalleſt anſwer; and we ſoon after heard that his firſt clerks Haſſenfratz, Vincent, and the reſt (miſerable beings, whom I would not mention, had not their enormities already inſured their names a place in the hiſtory of the popular commotions of theſe latter times) were declaiming at the jacobins, and elſewhere againſt Roland, and holding him up as the enemy of the people. There could no longer then be any doubt but that Pache was ſeeking his downfal. The atrocity and baſeneſs of this conduct filled me with indignation and contempt: ſentiments, in which I was beforehand with ſeveral who had become acquainted with Pache by means of us, and who were then inclined to charge me with levity, though their averſion to the man has ſince exceeded mine. The peculation, or the profuſe expenditure at leaſt, that took place in the war department during his adminiſtration, was horrible; every thing was diſorganiſed, owing to the bad choice of the perſons employed; it was proved, that regiments reduced to a ſmall number of men were paid as if complete; it was not only impoſſible to furniſh an account, but even to imagine the means of doing ſo, for more than 130 millions of livres [near five millions and a half ſterling]. In the twenty-four hours that followed his diſmiſſion, rendered indiſpenſable by ſo much miſchief, he filled up ſixty different places, with all the perſons he knew of who were

baſe enough to pay their court to him, from his ſon-in-law, who from a curate became commiſſary-general with a ſalary of 19000 livres [£.792], to his hair-dreſſer, a blackguard boy of nineteen, whom he made a muſter-maſter. Theſe are the exploits which the people of Paris rewarded by calling him to the mayoralty, where, ſupported by the Chaumets, Heberts, and other tatterdemalions, he favoured the oppreſſion of the legiſlative body, the violation of the national repreſentation, and the proſcription of all virtuous men, and thus helped to ſeal the ruin of his country.

And this was the man who was in ſearch of a free country, who gave up penſions, and refuſed a place! But Pache went into Switzerland, where his family originally reſided—(a circumſtance that enabled his father to keep a great man's door at Paris *,) hoping there to lead a more agreeable life, than in a place which reminded him of the obſcurity of his birth; and Pache received from *Caſtries* a penſion, which bore witneſs to the ſtate of dependence that he had lived in at his houſe, and might have excited ſuſpicion, when the nobles and miniſters of the old government were objects of perſecution. This was a part of his hiſtory, which I was unacquainted with, and which is no way inconſiſtent with Pache returning to France after the taking of the Baſtile, currying favour in a little popular ſociety well contrived for the acquiſition of influence, obſtinately refuſing ſecond-rate places, but not heſitating a moment to become a member of the council, and

* The reputation of the Swiſs for probity was ſo great in France, that all the noblemen had them in their ſervice as porters. A porter and a Swiſs became at laſt ſynonymous words. *Tranſ.*

take

take upon himſelf that department in the adminiſtration, which circumſtances rendered moſt important. He is in politics the Tartuffe * of Moliere.

Whilſt I am writing this, Biron is confined in the priſon that I inhabit. Towards the end of Pache's miniſtry, Biron came to denounce him to the aſſembly, and was conſequently provided with documents capable of proving his miſdemeanours. Biron met with him; was ſeduced by his air of ſimplicity; perſuaded himſelf that he had erred rather from unſkilfulneſs than diſhoneſty; thought it cruel to bring a man to the block who might have been deceived; relinquiſhed his deſign; and then mentioned it to Pache himſelf. Pache came to an explanation; contrived to wheedle Biron out of all the information and documents that related to the complaint of which he was the object; and then had him ſent to the army of Italy, where he was left deſtitute of every thing. Biron obtained ſome advantages; they were never mentioned: he made complaints; no attention was paid to them: time ran on; the evils increaſed: he grew urgent; an order was ſent him to repair to Paris: as ſoon as he arrived he was taken into cuſtody, and confined at St. Pélagie. In this ſtroke he recognizes the hand of Pache, and has no doubt as to the tyrant by whom he is oppreſſed.

* A conſummate hypocrite. *Tranſ.*

GIRONDE.

GUADET and GENSONNE

LOVE each other, probably becauſe there is no reſemblance between them. Guadet is as impetuous as Genſonné is cool: but the violent ſallies of his fiery temper are never ſucceeded by malice; nor is his ſoul ſuſceptible of an intention to offend. Nature has made Guadet an orator; Genſonné has made himſelf a logician. The one frequently loſes, in deliberating, the time which ſhould be employed in action: the other diſſipates, in bold, but ſhort and tranſient, flights, that warmth, which ought ſometimes to be concentrated, and always to be longer ſupported, in order to produce a durable effect.

Guadet had brilliant moments in each of the two aſſemblies, the legiſlative and conventional: they were owing to the aſcendency of honeſty, ſeconded by talents: but poſſeſſed of feelings too ſtrong to keep up a long ſtruggle without tiring, he has drawn upon himſelf the hatred of the wicked, without exciting much of their fear; nor did he ever attain the degree of influence which his enemies were fond of aſcribing to him, in order to render him an object of diſtruſt. Genſonné, uſeful in debate, which, however, he has the fault of drawing out to too great a length, took an active part in the committees, and drew up part of the plan of the intended conſtitution. His ſpeech on the buſineſs of the king is enlivened by ſarcaſtic ſtrokes, to which

an

an apparent coolneſs gave an edge, and which the ſons of the mountain will never forgive.

Both of them tender huſbands, good fathers, excellent citizens, virtuous men, and ſincere republicans, they only ſunk under the accuſation of the conſpirators, becauſe they did not even know how to *coaleſce* in favour of the good cauſe, the only one for which they contended, and for which they deſerved to live.

Vergniaux

Was, perhaps, the moſt eloquent man in the aſſembly. He did not ſpeak without preparation, like Guadet: but his made ſpeeches, of great argumentative ſtrength, full of fire, abounding in matter, reſplendent with the moſt beautiful forms of oratory, and ſupported by a dignified delivery, may ſtill be read with the greateſt pleaſure.

And yet I love not Vergniaux: he appears to me a philoſopher totally abſorbed in ſelf. Diſdaining mankind, no doubt becauſe he knows them well, he gives himſelf no concern on their account: but with this way of thinking, a man ſhould keep out of all public employs; if he do not his idleneſs becomes a crime; and in this reſpect Vergniaux is highly culpable. What a pity, that talents like his ſhould not have been employed with the ardour of a man devoted to the public weal, and with the perſeverance of an active mind!

Grangeneuve

Grangeneuve

Is the beſt of men, with a countenance of the leaſt promiſe. His underſtanding is of the common level; but his ſoul is truly great: and he performs noble actions with ſimplicity, and without ſuſpecting how much they would coſt any other but himſelf.

In the courſe of July, 1792, the conduct and diſpoſition of the court indicating hoſtile deſigns, every one talked of the means of preventing or fruſtrating their execution. On this ſubject Chabot ſaid, with that ardour which proceeds from a heated imagination, and not from ſtrength of mind, that it was to be wiſhed that the court might attempt the lives of ſome of the patriotic members, as it would infallibly cauſe an inſurrection of the people, the only mean of ſetting the multitude in motion, and producing a ſalutary criſis. He grew warm on this head, on which he made a copious comment. Grangeneuve, who had liſtened to him without ſaying a word, in the little ſociety where the diſcourſe took place, embraced the firſt opportunity of ſpeaking with Chabot in private. 'I have been ſtruck with your reaſons,' ſaid he: 'they are excellent: but the court is too cunning ever to afford us ſuch an expedient. We muſt make it for ourſelves. Find you but men to ſtrike the blow; and I will devote myſelf as the victim.'—'What! you will * * * * ?'—'Certainly. What is there ſo wonderful in that? My life is of no great utility: my perſon of little account: I ſhall feel the greateſt pleaſure in offering myſelf up as a ſacrifice for my country's good.'——'Ah, my friend, you ſhall

not fall alone:' exclaimed Chabot, with a look of enthuſiaſm: 'I am determined to ſhare the glory with you.'—'As you pleaſe: *one* is enough: *two* may be better. But there will be no glory in the buſineſs; for it is neceſſary that it remain a ſecret to all the world. Let us then deviſe the means of execution.'

Chabot undertook to provide them; and a few days after informed Grangeneuve, that he had found fit inſtruments for the purpoſe, and that every thing was prepared. —'Very well: let us appoint the time. We will repair to the committee to-morrow evening: I will leave it at half after ten: we muſt go through ſome unfrequented ſtreet, in which you will take care to have your people poſted. But let them mind what they are about. It is their buſineſs to ſhoot us properly, and not to make us cripples for life.' —The hour was fixed, and every thing was agreed upon. Grangeneuve went to make his will, and arrange ſome domeſtic concerns, without any buſtle; and was punctual to the appointment. Chabot did not make his appearance. The hour elapſed, and no Chabot came; whence Grangeneuve concluded he had given up his deſign of participation; but ſuppoſing that the project held good as to himſelf, he ſet off, took the road agreed on, walked with meaſured ſteps, met nobody on his way, walked back again, for fear of any miſtake, and was obliged to return home ſafe and ſound, much diſpleaſed at having made all his preparations in vain. Chabot ſaved himſelf from reproach by ſome paltry excuſe, taking good care not to depart from the uſual poltroonery of a prieſt, or the hypocriſy of a capuchin friar.

BARBAROUX,

WHOSE features no painter would disdain to copy for the head of an Antinous, active, laborious, ingenuous, and brave, with the fiery spirit of a youthful Marseillois, was destined to become a man of merit, and a citizen, equally useful and enlightened. Enamoured of independence, proud of the revolution, rich in acquired talents, capable of assiduous attention, habituated to application, and thirsting after fame; he is one of those men, whom a great politician would seek to attach to himself, and who was made to flourish and distinguish himself in a happy republic. But who can venture to say to what a degree injustice, proscription, and misfortune, may repress the generous efforts of such a mind, and how far it may tarnish its good qualities? Moderate success would have encouraged Barbaroux in his career, because he is fond of fame, and possesses every qualification necessary to procure him reputation: but the love of pleasure is at hand; and if once it take the place of glory, in consequence of disappointment or disgust, it will debase an excellent temper, and turn him aside from his noble destination.

During Roland's first administration, I had an opportunity of seeing several letters from Barbaroux, addressed rather to the man than to the minister, and intended to enable him to judge of the means it would be proper to employ, in order to keep ardent and irritable minds, like those of the department of the mouths of the Rhone, in the paths of duty. Roland, a strict observer of the law, and like the law severe and inflexible, was incapable of speaking

ſpeaking more than one language, when charged with its execution. The adminiſtrators had gone a little aſtray: the miniſter had chidden them with ſeverity; and their minds were irritated. It was then that Barbaroux wrote to Roland, to vindicate the purity of his countrymen's intentions, excuſe their errors, and to make Roland underſtand, that gentler methods would bring them back to ſubordination with greater ſpeed and effect. Theſe letters were dictated by the beſt intentions, and by ſuch conſummate prudence, that when I ſaw their author, I was aſtoniſhed at his youth. They had the effect they could not fail to have upon an equitable man, who ſought only to do good: Roland laid aſide a little of his auſterity, aſſumed a tone rather brotherly than miniſterial, brought the Marſeillois back to their duty, and gave Barbaroux his eſteem.

After Roland quitted the miniſtry, we ſaw him more frequently. His open diſpoſition and ardent patriotiſm inſpired us with confidence. It was then, that, reaſoning on the bad ſtate of affairs, and on the danger of ſeeing deſpotiſm revive in the north, we formed the conditional project of a republic in the ſouth.—'That will be our laſt ſtake,' ſaid Barbaroux with a ſmile: 'but the Marſeillois who are here will prevent our recurring to ſuch an expedient.'—From that ſpeech, and ſome others of a like tendency, we conjectured, an inſurrection was in agitation; but as his confidence did not lead him to be more communicative, we aſked him no queſtions about the matter. Towards the latter end of July, he almoſt entirely diſcontinued his viſits; telling us, the laſt time he called, it would be wrong to judge of his ſentiments in regard to us from any preſumption furniſhed by his

abſence, as it was merely meant to keep us out of harm's way. After the tenth of Auguſt he returned to Marſeilles, and came back a member of the national convention, where he did his duty like a man of courage. Many of his printed ſpeeches diſplay excellent argumentation, and conſiderable knowledge of the adminiſtrative department of commerce: that on the ſupply of proviſions, excepting the work of Creuze-la-Touche, is the beſt thing of the kind. But it would be neceſſary for him to labour if he would become an orator.

The lively and affectionate Barbaroux is attached to the delicate and ſuſceptible Buzot: I uſed to call them Nyſus and Euryalus. May they meet with a better fate than thoſe two friends! Louvet, more acute than Barbaroux, more gay than Buzot, and in goodneſs of heart equal to either, is intimate with both; but more particularly with the latter, who ſerves as a link to connect him with Barbaroux, of whom Buzot's natural gravity makes him in ſome ſort the Mentor.

Louvet,

With whom I became acquainted during Roland's firſt adminiſtration, and whoſe agreeable ſociety I ſhall ever covet, may ſometimes chance, like Philopœmen, to pay forfeit for his mean appearance. Little, ſlender, ſhort-ſighted, and negligent in dreſs, he ſeems of no conſequence to the vulgar, who remark not the nobleneſs of his forehead, nor the fire which animates his eyes

and

and features upon the utterance of an important truth, a generous ſentiment, a witty ſaying, or a refined piece of raillery. His pleaſing novels, where the graces of imagination are combined with fluency of ſtyle, philoſophical remarks, and attic ſalt, are known to all men of letters, and to all perſons of taſte. Politics are indebted to him for more ſerious works, the matter and manner of which bear witneſs alike to the goodneſs of his head and of his heart. He has ſhewn, that his able hand can alternately jingle the bells of folly, hold the *burin* of hiſtory, and launch the thunders of eloquence. It is impoſſible to unite more wit with leſs pretenſion and greater good-nature. Bold as a lion, ſimple as a child, a man of feeling, a good citizen, and a vigorous writer; he can make Cataline tremble in the ſenate, dine with the graces, and ſup with Bachaumont *.

His Philippic, or *Robeſpierride*, deſerved to be pronounced in a ſenate poſſeſſed of energy to do juſtice. His *Conſpiracy of the 10th of March* is another piece of value to the hiſtory of the times. His *Sentinel* is a pattern for that kind of bills, and daily inſtructions intended for a populace, whom it is meant to inform as to facts, without ever influencing them unleſs by the force of reaſon, moving them unleſs for the good of all, or inſpiring them with any affections but ſuch as do honour to human nature. It is an excellent contraſt to thoſe atrocious and diſguſting papers, whoſe coarſe ſtyle and filthy expreſſions are well ſuited to the ſanguinary

* A famous French wit, who, in concert with la Chapelle, wrote a celebrated account, in proſe and verſe, of an excurſion they made together.—*Tranſ.*

doctrine and impure falſehood for which they ſerve as a common-ſewer; the impudent works of calumny, of which intrigue pays the hire to impoſture, in order to complete the ruin of public morals, and by means of which the gentleſt people in Europe has had its diſpoſition perverted to ſuch a degree, that the peaceable Pariſians, whoſe kindneſs of heart was proverbial, are become the rivals of thoſe ferocious pretorian guards, who ſold their votes, their lives, and the empire, to the beſt bidder. Let us diſmiſs theſe ſad images, and turn our attention to the *Obſervations on St. Juſt's Report againſt the confined Deputies, by a Society of Girondines*, printed at Caen the 13th of July. In it I recognized the ſtyle, the acumen, and the gaiety, of Louvet: it is Reaſon in diſhabille, ſporting with Ridicule, without laying aſide her ſtrength or dignity.

Lazowski,

A Polander by birth, came to France no one knows how, deſtitute of all fortune; but being rich in the intereſt of the duke of Liancourt, either becauſe related to ſome perſon in his ſervice, or becauſe connected with him in ſome other way, Lazowſki obtained the appointment of inſpector of manufactures.

It was one of thoſe very inferior offices of adminiſtration which conferred no authority; of which the ſalary was moderate, and the duties ſuch as to require nothing but

but honeſty, and a certain ſhare of merit; which conſequently ſeemed to ſuit every body, or for which every one at leaſt thought himſelf fit. Thoſe places were in the gift of the king's council, on the preſentation of the miniſter of the finances, and were ſubordinate to the ſuperintendants of trade, petty magiſtrates of mighty pretenſions, who gave themſelves great airs of importance; who like many others obtained credit from the public on their own report; and who in reality, from the multitude of affairs that came before them, had extenſive connections, and gave audiences, at which, ſometimes, men of the firſt rank did not diſdain to attend.

Lively, enterpriſing, and paſſing himſelf off for a man of underſtanding, Lazowſki had perſuaded his patron, that it was not fitting for ſuch a man to remain a ſimple inſpector of manufactures. It is true, that, in order to find him employment, an inſpectorſhip had been created at Soiſſons, where there was ſcarcely any manufacture but of prieſts, and ſcarcely any objects of inſpection except nuns; for it was a town as full of convents as deficient in induſtry, and deſtitute of all commerce but that of the abſolute neceſſaries of life. Mr. de Liancourt, who was led to deſire the promotion of his dependant by the vanity common among courtiers, was further impelled by the native excellence of his heart. He was preſſing with the miniſter, and ſtill more ſo with the ſuperintendants of commerce; for the ſecondary agents are always the really effective men. Calonne was comptroller-general: he had an inventive mind, and was ready at taking up ingenious ideas. The creation of a travelling inſpectorſhip was deviſed. That was no effort of

genius, ſince ſuch a place had already exiſted, and its inutility had been acknowledged: but it will readily be admitted, that the ſecond creation was not without a motive, ſince it afforded the means of obliging a man of conſequence, while the number of places, which amounted to four, gave the operation ſomething of the appearance of an affair of ſtate, to ſay nothing of the advantage of three places remaining for favour and intrigue. They were ſoon filled. Salaries of 8000 livres (333l. 6s. 8d.) a year were given them; a reſidence in Paris for four months out of the twelve; excurſions through the provinces during the remaining eight; the right of ſucceeding the inſpectors-general on their deceaſe, and permiſſion to ſolicit gratifications in proportion to the length of their journies and the importance of their ſervices. It is true, that this ſapped the foundation of an inſtitution, the ſpirit of which was excellent. It deprived the inſpectors of the generalities of the hope of arriving at the inſpector-generalſhip by merit or ſeniority: it diſcouraged them, by ſending into their reſpective departments men for the moſt part ſtrangers to the buſineſs: and it deprived the miniſter of the poſſibility of being well-informed of the ſtate of arts, manufactures, and commerce; and in ſhort of all the objects of induſtry; of which it was natural to expect a much better account from men ſettled in the ſeveral generalities for that purpoſe, than from theſe birds of paſſage, employed in running over them all. But the views of the old government did not extend ſo far: and who knows whether the individuals who compoſe the new, are of a more capacious mind, or more diſintereſted ſpirit.

This happened in the ſpring of 1784, when I was brought

to

to Paris by family affairs. I heard mention made of a change in the inſpections; and I learnt, that the inſpectorſhip of Lyons, given up by the ambitious Briſſon for a travelling one, was conferred upon a very young man. I reflected, that Roland was always looking forward to his retirement, and intended to aſk for it, as ſoon as he ſhould finiſh his labours in the Encyclopedia, that he might go into his own country, forget Paris, and the meanneſſes to which a man muſt ſtoop for the preferment that was refuſed to merit. I thought it would be better for him to go home with a place, than without one; and it occurred to me, to ſolicit the exchange of that of Amiens, where we then were, for that of Lyons, which would fix him in his own country. This trifling favour I ſuppoſed would be readily granted to an old ſervant, whoſe knowledge, and whoſe diſpoſition eſpecially, the ſuperintendants of commerce dreaded enough to be pleaſed with his removal. The commiſſions were already made out. I ſtated my reaſons with all the advantage a woman had in thoſe days in dealing with people who piqued themſelves on their politeneſs: on the other hand were ſtated the objections, which I frankly rated at their due value; and I obtained the place, almoſt as ſoon as my huſband was informed of the requeſt I had thought fit to make.

In the public offices who ſhould I meet with but Lazowſki, then a fine gentleman, his hair well powdered, his clothes well put on, affecting a little ſtoop in his ſhoulders, walking upon his heels, ſporting deep ruffles, giving himſelf, in ſhort, thoſe little airs of conſequence, which were then taken for claims to conſideration by fools, and laughed at by men of ſenſe.

The

The conſtituent aſſembly, by overthrowing the nobility and ſuppreſſing the inſpectorſhips, deprived Lazowſki at once of his place and of his patron. Not daring to hope for a penſion, which muſt have been reduced to nothing*, conſidering the ſhort time he had been employed, and finding himſelf without a ſhilling, he became a patriot, combed the powder out of his greaſy locks, made ſpeeches at one of the ſections, and turned ſans-culotte in good time, ſince he was really in danger of wanting breeches.

Poſſeſſed of vigour, conſiderable remains of youth, a thundering voice, and an excellent turn for intrigue, he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf, and was appointed a *capitaine de quartier* in the national guard. In that quality he ſerved on the 10th of Auguſt, and boaſted much of the dangers of the day, like many others who mixed in the tumult to reap ſome profit, and afterward ſtood boldly forward as the ſaviours of their country. But his exploits date from the 2d of September, and from the activity he contrived to keep up in the ſection of Finiſtere, to which he belonged, at the maſſacre of the prieſts at St. Firmin. He was of equal utility in diſpatching the priſoners from Orleans.

He had occaſion to come, as deputy of his ſection, to the hotel of the miniſter of the home department, where I ſaw him, and had an opportunity to obſerve his aſtoniſhing metamorphoſis. The pretty gentleman, with his affected

* In ſettling the amount of penſions for diſcarded placemen, the conſtituent aſſembly eſtabliſhed a maximum and minimum, with intermediate degrees, according to their length of ſervice; but gave nothing to thoſe who had not been employed a certain number of years. *Tranſ.*

ſmiles,

ſmiles, had aſſumed the ſavage aſpect of a furious patriot; the purple face of a drunkard; and the haggard eye of an aſſaſſin.

Dear to the jacobins, who well knew his worth, and meant to make him a great man, he was fixed upon to direct the conſpiracy of the 10th of March; but he died ſuddenly, at Vaugirard, of an inflammatory fever, the fruit of debauchery, brandy, and bad hours.

Who has not heard of the grief of the whole horde at this unexpected loſs; of the funeral oration delivered by the high-prieſt Robeſpierre, his affecting lamentations, and his pompous eulogium of the *great man unknown*; of the ſplendid funeral celebrated by the venerable commune, and the holy ſocieties; of the adoption of his child, whom papa Pache kiſſed in the town-hall; and, laſtly, of Lazowſki's interment near the tree of liberty, in the ſquare of the Carrouzel, where his humble grave, covered with turf, is ſtill to be ſeen?

Let thoſe who are aſtoniſhed at his poſthumous importance, recollect, that it emanated from the focus of the jacobins, when they were become as formidable to the timid Pariſians as they were atrocious; at the time that Marat was in all his glory, and Danton in the plenitude of his power.

Aſſuredly the people who took the former for their prophet, and the latter for their lord, might well honour Lazowſki as a *ſaint* or a *hero*, which in the religion of the Septembrizers are the ſame thing.

ROBERT.

Robert.

'What have you done to Robert?' ſaid a perſon to me lately: 'his wife and he revile you more virulently than any of your enemies.'—'I have ſeen but little of them; I have done them ſome ſervice; but I have not concurred in flattering their ambition, as you are about to hear.'

When I was ſetting off from Lyons for Paris, in 1791, Champagneux aſked me, if I was acquainted with madame Robert, a woman of wit, an author, and a patriot.—Not at all. I have heard indeed that mademoiſelle *Keralio*, whoſe father is a literary man, was lately married to M. Robert, and that between them they compoſe the *Mercure national*, of which I have ſeen a few numbers. This is all I know about her.'—'Do you wiſh to ſee her? If you do, I will give you a letter to her; for as fellow journaliſts we correſpond.'—'A woman of wit, an author, and a republican, muſt be well worth ſeeing. Give me a letter.'

I arrived at Paris, and had been there ſix weeks, when one of our friends, happening to mention madam Robert, whom he had occaſion to viſit, I recollected that I had a letter for her. I told him ſo: he offered to accompany me to the houſe: and thither we went.

I found a lively little woman of genteel addreſs, and high ſpirit, who gave me a very pleaſing reception: and there I found alſo her clumſy huſband with a face as broad as a well-ſtalled prieſt's, beaming health and ſelf-complacency, and with cheeks whoſe ruddy tinge

no

no profound cogitation had ever impaired. They returned my visit; and there I suffered our acquaintance to rest. The 17th of July, on my return from the Jacobins, where I had been witness to the agitation produced by the mournful events of the Champ-de-Mars, whom should I find at home, at eleven at night, but M. and madam Robert.—'We are come,' said the wife to me, with all the confidence of an old friend, 'to ask you for an asylum. It is not necessary to be often in your company, to form a favourable opinion of your patriotism, and of the goodness of your heart: my husband was drawing up the petition on the national altar, and I was by his side: we have escaped the slaughter, and dare not take refuge in our own house, nor in that of any known friend, where search may be made for us.'—'I am much obliged to you,' replied I, 'for having thought of me on so lamentable an occasion, and am proud of affording a shelter to the persecuted: but you will be badly concealed here;' (I was then at the *Hotel Brittannique, Rue Guenegaud*) 'this house is much frequented, and the landlord is a great partisan of Lafayette.'—'It is only for to-night: to-morrow we will think of a retreat.'

I sent to inform the mistress of the hotel, that a kinswoman of mine having arrived at Paris at the very moment of tumult, had left her baggage at the coach-office, and would pass the night with me; and that I therefore requested her to make up a couple of field-beds in my apartment. They were accordingly spread in a parlour, and there our husbands lay, while madame Robert slept in my husband's bed, by the side of mine, in my own room. The next morning, I rose early, and hastened to

write letters, to my distant friends, to inform them of the events of the preceding evening. M. and madame Robert, whom I supposed to be very active, and as journalists, to have a much more extensive correspondence than myself, dressed themselves very cooly, sat chatting, after the breakfast I had ordered for them, and placed themselves in the balcony facing the street. They even went so far as to call up a person of their acquaintance who was passing.

This conduct appeared to me very inconsistent in people who were hiding themselves. The person, whom they had called up, entered into earnest conversation with them, concerning the events of the day before; boasted that he had run his sword through the body of a national guard; and talked very loudly, though in a room adjoining to a large anti-chamber common to my apartment and to another.

I called madam Robert.—'I received you, madam, with that interest, which justice and compassion for worthy people in danger naturally inspire; but I cannot give an asylum to all your acquaintance. You expose yourself by conversing as you do, in a house like this, with a person of so little discretion. I am in the habit of receiving members of the assembly, who might stand a chance of being brought into trouble, if seen to enter this hotel while it contains a person who boasts of having yesterday committed acts of violence. I beg you will desire him to withdraw.'—Madam Robert called her husband; I repeated my observations, in rather a higher tone, because it seemed to me that the duller personage stood in need of a stronger impression; and the man was dismissed. I learnt that his

name

name was Vachard; that he was president of a society, called the indigent club; and much praise was bestowed upon his excellent qualities, and ardent patriotism. I could not help lamenting inwardly its being necessary to set a value upon the patriotism of a person who had every appearance of what is termed a wrong-headed man, and whose heart I should not have imagined to be in the right place. I have since been informed that he was one of the hawkers of Marat's paper, that he had never learnt to read, and that he is now an administrator of the department of Paris, where he makes a very good figure among his fellows.

It was noon; and M. and madam Robert talked of going home, where every thing must needs be in confusion. I told them, that such being the case, if they would take a dinner with me before they went, I would order it at an early hour. They replied, they would rather return, and engaged themselves accordingly as they were going out of the room. Before three o'clock they made their appearance again in full dress: the wife had long plumes upon her head and plenty of rouge upon her cheeks: the husband had put on a suit of sky-blue silk, with which his black hair, hanging down his shoulders in large curls, formed a singular contrast: a long toledo by his side, added every thing to his dress, that could serve to make him remarkable.—'Why, my god!' said I to myself: 'are these people mad?' and I listened to their discourse, to satisfy myself, that their brains were not really turned. The fat and portly Robert ate wonderfully well; and his wife prattled to her heart's content. At length they took leave, nor did I ever see them, or speak of them afterwards to any body.

On our return to Paris the following winter, Robert, meeting Roland at the Jacobins, made him ſome civil reproaches, or polite complaints, on account of our having broken off all intercourſe with them; and his wife came ſeveral times to call upon me, inviting me in the moſt preſſing manner to go to her houſe, where ſhe received company twice a week, and where I ſhould be ſure to meet with meritorious members of the legiſlature. I went once, and there I found Antoine, with whoſe mediocrity I was well acquainted, a little man, well enough to put upon a toilette, and a pretty poetaſter, writing agreeably upon trifling ſubjects, but deſtitute of every thing like ſpirit or conſiſtency. There I found alſo ſeveral other members, ſworn patriots, and ſeveral women of *ardent* civiſm, who with ſome honourable members of the fraternal ſociety, completed a circle which ſuited me little, and to which I never returned.

A few months afterwards Roland was called to the adminiſtration of public affairs. Four-and-twenty hours had ſcarcely paſſed, when I ſaw madam Robert walk into my apartment.—'So, your huſband is in place: well, as patriots ought to ſerve one another, I hope you will not forget mine.'—'I ſhould be very happy, madam, to render you any ſervice; but I do not know how far it may be in my power: M. Roland, however, will no doubt attend to the intereſt of the public by employing perſons of capacity. In four days time, madam Robert returned to pay me a morning viſit; and, in a few days after, another, always inſiſting upon the neceſſity of giving her huſband an appointment, and upon his being entitled to one by virtue of his patriotiſm. I informed madam Robert,

Robert, that the miniſter of the home-department had no kind of places in his gift, except thoſe in his own office, which were all filled: that, notwithſtanding the advantages which might accrue from changing ſome of his agents, it behoved a prudent man to ſtudy things and perſons, previous to alterations, leſt the progreſs of the public buſineſs ſhould be impeded; and that, from what ſhe had ſaid herſelf, it did not ſeem likely her huſband would accept a clerk's place.——'Certainly Robert is qualified for ſomething better.'—'In that caſe, the miniſter of the home-department can do nothing to ſerve you.'—'But he can ſpeak to the miniſter of foreign affairs, and get ſome miſſion for Robert.'—'I believe that it is contrary to the ſtrictneſs of M. Roland's principles to ſolicit any thing, or to interfere in the departments of his colleagues: but as you probably mean nothing more than the bearing witneſs to your huſband's civiſm, I will mention it to mine.'

Madame Robert laid cloſe ſiege to Dumouriez and Briſſot: and three weeks after, returned to tell me, that the former had given her a promiſe, which ſhe begged me to remind him of, whenever he might chance to come in my way.

In the courſe of that week he came to dine with me, Briſſot and ſeveral other perſons being preſent.—'Have you not promiſed a certain very preſſing lady,' ſaid I to Dumouriez, 'to give her huſband a place? She has requeſted me to remind you of it; and ſo great is her ſolicitude, that I ſhall not be ſorry to be able to quiet her with reſpect to myſelf, by telling her, that I have done what ſhe deſired.'—'Is it

not Robert you mean?' asked Brissot immediately. —'It is.'—'Aye!' resumed he, addressing himself to Dumouriez, with his usual simplicity: 'you ought to give that man an appointment. He is a sincere friend of the revolution, a strenuous patriot, and not very easy in his circumstances: the reign of liberty ought to be beneficial to its friends.'—'What?' said Dumouriez, interrupting him, with great good-humour and vivacity, 'are you speaking of that little black-headed man, as broad as he is long? I have no inclination, faith, to disgrace myself; and should be sorry to send such a blockhead any where.'——'But,' replied Brissot, 'in the number of agents you have occasion to employ, all do not require equal capacity.'—'Pray, are you well acquainted with this Robert?' said Dumouriez.—'I am very well acquainted with Keralio, his wife's father, a man of infinite respectability, and at his house I have seen Robert. I know he is accused of a few follies; but I believe him to be an honest man, possessed of an excellent heart, actuated by the true spirit of patriotism, and standing in need of employment.'—'I employ no such madmen.'—'But you promised his wife?'—'Certainly: an inferior place, with a salary of a thousand crowns; which he refused. Do you know what she asks? the embassy to Constantinople.'—'The embassy to Constantinope!' exclaimed Brissot, with a laugh: 'impossible!'—'It is fact, however.'—'I have nothing more to say.'—'Nor I,' added Dumouriez: 'except, that I will order that hogshead to be rolled into the street, the next time he comes, and shut my door in his wife's face.'

Madame Robert returned once more to the charge.

I wished

I wiſhed much to get rid of her without coming to a quarrel, and could find but one way that was conſiſtent with my natural frankneſs. As ſhe complained bitterly of Dumouriez, on account of his tardineſs, I told her I had ſpoken to him; and that I thought it incumbent on me to let her know ſhe had enemies, who propagated ill reports concerning her; that I would adviſe her to trace them to their ſource, and deſtroy them, in order that a man in a public capacity might not expoſe himſelf to the detraction of the malevolent, by employing a perſon who was the object of unfavourable prejudices; and that for the above purpoſe nothing was wanting but an explanation, which I exhorted her to give. Madame Robert repaired to Briſſot, who ingenuouſly told her, that ſhe had been guilty of great folly in aſking for an embaſſy, and that people with ſuch ill-founded pretenſions might expect, in the end, to get nothing at all.

We ſaw her no more: but her huſband wrote a pamphlet againſt Briſſot, to denounce him as a diſtributor of places, and a deceiver, who had promiſed him the embaſſy to Conſtantinople, and then forfeited his word. He entered into the club of Cordeliers, courted an acquaintance with Danton, ſubmitted to be his clerk when the latter became miniſter on the 10th of Auguſt, was puſhed by him into the electoral body, and into the deputation from Paris to the convention, paid his debts, lived expenſively, gave entertainments to d'Orleans, and a thouſand others, is now rich, calumniates Roland, and ſlanders his wife. All this is eaſily conceivable: he follows his trade, and earns his ſalary.

Champfort and Carra.

Champfort, a man of letters, living in the fashionable world, familiar with the great people of the old government, and connected with men of talents who have made a figure in the revolution, is acquainted with the court and the city, with characters and intrigues, with politics and mankind, still better than with the age in which he lives.

Champfort partook of that extreme confidence, with which I have always reproached the philosophers who have acted a part in the new order of things. He could not believe in the ascendancy of a few wrong-headed fellows, nor in the confusion they would find means to create.—'You carry things to an extreme,' he would say to me sometimes: 'because, placed in the centre of movement, you suppose its sphere of action extensive. It appears to you to be violent; and you therefore consider it as formidable. These fellows will ruin themselves by their own intemperance: they will never be able to extinguish the light of eighteen centuries.'—*These fellows* rule however; and Champfort is now a prisoner, with all those who will not idolize their power.

A great stock of wit, a tolerable portion of morality, the graces of good breeding, the acquirements of literature, and the philosophy of a sound and cultivated understanding, rendered Champfort's conversation equally solid and entertaining. At first I thought he talked too much; and I accused him of that exuberance of speech, and that sort of preponderance, which our men of letters very commonly assume. I liked him better in a select

society

ſociety of five or ſix perſons, than in a mixed company of fifteen or twenty, of which I had to do the honours. But after all, I could not help forgiving him for ſpeaking more than any body elſe, becauſe he afforded me more amuſement: he abounds in thoſe happy ſallies, which produce the rare effect of making you laugh and think at the ſame time.—'Do you believe Champfort to be a thoroughly ſincere patriot?' ſaid, one day, a man of more than Spartan auſterity.—'Let us not miſunderſtand one another,' replied I. 'Champfort's views are good, and his judgment excellent: he has a ſound underſtanding, and is never wrong as to principles: he acknowledges and reveres thoſe of public freedom, and human happineſs, nor will he betray them. But would he ſacrifice to them his peace, his enjoyments, and his life? That, indeed, is quite a different queſtion; on which, I believe, he would take time to deliberate.'—'It is plain then that he is not a virtuous man.'—'Why he is virtuous, as Ninna was chaſte: and amidſt the corruption which preys on our vitals, it would be lucky for us if we had many ſuch virtuous men.'—Our hypocrites and enthuſiaſts could never be brought to underſtand that men ſhould be employed according to the compound ratio of their talents and civiſm, ſo that they ſhould be intereſted in employing the former to the advantage of the latter. I have ſeen Servan in a rage on finding excellent engineers, whom he had employed in the camp near Paris, diſmiſſed, under pretence of their not being ardent republicans, while ſturdy patriots, ſo completely ignorant as not to know how to draw a line, were put in their place.—'I would not ſend for them,' ſaid he very juſtly, 'to give their opinions on a form of go-

vernment: but I am convinced they will ſerve *him* well who knows how to employ them. We are in want of *redoubts*, and not of *motions*.'—That was being too rational: it was talking like the *faction of ſtateſmen*; and thus it was, men of intellect acquired the title of *conſpirators*.

When Roland was recalled to the miniſtry on the 10th of Auguſt, it was neceſſary to change the director of the national library. That place was held by one *d'Ormeſſon*, whoſe name gave umbrage to the new government, and whoſe mediocrity left no room for regret. The miniſter of the home department thought of dividing the duties of librarian between two perſons; of reducing the ſalary from twelve thouſand livres [£.500] a year to eight [333l. 6s. 8d.]; and of making it a rule to have the library open every day; ſo that the public would be a gainer, on the ſcore of inſtruction; the nation, on that of œconomy; and the government, by the employment of two uſeful men. In the choice of perſons, he fixed on Champfort, who, as a man of letters and a philoſopher, had openly declared for the revolution; and on Carra, already employed in the library, whoſe extreme zeal, if not his talents, ſeemed to entitle him to that reward. He had never ſeen either of them, and was determined ſolely by thoſe conſiderations, to which was ſuperadded, the neceſſity of making a choice agreeable to the public. I received the viſits of both of them, in conſequence of their appointment, and their neceſſary intercourſe with the miniſter of the home department; and I ſhould have continued to ſee Champfort with pleaſure, if circumſtances had not kept us at a diſtance from each other.

Carra,

Carra, when he became a deputy, appeared to me a very good kind of man, with a very indifferent head. It is impoſſible to be more enthuſiaſtic in favour of the revolution, liberty, and a commonwealth; or a worſe judge of men and things. Giving way entirely to his imagination; making his calculations accordingly, inſtead of grounding them upon facts; arranging in his mind the intereſts of foreign powers in the way that beſt ſuited our ſucceſs; and ſeeing every thing in the moſt flattering point of view, he talked of his country's happineſs, and the emancipation of all Europe, with inexpreſſible complacency. It cannot be denied, that he contributed greatly to our political commotions, and to the inſurrections of which the object was the overthrow of tyranny. His *Annals* ſucceeded wonderfully with the populace, by means of a certain prophetic ſtyle, which always has weight with the vulgar. When we behold ſuch a man brought to trial, as a traitor to the republic, we are tempted to aſk, whether Robeſpierre be not doing the work of Auſtria. But it is evident, that he is labouring for himſelf; and that, in his inſatiate ambition to paſs for the ſole deliverer of France, he would wiſh to annihilate all thoſe who have gained any thing like fame or reputation in the ſervice of their country.

Dorat-Cubieres

Is a name I had ſo often ſeen in the *Almanac of the Muſes*, and other compilations of equal importance, that

I could not help laughing, when I found it connected with the title of secretary-register of the municipality. It seemed an absurdity; and so indeed it was. Cubières, faithful to that double character of insolence and baseness, which his forbidding countenance wears in a supreme degree, preaches sans-culotism as he hailed the graces, writes verses upon Marat as he did upon Iris, and sanguinary, as he was before apparently amorous, without feeling any impulse of the passions, he prostrates himself humbly before the idol of the day, be it Venus or be it Tantalus. Provided he creep through life, and get bread, what can it signify how; yesterday it was by writing "a sonnet to his mistress's eye-brow," to-day it is by copying a report, or signing an order of police.

Getting, somehow or other, admission into my house, when my husband was minister, I knew him only as a wit, and had an opportunity of shewing him some little civility. He dined with me twice: the first time I thought him odd, the second, insupportable: an insipid sycophant, a fulsome flatterer, stupidly conceited, and meanly polite; he is more at variance with good sense and reason than any other being I ever saw. I soon felt the necessity of giving to my open manner that air of solemnity which lets a person, of whom we wish to get rid, know what he has to do. Cubières took the hint; but some time after he wrote to me notwithstanding, to beg permission to introduce a prince, who was desirous of being admitted to my acquaintance. He dwelt on the title of prince in a manner truly laughable; and added the most disgusting praises of my person. I answered as I usually do when I wish to call people to order without putting them in a passion, and to make a jest

jeſt of them without giving them a right to complain. As to the prince, and his introduction, I contented myſelf with obſerving, that, in the retired life I led, a ſtranger to every thing that might be termed a circle, and avoiding company as much as poſſible, I made it a rule to receive only ſuch perſons as buſineſs, or long habits of friendſhip, made my huſband wiſh to ſee now and then at his table. Cubières ſent me in return excuſes as tedious as his eulogium, and requeſted a ſingle moment to explain himſelf at my feet. I made him no anſwer, nor did I ever throw away a thought upon him, till the day I was apprehended, when I perceived his ſignature to the order of the commune; for there were two: one from the committee of inſurrection of the 31ſt of May, the other from the commune. Both were ſhewn to me, leſt I ſhould object to that of the committee: and yet the latter was the only one exhibited by my guards to the keeper of the Abbey, whither I was conveyed.

The requeſt of Cubières had led me to ſuſpect ſome hidden views of intereſt, and I diverted my huſband at the time by a recital of what had paſſed. I learned afterwards, that the prince of Salm-Kirbourg, the perſon in queſtion, was then importuning the miniſters, in order to obtain from the council an indemnification of ſome ſort or other for his poſſeſſions in Alſace. Hence I concluded that I had gueſſed aright, and that the deſire of ſeeing me had ariſen ſolely from an idea that the new ſyſtem might reſemble the old, when women were prevailed upon to aſk favours of their huſbands. I gave myſelf credit for my conduct, and found in this anecdote a freſh trait of the character of Cubières. It would be

ſerving

ſerving him properly to publiſh his ſervile letters, as contraſts to his affectation of frankneſs and a love of liberty. I ſhould have poſſeſſed curious pieces of that ſort, if I had preſerved all the traſh I have received. How many relations and admirers, of whom I had never heard before, ſprang up all at once, when I became the wife of a miniſter!—As I admitted no company, they wrote to me; and I had quite enough to do to read their letters; which I anſwered briefly and politely, but with great frankneſs, in order to leave them no room to ſuppoſe that I either could or would interfere in any thing, and to convince them of the perfect inutility of paying me compliments, or calling themſelves my relations.

The moſt curious circumſtance is, that ſome of theſe people were angry, and made me very ungracious replies. I remember one M. David, who had planned ſome eſtabliſhment, in favour of which he ſolicited my intereſt. It availed me nothing to anſwer, that he would accompliſh his purpoſe by applying directly to the miniſter; that my interference could be of no uſe; and that I never employed it, as it would be ſetting myſelf up for a judge of matters quite out of my way: he conſidered my principles as abominable, and wrote to me in a very angry ſtile.

Thus in private was I perſecuted for my perſeverance in confining myſelf to my own ſphere; and in public I was aſſailed by envy, as if I had been governing the ſtate. And yet people think it very pleaſing and deſirable to fill places of eminence! No doubt the wife of a good man devoted to the ſervice of the public, who is proud of his virtues, and feels herſelf capable of ſupporting his courage, has her gratifications, and derives enjoyment from

from his glory; but theſe pleaſures are not obtained gratuitouſly, and few are the people who could pay the price they coſt, without regretting the purchaſe.

ANECDOTES.

When I was brought to the Abbey, the family of Deſilles was ſtill there; but was ſoon after removed to the Conciergerie, whence ſeveral of the perſons concerned in the conſpiracy in Brittany were conducted to the ſcaffold. Angelica Deſilles, the wife of Roland de la Fouchais, the ſimilarity of whoſe name to mine led one of my friends into ſome curious blunders in an attempt to carry me off, was one of the victims. Her ſiſters were acquitted, and ought conſequently to have enjoyed their liberty; but, as a meaſure of general ſafety, they were again taken into cuſtody, and conveyed to St. Pélagie. I found them there, and converſed with them ſeveral times. They were young, amiable, and polite women, the elder of whom, a widow of twenty-ſeven, was neither deſtitute of perſonal charms nor energy of mind; the younger was in a very precarious ſtate of health. At firſt, overwhelmed with grief, they appeared likely to ſink under it: but being both mothers of helpleſs children, to whom their exiſtence was neceſſary, they called up all their courage.

They mentioned to me repeatedly the baſe treachery of Cheſtel, a man of wit, well known at Paris, where he practiſes

practiſes phyſic, a Breton by birth, who had inſinuated himſelf into the moſt intimate confidence of their father, was acquainted with his wiſhes, and appeared to favour his ſchemes; but, connected at the ſame time with Danton, he received through his means a commiſſion from the executive power, repaired to Brittany, to pay court to his friend, took up his abode at his country houſe, received entertainments from his relations, encouraged his deſigns, and gave them freſh activity by his aſſiſtance. At the moment that appeared moſt convenient, he ſecretly informed againſt him, and ſent for perſons who were in waiting to take him into cuſtody.

Deſilles eſcaped. But all his family were apprehended; his effects were ſealed up, and a ſtrict ſearch was made in all the places which might ſerve to conceal his correſpondence, and which Cheftel had pointed out. The young women, who ſtill thought him a friend to the family, begged his advice, and implicitly followed his directions. Not knowing what to do with a purſe of two hundred louis intended for their father, they put it into his hands, ordered the beſt horſe in the ſtable to be ſaddled, and preſſed Cheftel to make his eſcape. He made a ſhew of being determined to ſhare their fate; accompanied them accordingly, but not as a priſoner; and endeavoured to perſuade the commander of the armed force, that had charge of the priſoners, to bring them by day into the great towns. 'Surely you are not in earneſt,' ſaid the officer; 'it would endanger their lives.'

They arrived at Paris. The trial commenced. The name of Cheftel was eraſed from the correſpondence, becauſe he had diſcloſed the plot; and the poor victims

then diſcovered the ſerpent they had foſtered in their boſom. Tried, acquitted, detained notwithſtanding, and deſtitute of money, the two young women recollected the purſe of gold. They confided the circumſtance to a man of courage and probity, who went to Cheſtel, and demanded the two hundred louis. Cheſtel, taken by ſurpriſe, at firſt denied the fact; but, terrified at the firmneſs of the demander, who threatened to expoſe him to the eyes of all the world, he ſtammered out a confeſſion of the receipt of half that ſum, and repaid it in aſſignats, but not till after repeated interviews.

Cheſtel, formerly phyſician to madam Elizabeth *, affiduous in purſuit of fortune, had in like manner gained the confidence of a wealthy individual, whoſe name I believe to be Paganel, or ſomething like it, and who, among other poſſeſſions, has immenſe eſtates in Limouſin. Paganel, deſirous of emigrating, to ſhelter himſelf from the ſtorms of the revolution, made a fictitious ſale of his property to Cheſtel. He ſet off, and depended upon the income, which was to be remitted to him by his faithful friend; but Cheſtel kept it for himſelf, and enjoys with Danton the pleaſures of an opulence, which both have acquired by ſimilar means.

At length repeated ſolicitations, aſſiſted, perhaps, by more prevailing arguments, procured the two ſiſters their liberty. I ſaw them depart: but I did not know their ſecret on that head. I have juſt ſeen Caſtellane, however, purchaſe his enlargement, at the price of thirty thouſand livres [£.1250], paid to Chabot. Dillon got out of the Magdelonettes in the ſame manner. Both

* The king's ſiſter. *Tranſ.*

were

were involved in the charge of a counter-revolutionary plot. This very moment, Auguſt 22, I have before my eyes a certain Mademoiſelle Briant, a kept girl, who lives at N°. 207, *Cloitre Saint-Benoit*, and whoſe keeper is a forger of aſſignats. Having been informed againſt, apparent endeavours were made to apprehend him; but a ſhower of gold poured into the hands of the adminiſtrators. The man who ſends out the armed force employed to ſeek and take him into cuſtody, knows where he is concealed; his miſtreſs is apprehended for form's ſake; the adminiſtrators, who appear to come in order to examine her, bring her accounts of her keeper; and very ſoon they will both enjoy their liberty, ſince they have wherewithal to pay for it.

Fouqier-Tainville, public accuſer to the revolutionary tribunal, notorious for his diſſolute life and impudence in drawing up articles of impeachment without cauſe, is in the habit of receiving money from the perſons accuſed. Madam Rochechouart paid him eighty thouſand livres [£.3333] for Mony the emigrant. Fouqier-Tainville pocketed the ſum; Mony was executed; and madam Rochechouart was given to underſtand that, if ſhe ſaid a word about the matter, ſhe would be inſtantly immured, never more to behold the face of day. Is it poſſible? the reader will exclaim.—Well! hear more. In the hands of a late preſident of the department of the Eure two letters exiſt, from Lacroix the deputy, formerly judge-fiſcal of Anet. One contains an engagement for five hundred thouſand livres [£.20833], to be applied to the purchaſe of national domains: the other is to withdraw the engagement, and ſtop the purchaſe, in conſequence of the decree which obliges members of the convention

vention to account for any increaſe of their fortune ſince the revolution. But this decree has been laid aſleep ſince the troubleſome twenty-two were expelled; and Lacroix poſſeſſes eſtates as well as Danton, after having pillaged in the ſame manner.

A Dutchman went lately to the commune of Paris, for a paſſport to enable him to return to his own country. It was refuſed. The Dutchman made no complaint; but, ſeeing which way the wind blew, took out his pocket-book, and laid an aſſignat of a hundred crowns upon the deſk. The language was well underſtood, and he received his paſſport.

Here Marat will be quoted to me, in whoſe houſe, at his deceaſe, according to the public papers, no more than a ſingle aſſignat of twenty-five ſols [1s. od.½] was found. What edifying poverty! Let us, however, caſt an eye upon his lodgings: it is a lady, who is going to deſcribe them. Her huſband, a member of the revolutionary tribunal, is confined in the priſon of la Force, for differing in opinion from the ruling powers; and ſhe has been ſent to St. Pélagie, as a meaſure of ſafety, it is ſaid; but probably becauſe the active ſolicitations of this little woman from the ſouth were dreaded. She is a native of Toulouſe, and poſſeſſes all the vivacity of the ardent climate under which ſhe firſt drew breath. Being ſtrongly attached to a handſome couſin, ſhe was rendered quite diſconſolate by his apprehenſion, which took place a few months ago. She had given herſelf much pains to no purpoſe, and knew not to whom to apply, when ſhe thought of trying the effect of a viſit to Marat. She aſked to ſpeak with him, and was told he was not at home: but he heard a female voice, and came out of his own

accord. He had boots on, without ſtockings, an old pair of leather breeches, and a white ſilk waiſtcoat. His dirty ſhirt, open at the boſom, exhibited his ſkin of yellow hue; while his long and dirty nails diſplayed themſelves at his fingers ends, and his horrid face accorded perfectly with his ſordid dreſs. He took the lady by the hand; led her into a parlour newly fitted up, furniſhed with blue and white damaſk, and decorated with ſilk curtains elegantly drawn up in feſtoons, with a ſplendid chandelier, and with handſome porcelain jars filled with natural flowers, then ſcarce, and of high price; ſat down by her ſide on a voluptuous ſopha; liſtened to her tale; expreſſed his concern; kiſſed her hand; ſqueezed her knees a little; and promiſed her, that her couſin ſhould be enlarged.—'I would have let him go any length he liked,' ſaid the little woman, gaily, in her ſouthern accent, 'upon condition of his reſtoring me my couſin—I ſhould only have been obliged to bathe myſelf afterwards.' That very evening Marat went to the committee, and her couſin left the Abbey on the following day. But ere four and twenty hours had paſſed, the *friend of the people* wrote to the huſband, ſending him a perſon who ſtood in need of a certain favour, which it would not have been ſafe to refuſe.

M. Dumas, a natural philoſopher by profeſſion, or rather a pedant by trade, waited upon the famous committee of public ſafety, ſome time in the month of June, in order to make ſome very important propoſals. He offered to reconnoitre the army of the rebels in la Vendée, and to give an exact account of its ſituation and numbers; circumſtances concerning which we have remained in the utmoſt ignorance, even ſince the commencement

mencement of the war. M. Dumas undertook to inſpect the whole moſt accurately, by taking a bird's eye view of it from a balloon.—'Why, indeed, it is an ingenious thought,' ſaid ſome of the profound politicians of the committee.—'Yes,' replied citizen Dumas: 'and it may be put into immediate execution. I know of a balloon, which is lying, with all its appendages, in the hotel of an emigrant; ſo that the *nation* need not be at the expence of the purchaſe.'—Bravo! He then proceeded to give the neceſſary information, which was received with tranſport, and officially forwarded to the miniſter of the home department, that he might ſend for the balloon without delay. The miniſter's people took the field, and made a forced march to the emigrant's hotel. It was an inn, and the apartment he had occupied one little room, where not a rag remained. A report was made in conſequence; the committee was diſtreſſed beyond meaſure; Dumas was clamorous; and a freſh injunction was laid upon the miniſter, requiring him to make ſtricter ſearch after the balloon. On this the miniſter held a conſultation with his principal clerk, and deciſive meaſures were reſolved upon. A letter was written to the department; the department turned the buſineſs over to the municipality; and the municipality referred it to the adminiſtrators of police. Here the matter ended with the public functionaries; and I laughed heartily at the Abbey with Champagneux, who wrote the miniſterial letter, at the charlatanry of the brazen-faced Dumas, the ſtupidity of the committee, the complaiſance of the miniſter, and the whole of this long litany of follies; but I met with the ſequel of the ſtory at St. Pélagie.

Citizen Jubert, one of the adminiſtrators of the police,

 and

and one alſo of thoſe who ſigned the contradictory orders for apprehending and ſetting me at liberty, a true ſection orator, of great corpulence, thundering voice, awkward gait, and forbidding countenance, found out a certain mademoiſelle Lallement, a fine tall girl of fifteen, kept by St. Croix, an emigrant officer, who was a dependent, if I recollect aright, of Philip d'Orleans. She was taken up, and ſent to St. Pélagie, and in her apartment were found the cover of a balloon, the net, and every thing elſe belonging to it. This was the very prize deſcribed by Dumas; but the committee had forgotten the expedient; the philoſopher had loſt all hopes of making himſelf of conſequence; the miniſter cared little about the reſult of the orders he had given; and the adminiſtrators had no objection to take poſſeſſion of a thing that was now become valuable.

The youthful Lallement's charms made an impreſſion on the heart of Jubert, who had laid his hands upon ſeveral of her effects, ſeized Sainte-Croix's portrait, and thought her a fool for pretending to be faithful to her keeper. At length imagining, that kindneſs would render her more tractable, he procured an order for her enlargement, came to fetch her in a carriage, conducted her to her lodgings, ordered a dinner, reſtored, with great reluctance, the portrait of Sainte-Croix, of which he had put out the eyes, and then laid claim to his reward. The young girl laughed at his pretenſions, as well as at his way of making love, ſhewed him the door, and repaired to the police-office, to upbraid him publicly with his attempts, and claim the other effects that had been taken away. The adventure made ſome noiſe; but Jubert's colleagues are not likely to condemn it; and it paſſed

paſſed along with a multitude of others, ſtill more diſguſting or atrocious, of which the legiſlators of the 2d of June daily ſet the example to all the conſtituted authorities.

Auguſt 22.

To-day a miſunderſtanding has broken out between the tyrants. Hebert, diſſatisfied at not being appointed miniſter, ſets his father Ducheſne * upon the ringleaders of the faction, falls foul upon the fortune-making patriots, names Lacroix, and is paving the way for an attack upon Danton. Danton, more villainous than any of them, but more circumſpect, endeavouring to keep ſome meaſure in the conduct of public affairs, is already ſtyled a *moderé:* the committee of public ſafety abhors his ſociety; the jealous Robeſpierre holds forth againſt him; and the *cordeliers* and *jacobins* are on the point of coming to a rupture. What a noble ſpectacle is preparing for us miſerable victims: the tygers are about to worry one another; and perhaps will forget us, unleſs agonizing rage impel them to exterminate us all before their own defeat.

Chabot is deſirous of tranſporting all ſuſpected perſons: of courſe the wives of *Pétion* and *Roland*, confined under that appellation, are threatened with a voyage to Cayenne. What a charming deſtination!

* The title of a daily paper replete with oath and vulgarity, of which Hebert was the author. *Tranſ.*

September 23.

Do not my ears deceive me?—What! that wretched woman who lived unknown in the very heart of the country, and who came to Paris for the ſole purpoſe of ſoliciting her daughter's enlargement, is condemned to die?—How villanous is ſuch a condemnation!

Pétion's proſcription as a royaliſt, was one of the wonders of the laſt revolution. His wife, whom the ſhafts of calumny had never reached, had retired to Fécamp, among her own relations, there to wait in ſilence and retirement for happier days; ſhe was going to ſet off for the ſea-ſide, that her ſon, a fine boy of ten years of age, and the ſole fruit of her marriage, might have the benefit of a ſalt-water bath. She was taken up, and impriſoned with her child; and both have ſince been brought to Paris, and confined at St. Pélagie. Daily examples teach the wives of the proſcribed to expect perſecution; and Pétion's has ſufficient ſtrength of mind to ſupport her own misfortunes without murmuring; but the ſituation of her ſon afflicts her, as equally detrimental to his health and education. She was deſirous of trying the effect of ſolicitations; but how could ſhe render them intereſting? How was audience to be obtained?—She wrote to her mother, who lived at Chartres, requeſting her to urge her prayer in ſuch a way as became the feelings of the maternal mind. Her mother came; repaired to the bar of the convention; preſented her petition with a flood of tears; was referred to the committee; and waited upon all the members who compoſed it. Some of them ſeemed to give her hope, but from the greater number ſhe experienced a very unfavourable reception. The inutility of her ſolicitations becoming evident, ſhe reſolved

reſolved to depart, and repaired to her ſection, to get her paſſport ſigned. There ſhe was denounced and taken into cuſtody. She was then carried before the mayor: a man who reſided in the hotel where ſhe had taken up her abode, ſwore to her having ſaid that the French ſtood in need of a king: two hired witneſſes, natives of Liege, and deſerters, gave the like teſtimony; ſhe was condemned to loſe her head, and is now on her way to the ſcaffold.

I ſaw the unfortunate woman ſeveral times, when ſhe came to keep her daughter company. Madam Lefevre was in her fifty-ſeventh year: ſhe had been handſome, and her features ſtill retained ſome traces of their former regularity: ſhe had alſo preſerved an eaſy ſhape, and a beautiful head of hair. As the deſire of pleaſing had occupied the greater part of her life, but had not led her to acquire any accompliſhment, there was nothing about her, but the remains of her former pretenſions, and no ſmall ſhare of ſelf-love, which was perceptible on every occaſion. She had no political opinion: indeed ſhe was incapable of forming one, for ſhe could not reaſon two minutes together on any ſubject whatever. It is poſſible, that, in a converſation excited by ill-deſigning people, ſhe may have ſaid, that ſhe did not care whether there were a king or not, provided there were but peace; or words of a like kind may have been laid hold of, in order to bring her to trial. But who does not perceive in this falſe and atrocious application of the law, an intention to miſlead the people, by making them ſuppoſe the family of Pétion royaliſts, and the perſecution it ſuffers conſequently juſt?

Dreadful days of the reign of Tiberius, we not only ſee your horrors revived, but multiplied in proportion to the number of our tyrants and their favourites! This wretched people, whoſe morals are deſtroyed and whoſe inſtinct is perverted, thirſts after blood; and every thing except juſtice, is employed to ſatisfy its demand. I have ſeen in the priſons, during the four months that I have been their inhabitant, malefactors purpoſely forgotten; and yet what haſte is made to inflict the penalty of death on madam Lefevre, not becauſe ſhe has committed any crime, but becauſe ſhe is guilty of having for her ſon-in-law, the worthy Pétion, whom the tyrants deteſt!

I can conceive nothing more ridiculous than the knaviſh impudence with which the advantages of a conſtitution decreed with equal zeal and rapidity are extolled. But did not the very people, who produced it, decree immediately after, that France was, and remained, in a ſtate of revolution? and may not the conſtitution be conſidered as abortive, ſince no part of it is put in force? What benefit then do we derive from it? It is a dead letter, which ſerves only to atteſt the impudence of thoſe, who wiſh to make a merit of it, without caring whether we taſte the ſweets of it or no.

The multitude who accepted it without examination, merely through weakneſs and indolence, from the hope of ſeeing peace, which they would not take the pains to deſerve, are well rewarded for their apathy. Unfortunately it is with nations and their affairs, as with individuals and their undertakings: the folly and fears of the many lead to the triumph of villany, and to the

the ruin of good men. Poſterity will put every one in his place; but it is in the temple of memory. Themiſtocles died nevertheleſs in exile, Socrates in priſon, and Sylla in his bed.

September 26.

The decree, that orders the act of impeachment againſt Briſſot to be preſented to-morrow, was paſſed in the ſame ſitting, in which it was propoſed to ſhorten the forms of trial before the revolutionary court, and in which the four ſections of that tribunal were organiſed: ſo that the means of proceeding to judgment are multiplied, ſentence is enjoined to be paſſed more ſpeedily, and the defence of the accuſed is circumſcribed, at the very moment, when it is reſolved to deſtroy Briſſot, and the reſt of the impriſoned deputies, that is to ſay, thoſe men of talents, who might otherwiſe have confounded their accuſers.

Four months have paſſed, without its having been poſſible to fabricate that act of accuſation, the drawing up of which has been decreed ſeveral times over in vain. An increaſe of power, and the univerſal ſway of terror, were neceſſary, to enable our tyrants to ſacrifice the founders of liberty. But after the arbitrary impriſonment of a fourth part of France, under the appellation of *ſuſpected* perſons, has been reſolved upon; after a ſilly people has been inſpired with ſuch a furious fanaticiſm that it demoliſhes Lyons, as if the ſecond city in the republic belonged to the emperor, and as if thoſe whom it thinks proper to call *muſcadines* were wild beaſts; after an iron ſceptre, held over all

France, has eſtabliſhed the reign of guilt and fear; after a law has been enacted, by virtue of which thoſe who are accuſed, are bound to anſwer ſimply *yes*, or *no*, without making any ſpeech in their defence; then indeed they may venture to ſend to execution thoſe guiltleſs victims, whoſe eloquence was ſtill dreaded, ſo formidable does the voice of Truth appear even to thoſe, who are powerful enough, to refuſe it a hearing.

What care is taken to ſtifle it! But hiſtory ſtands there, and holds a graver in her hand, preparing in ſilence to take a tardy vengeance for the fate of the imitators of Barnevelt and Sidney.

October 4.

I AM reading a daily paper, and there I ſee that Robeſpierre accuſes *Roland* and *Briſſot* of having ſpoken ill of *d'Aubigny*, who ſtole 100,000 livres [£4167] at the Tuileries on the tenth of Auguſt, againſt whom a proſecution was meant to be ſet on foot, and whoſe wife in his abſence brought the 100,000l. to the commune. I ſee that Robeſpierre aſſerts that Roland appointed Reſtout to the ſuperintendance of the jewel-office, in order to pave the way for its being robbed; while in fact it was Pache, who, upon refuſing the place when offered to him by Roland, recommended Reſtout as a proper perſon to fill it. It is a fact alſo, that the hall of the convention reſounded with Roland's complaints againſt the commander of the national guard, for neglecting to poſt ſentries at the jewel-office, notwithſtanding the repeated injunctions of the miniſter of the home department.

That

That Robeſpierre, whom once I thought an honeſt man, is a very atrocious being. How he lies to his own conſcience! How he delights in blood!

Infirmary of St. Pèlagie. October 23.

WITHIN theſe ſolitary walls, where oppreſſed innocence has now dwelt near five months with ſilent reſignation, a ſtranger appears.—It is a phyſician, brought by my keepers for their own tranquillity; for to the ills of nature, as to the injuſtice of man, I neither can nor will oppoſe aught but calmneſs and fortitude. When he heard my name, he ſaid he was the friend of a man, whom perhaps I did not like.—'How can you know that, and who is the perſon you mean?'—'Robeſpierre.'—'Robeſpierre! I once knew him well, and eſteemed him much: I thought him a ſincere and zealous friend of freedom.'—'Why, is he not ſo?'—'I am afraid that he loves power: perhaps from an idea, that he knows how to do good as well as any man, and deſires it no leſs. I am afraid that he is very fond of revenge, and inclined to exerciſe it particularly upon thoſe whom he conſiders as blind to his merit. I believe that he is very ſuſceptible of prejudices; that his reſentment is eaſily excited; and that he is too ready to think every one guilty, who does not ſubſcribe to all his opinions.—You never ſaw him above once or twice in your life!—I have ſeen him much oftener!—Aſk him: let him lay his hand upon his heart; and you will ſee whether he have it in his power to ſay any thing to my diſadvantage.'

Robeſpierre, if I deceive myſelf, I put it in your power

power to convince me of my error. It is to yourſelf that I repeat what I have ſaid of you, and it is to your friend that I mean to deliver this letter, which my keepers will perhaps ſuffer to paſs, for the ſake of the perſon to whom it is addreſſed.

I write not to entreat you, as you may well ſuppoſe. I never yet entreated any one: and moſt aſſuredly I ſhall not begin to do ſo from a priſon, while writing to a man who has me in his power. Prayers become the guilty, or the ſlave: innocence vindicates herſelf, which is quite ſufficient; or complains, as ſhe has a right to do, when the object of perſecution. But even complaints accord not with my diſpoſition; I can ſuffer, and dare look any ſhape of misfortune in the face. Beſides I know that, at the birth of republics, revolutions, which are almoſt inevitable, and which give too great ſcope to the paſſions of mankind, frequently expoſe thoſe who ſerve their country beſt to become the victims of their own zeal, and of the deluſion of their countrymen. They will have a good conſcience for their conſolation, and hiſtory for their avenger.

But by what ſtrange chance is a woman like me, incapable of any thing but wiſhes, expoſed to thoſe ſtorms, which generally burſt upon the heads of none but efficient individuals? And what is the fate that I have to expect? Theſe are two queſtions, which I beg you to reſolve.

I deem them of ſmall importance either in themſelves, or as far as my individual perſon is concerned; for what is a ſingle emmet more or leſs, cruſhed by the foot of the elephant, in the general ſyſtem of the world?

But

But they are of infinite intereſt in regard to the preſent liberty and future happineſs of my country. For if its declared enemies, and its acknowledged friends and defenders be indiſcriminately confounded; if the faithful citizen and generous patriot be treated in the ſame manner as the man of a corrupt and ſelfiſh ſoul, or the perfidious ariſtocrate; if the woman of virtue and ſenſibility, who is proud of the freedom of her country, and, who in her humble retirement, or in any other ſituation, makes every poſſible ſacrifice to its welfare, find herſelf aſſociated in puniſhment with the vain or haughty female, who curſes equality; ſurely juſtice and freedom do not yet reign, and future happineſs is doubtful.

I ſpeak not here of my venerable huſband. A report ought to have been made of his accounts, when he firſt gave them in: inſtead of refuſing him juſtice at firſt, in order to retain the power of accuſing him when calumny ſhould have deprived him of the public eſteem. Robeſpierre, I defy you not to believe, that Roland is an honeſt man. You may be of opinion, that he does not think juſtly, with reſpect to this or that meaſure: but your conſcience muſt ſecretly do juſtice to his integrity and civiſm: he needs to be ſeen little, to be thoroughly known: his book is always open, and is intelligible to every one. He has the ruggedneſs of virtue, as Cato had its aſperity; and has made by the harſhneſs of his manner as many enemies as by his inflexible equity: but theſe inequalities of ſurface diſappear at a diſtance, and the great qualities of the public man will remain for ever. It has been reported, that he fanned the flames of civil war at Lyons: and this

pretext

pretext has been brought forward as a reaſon for my apprehenſion! The ſuppoſition was not more juſt than the conſequence. Diſguſted with public affairs, irritated by perſecution, tired of the world, fatigued by his toils, and bending beneath the weight of years, what could he do but conceal his ſorrows in an obſcure retirement, and ſave the unworthy age in which he lives from the commiſſion of a crime?

—He has corrupted the public mind, and I am his accomplice!—This is the moſt curious of all reproaches, of all imputations the moſt abſurd. You cannot wiſh me, Robeſpierre, to take the trouble of refuting them here: the taſk would be too eaſy, eſpecially as you cannot be one of the well meaning people, who believe a ſtory becauſe it is in print, or becauſe they have heard it related. My pretended implication in the guilt would be truly laughable, were not the whole rendered atrocious by the miſty medium through which it is preſented to the people, who, being able to perceive nothing diſtinctly, figure to their imagination a thouſand monſtrous forms. Great muſt be the inclination to injure me of thoſe, who include me in this malicious and premeditated manner, in an accuſation ſtrongly reſembling the charge of high treaſon, ſo often brought forward under the reign of Tiberius, againſt every one who was deſtined to deſtruction, though guilty of no crime. Whence, then, does this animoſity ariſe? It is what I cannot conceive: I, who never injured any one, and who am even incapable of wiſhing evil in return for the injuries I receive.

Brought up in retirement; devoted from my youth to thoſe

thoſe ſerious ſtudies, which have given ſome degree of energy to my mind; bleſt with a taſte for ſimple pleaſures which no change of circumſtances has been able to pervert; an enthuſiaſtic admirer of the revolution, and giving way to the energy of the generous ſentiments it inſpires; kept a ſtranger to public affairs by principle as well as by my ſex, but converſing about them with warmth, becauſe the public weal takes the lead of all other concerns as ſoon as it exiſts; I regarded the firſt calumnies invented againſt me as contemptible follies; I deemed them the neceſſary tribute levied by envy upon a ſituation, which the vulgar had ſtill the imbecility to conſider as exalted, and to which I would have preferred the peaceful ſtate, in which I had ſpent ſo many happy days.

Theſe calumnies, however, have increaſed with effrontery proportionate to my calmneſs and ſecurity: I have been dragged to priſon, and have remained there near five months; torn from the embraces of my helpleſs daughter, who can no longer recline her head on that boſom whence ſhe drew her firſt nouriſhment; far removed from every thing dear to me; cut off from all communication with the world; the but of all the rancorous abuſe of a deluded populace, who believe that my death would be conducive to their happineſs; hearing the guards, who watch under my grated window, diverting themſelves with the idea of my puniſhment; and reading the offenſive reproaches caſt upon me by writers, who never ſaw my face, any more than the other perſons of whoſe hatred I am the object.

I have wearied no one with my remonſtrances; I have

have hoped for juſtice, and an end to prejudice, from the hand of time; wanting many things, I have aſked for nothing: I have made up my mind to misfortune, proud of trying my ſtrength with her, and with trampling her under my feet. My neceſſities becoming urgent, and afraid of bringing trouble upon thoſe to whom I might have addreſſed myſelf, I wiſhed to ſell the empty bottles in my cellar, which had not been ſealed up, becauſe it contained nothing of greater value. Immediately the whole town was in an uproar! The houſe was ſurrounded; the proprietor was taken into cuſtody; the guards were doubled; and perhaps I have reaſon to fear for the liberty of a poor ſervant, who is guilty of no crime but that of having ſerved me for the laſt thirteen years with affection, becauſe I took care to render her life comfortable. So much does the people, miſled with regard to me, and deluded by harangues againſt conſpirators, think me deſerving of that name.

It is not, Robeſpierre, to excite your compaſſion, which I am above aſking, and which I ſhould perhaps deem an inſult, that I preſent you with a picture far leſs melancholy than the truth: it is for your inſtruction.

Fortune is fickle; and popular favour is not leſs liable to change. Contemplate the fate of thoſe, who have agitated, pleaſed, or governed the people, from Viſcellinus to Cæſar, and from Hippo, the haranguemaker of Syracuſe, to our Pariſian orators. Juſtice and truth alone remain, and are a conſolation in every misfortune, even in the hour of death itſelf; while nothing can afford a ſhelter from ſtrokes of conſcience and

and remorſe. Marius and Sylla proſcribed thouſands of knights, a great number of ſenators, and a multitude of wretched men. But could they ſtifle the voice of hiſtory, which has devoted their memories to execration? or was content an inmate of their minds?

Whatever be the fate reſerved for me, I will find courage to undergo it in a manner worthy of myſelf; or to anticipate the ſtroke, as may ſuit me beſt. After the honours of perſecution, do thoſe of martyrdom await me? am I deſtined to languiſh in protracted captivity, expoſed to the firſt cataſtrophe, that it may be judged requiſite to bring about? or am I to be ſentenced to tranſportation as it is called, in order to experience, when a few leagues out at ſea, that trifling negligence on the part of the captain, which rids him of the trouble of his living cargo, and enriches the waves? Speak! it is ſomething to know our fate, and a ſoul like mine is capable of looking it in the face.

If you wiſh to be juſt, and attend to what I write, my letter will not be uſeleſs to you, and in that caſe it may poſſibly be of ſervice to my country. But be it as it may, Robeſpierre, I know, and you cannot help feeling, that a perſon, who has known me, cannot perſecute me without remorſe.

ROLAND, formerly *Phlipon.*

Note. The idea of this letter, the care of compoſing, and the intention of ſending it, held their place in my

my mind for four-and-twenty hours: but what effect can my reflections have on a man, who ſacrifices colleagues, of whoſe integrity he is well aſſured?

If my letter were to do no ſervice, it would be ill-timed. It would only embroil me to no purpoſe with a tyrant, who may ſacrifice, but cannot debaſe me. It ſhall not go.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

AN

APPEAL

TO

IMPARTIAL POSTERITY.

PART II.

ADVERTISEMENT

FROM THE EDITOR.

ROYALISM and Terroriſm endeavour to excite doubts in the public mind concerning the authenticity of theſe writings. Both wiſh to ſuſpend their ſale: the former with the intention of favouring a counter-revolution, by aſperſing a miniſter, whoſe firm and wiſe adminiſtration proved that France might be happy under a republican form of government; the latter, that they may not be held up to public view as the real authors of our preſent ſituation, and with the hope of being able to diminiſh the horror with which their crimes muſt neceſſarily inſpire all thoſe to whom they ſhall be faithfully narrated.

I requeſt all good citizens, whoſe faith may have been ſtaggered by their inſinuations, to conſider, firſt, that nobody but Madame Roland could detail an infinite number of circumſtances, with which ſhe alone could be acquainted; ſecondly, that every writer has his appropriate ſtyle, and that the manner of Madame Roland is ſufficiently original to prevent its being eaſily confounded with that of another; in the third place, that my ſignature certifies the truth, and that all who pleaſe may come to my houſe and convince themſelves, that the whole of the manuſcript is in the hand-writing of my unfortunate friend.

BOSC.

Paris, 4th Floreal, 3d year of the Republic.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE firſt thirty-two pages of this ſecond part, relating to Roland's firſt adminiſtration, conſiſt in a great meaſure of matter that has already been preſented to the reader in another ſhape, having been written by Madame Roland when ſhe ſuppoſed the *Hiſtorical Memoirs* entirely deſtroyed. The French editor did not, however, think proper to ſuppreſs it; and his example has been followed in the tranſlation, becauſe it contains, beſides many brilliant paſſages that are not in the preceding part of the work, a ſketch of the character of Lewis XVI, an account of his deceptious conduct with his miniſters, a judgment on our countrymen, Mr. Thomas Paine and Mr. David Williams, and ſeveral other characters, delineated in a forcible and maſterly manner.

ROLAND'S

FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

How came Louis XVI. to ſelect for the adminiſtration of public affairs a man like Roland, to whom, as an auſtere philoſopher, and a laborious ſtudent, retirement was doubly dear? This will be a queſtion with many people, and it would be one with me, were I any other than what I am. I am going to anſwer it by facts.

Reſident at Lyons, during the winter, and belonging to the ſcientific and literary academies of that city, Roland was employed by the agricultural ſociety to draw up its memoirs for the information of the States General. His principles, and his turn of mind, made him naturally look forward with pleaſure to a revolution which promiſed the reform of ſo many abuſes. The publicity of theſe ſentiments and his well known talents procured him his admiſſion into the electoral body upon the firſt formation of the commune, and his ſubſequent inveſtment with the adminiſtration of the finances of the city, which was deeply involved in debt. Being ſent as a deputy extraordinary to the conſtituent aſſembly, he connected himſelf at Paris with ſeveral of its members, and

with ſome of the perſons who devoted themſelves to the ſtudy of public affairs. He returned home, however, when the ſuppreſſion of his place of inſpector, by changing his deſtiny, obliged him to reflect on the courſe it would become him in future to purſue. The queſtion was, whether he ſhould retire altogether to his eſtate in the country, and employ himſelf in its cultivation; or whether, continuing his literary labours, he ſhould make a journey to Paris, with the double view of collecting materials for that purpoſe, and of enforcing his claims to a penſion, as a reward for thirty years ſervice in his adminiſtrative employ. The latter meaſure was adopted, becauſe it would not prevent his recurring to the other, whenever he ſhould deem it adviſable ſo to do. We returned, then, to Paris on the 15th of December, 1791; but the affairs of the nation at large did not permit us to hope, that the legiſlative aſſembly, which had juſt met, would be ſoon at leiſure to attend to the concerns of a private individual. Roland, intimate with Briſſot, became acquainted with ſeveral of his colleagues in the legiſlative body; and not unfrequently went to the ſociety of Jacobins, with old friends ſettled at Paris, who like him were delighted with a revolution which they eſteemed friendly to liberty, who thought that the ſociety had already been uſeful, and might ſtill help to ſupport a good cauſe.

Roland, content with being a peaceful auditor, never aſcended the tribune to ſpeak. He was known however, not indeed to the illiterate, who had as yet gained no aſcendance, but to many others; and was appointed one of the committee of correſpondence. This committee, of which the functions are indicated by the name,

was

was compoſed of a conſiderable number of members, but only a few were actively employed. Roland often came home with a conſiderable packet of letters to anſwer: for though the buſineſs was divided into departments, and particular ones aſſigned to particular members, it became nevertheleſs a matter of neceſſity for the more diligent to take upon themſelves the duty of the reſt, that no part of the correſpondence might remain in arrears.—I read thoſe letters, and often undertook to anſwer them, epiſtolary writing having ever appeared to me ſingularly eaſy and agreeable, becauſe it adapts itſelf to every ſubject, and to every ſtyle alike, giving to diſcuſſion the moſt pleaſing form, and to reaſon all the ſcope it can deſire.—I remarked in moſt of the letters from the departments, a ſtyle exalted and emphatical, ſentiments tinctured with bombaſt, and conſequently with affectation, and in general a deſire of the public good, or the ambition of appearing an ardent patriot. I conſidered that the parent ſociety might exert its influence in diſſeminating good principles, taking care always to confine itſelf to the inſtruction of the people, and to the communication of ſentiments calculated to ſtrengthen the ſocial tye, and conſequently to inſpire the true love of our country, which ought to be only that of human kind, carried to the higheſt pitch in regard to thoſe who live under the ſame laws with ourſelves, and exalted by a diſregard of ſelf-intereſt in the unfrequent, but ſometimes urgent, caſes, which require the greateſt ſacrifices. Perſuaded that a revolution is no better than a terrible, and deſtructive ſtorm, if the improvement of the public mind do not keep pace with the progreſſion of events; and ſenſible of the good

that might be done by taking hold of men's imaginations, and giving them an impulſion towards virtue, I employed myſelf with pleaſure in the correſpondence. The committee gave Roland credit for his induſtry; nor indeed was he idle; but the work of two expeditious perſons muſt neceſſarily have been great in the eyes of thoſe, to whom the labours of either would have appeared conſiderable.

A few members of the aſſembly uſed to meet frequently in private, at a houſe in the Place Vendôme, where one of them lodged, and where a worthy and opulent woman had it in her power, without putting herſelf to inconvenience, to lend them an apartment, of which they were to make uſe, even in her abſence. Roland, who was eſteemed for his good ſenſe and integrity, was invited to join them; but he ſeldom went, on account of the diſtance. As to me, I lived at home according to cuſtom; I was not in health, and kept little company.

The ſituation of affairs, and the diſcontent of the public mind, alarmed the court. The miniſters ſoon became the objects of public animadverſion, and indeed their whole proceeding only tended to undermine a conſtitution which the king had ſworn to contrary to his inclination, and which he did not mean to maintain. The court, uneaſy and perplexed, in the midſt of the frequent changes and agitation of the miniſtry, knew not on whom to fix its choice. But there were people who declared openly, that if Louis XVI. were ſincere, he would take men of undoubted patriotiſm for his agents. At length, impelled by weakneſs or by fear, the court came to a deciſion, but it was with the hope of corrupting,

rupting, or if that hope failed, with the intention of dismissing, the ministers it should appoint. The court then shewed itself inclined to make choice among those called patriots; and at that time the term had not been abused. How was this brought about? I never knew, nor did I ever enquire, because it appeared to me, that in that, as in all other cases, the idea was first started by some few individuals, propagated by others, and at last taken up and acted upon by people in power. By reflecting minds it was considered as important, to direct the attention of the court towards men of abilities, and of respectable character; for it was possible that it might take a malicious pleasure in selecting hot-headed Jacobins, whose extravagance might justify complaint, and serve to bring patriotism into contempt. I know not who first mentioned Roland, in the committee at the *Place Vendôme*, as one of those who ought not to be overlooked. The name of Roland was necessarily associated with the idea of a well informed man, who had written upon the subject of administration, who was not destitute of experience in that line, who was besides in possession of a fair reputation, and whose age, manners, and decided character, joined to the principles he had openly professed, even before the revolution, bespoke him a worthy partizan of liberty, in every point of view.—The king himself was no stranger to the above considerations, or at least to the facts upon which they were founded, as I shall hereafter have occasion to shew. Those ideas arose so naturally out of the circumstances of the moment, that they were communicated to us only three days before the formation of the new ministry.—Brissot called upon me one even-

ing when I was alone, and informed me of the probability of Roland's elevation. I ſmiled, and aſked him the meaning of his pleaſantry. But he aſſured me it was no joke, related to me the particulars I have juſt mentioned, and added, that he was come to know whether Roland would conſent to take upon him ſuch a taſk. I promiſed to conſult him, and make known his reſolution on the following day. Roland was as much aſtoniſhed at the event as myſelf: but his natural activity rendered him by no means averſe to a multiplicity of buſineſs, and he ſaid to me with a ſmile, he had always ſeen people in power ſo miſerably deficient, that he had never ceaſed to wonder how the public concerns could go forward at all; and that conſequently the thing in itſelf gave him no alarm. The circumſtances of the times were indeed critical, on account of the intereſts of the court, and the uncertainty of the king's intentions; but to a man attached to his duty, and caring little for the loſs of his place while fulfilling its duties, the riſk of acceptance was not great. Beſides, a zealous man who had a right to ſome confidence in his talents, could not be inſenſible to the hope of ſerving his country. Roland then decided in the affirmative, and made known his intentions to Briſſot. The following day, the latter accompanied Dumouriez, who came to Roland's houſe at eleven o'clock at night, after the breaking up of the council, to inform him, in conſequence of orders, of which he was the bearer, that the king had juſt choſen him miniſter for the home department. Dumouriez, a miniſter of recent date, ſpoke of the king's ſincere determination to ſupport the conſtitution, and of his hope of ſeeing the machine ſet to work

as

as ſoon as the ſame ſpirit ſhould pervade the whole council, teſtifying at the ſame time to Roland his particular ſatisfaction at ſeeing a virtuous and enlightened patriot like him, called upon to take a ſhare in the government.

Briſſot obſerved, that in the preſent ſituation of affairs, the buſineſs of the home department was the moſt delicate, and the moſt laborious; and that the minds of the friends of liberty would be at eaſe on ſeeing it entruſted to hands ſo ſteady and ſo pure. The converſation paſſed lightly over theſe matters, and an hour of the next day was appointed for Roland to be preſented to the king, and to take his oath and his ſeat in the council. I found in Dumouriez the deliberate air of a ſoldier, the addreſs of a ſkilful courtier, and the converſation of a man of wit, but not the ſmalleſt trace of ſincerity or truth.—On comparing this man with his new colleague, whoſe frankneſs and auſterity ſometimes bordered upon rudeneſs, I aſked myſelf if it were poſſible for beings ſo diſſimilar to act long in concert?——'There goes a man,' ſaid Roland, on their taking leave, 'who diſcovers a great deal of patriotiſm, and appears to poſſeſs abilities.'—'Yes,' ſaid I, 'and againſt whom you will do well to be on your guard; for I believe him capable of worming you out of place as ſoon as any man, if you do not ſteer a courſe to pleaſe him.'—'We ſhall ſee,' ſaid Roland.

The firſt time that Roland appeared at court with his uſual philoſophic dreſs, adopted long ſince for the ſake of convenience, a few ſcattered hairs combed over his venerable forehead, a round hat, and ſtrings in his ſhoes, all the court lackeys, who attached the utmoſt importance to that etiquette on which their exiſtence de-

pended, were ſcandalized, and in a manner terrified at the ſight. – One of them ſtepping up to Dumouriez with horror pictured in his countenance, whiſpered with a look that indicated conſternation, *Monſieur* *, *point de boucles a ſes ſouliers*. Dumouriez, ready at repartee, and aſſuming a tragi-comic tone, cried out, *Monſieur* †! *tout eſt perdu!* The ſaying was ſoon put in circulation, and provoked a laugh from thoſe who were leaſt inclined to be merry.

Louis XVI. behaved to his new miniſters with the greateſt appearance of ſimplicity and good nature. This man was not preciſely what he was repreſented to be by thoſe who took a pleaſure in vilifying him: he was neither the brutiſh blockhead, who was held up to the contempt of the people; nor was he the worthy and kind creature, whom his friends extolled to the ſkies. Nature had endowed him with ordinary faculties, which would have ſerved him well in an obſcure ſtation, but he was depraved by his princely education, and ruined by his mediocrity in difficult times, when his ſalvation could only be effected by the union of genius and virtue. A common underſtanding, educated for the throne, and taught diſſimulation from the earlieſt infancy, has a great advantage in its commerce with mankind. The art of ſhewing to each perſon only what it is proper for him to ſee, is *in him* no more than a habit, the practice of which gives him the appearance of ability; but a man muſt be born an idiot indeed to appear a fool in ſuch a ſituation. Louis XVI. poſ-

* Sir! there are no buckles in his ſhoes!

† Sir! we are all ruined!

ſeſſed

ſeſſed beſides an excellent memory, and an active turn of mind; was never idle, and read a great deal. He had alſo a ready recollection of the various treaties exiſting between France and the neighbouring nations, was well read in hiſtory, and was the beſt geographer in the kingdom. His knowledge of the names, and his application of them to the faces, of all the perſons about the court to whom they belonged, as well as his acquaintance with the anecdotes peculiar to each, had been extended to all the individuals who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in any manner during the revolution; ſo that it was impoſſible to preſent to him a candidate for any place, concerning whom he had not formed an opinion, founded on particular facts. But Louis XVI. without elevation of ſoul, energy of mind, or firmneſs of temper, had ſuffered his views to be ſtill further contracted, and his ſentiments to be twiſted, if I may uſe the expreſſion, by religious prejudices, and jeſuitical principles. Elevated ideas of religion, a belief in God, and the hope of immortality, accord well with philoſophy, and fix it upon a broader baſis, at the ſame time that they compoſe the beſt ornaments of the ſuperſtructure. Woe to the legiſlators who deſpiſe theſe powerful means of inſpiring political virtue, and of preſerving the morals of the people! Even if they were illuſions yet unborn, it would be neceſſary to create and foſter them for the conſolation of mankind. But the religion of our prieſts preſents nothing but objects of puerile fear, and miſerable mummeries, to ſupply the place of good actions; and ſanctifies beſides all the maxims of deſpotiſm which the authority of the church calls in to its aid. Louis XVI.

was

was afraid of hell, and of excommunication: with ſuch weakneſs as this it was impoſſible not to make a miſerable king. Had he been born two centuries before, and had his wife been a rational woman, he would have made no more noiſe in the world, than many other princes of the Capetian line, who have "fretted their hour upon the ſtage," without doing much good or much harm.—But raiſed to the throne when the profligacy of Louis XV's court was at the higheſt, and the diſorder of the finances extreme, he was led away by a giddy woman, who joined to Auſtrian inſolence the preſumption of youth and high birth, an inordinate love of pleaſure, and all the thoughtleſſneſs of a light mind; and who was herſelf ſeduced by the vices of an Aſiatic court, for which ſhe had been but too well prepared by the example of her mother.—Louis XVI, too weak to hold the reins of a government that was running to deſtruction, haſtened their common ruin by innumerable faults. Necker, who always mixed up pathos in his politics as he did in his ſtyle, was a man of moderate abilities, of whom the public entertained a good opinion, becauſe he had a very high opinion of himſelf, and proclaimed it without reſerve; but void of all political foreſight, a kind of outrageous financier, who could calculate nothing but the contents of a purſe, and who ſpoke for ever of his character without rhime or reaſon, as women of gallantry do of their virtue; Necker was a bad pilot for France, when ſuch a ſtorm was gathering round the horizon. France was in a manner deſtitute of *men*; their ſcarcity has been truly ſurpriſing in this revolution, in which hardly any thing but pigmies have appeared. I do not mean

that

that there was any want of wit, of knowledge, of learning, of accompliſhments, or of philoſophy. Theſe ingredients, on the contrary, were never ſo common: it was like the laſt glimmering of an expiring taper; but as to that energy of ſoul which J. J. Rouſſeau has ſo well defined by calling it the firſt attribute of a hero, ſupported by that ſolidity of judgment which knows how to ſet a true value upon every thing, and by thoſe extenſive views which look into futurity, conſtituting together the character of a great man, they were ſought for every where, and were ſcarcely any where to be found.

Louis XVI. conſtantly fluctuating between the fear of irritating his ſubjects, and the inclination of keeping them in awe, while incapable of governing them, convened the ſtates general inſtead of retrenching his expences, and introducing order into his court. After having himſelf ſowed the ſeeds, and provided the means of innovation, he attempted to prevent it by the affectation of a power, againſt which he had eſtabliſhed a principle of counteraction, and by ſo doing only taught his people to reſiſt. Nothing remained for him but to ſacrifice one portion of his authority with a good grace, in order to preſerve in the other the means of recovering the whole; but for want of knowing how to go about it, he turned his attention to petty intrigues, the only kind familiar to the perſons choſen by himſelf, or favoured by the queen. He had however reſerved in the conſtitution ſufficient means of power and of happineſs, had he known how to be content; ſo that, wanting as he was in abilities to prevent its eſtabliſhment, he might ſtill have been ſaved by the rectitude of his conduct,

conduct, if after having accepted it, he had ſincerely endeavoured to promote its execution. But always proteſting, on one hand, his intention to ſupport what he was undermining on the other, the obliquity of his proceedings, and the fallacy of his conduct, began by awakening diſtruſt, and ended by exciting indignation.

As ſoon as he had appointed patriotic miniſters, he made it his ſole ſtudy to inſpire them with confidence; and ſo well did he ſucceed, that during the firſt three weeks, Roland and Claviere were enchanted with the good intentions of the king. They dreamt of nothing but a better order of things, and flattered themſelves that the revolution was at an end. 'Good heaven!' I uſed to ſay, 'I never ſee you ſet off for the council with that wonderful confidence, but it ſeems to me that you are about to commit ſome egregious act of folly.' 'I aſſure you,' would Claviere anſwer, 'the king is perfectly ſenſible, that his intereſt is connected with the obſervance of the new laws: he reaſons too pertinently on the ſubject not to be convinced of it.' '*Ma foi*,' added Roland, 'if he be not an honeſt man, he is the moſt arrant knave in the kingdom: it is impoſſible for diſſimulation to be carried to ſo great a length.' As to me, I always replied, I had no faith in that love for the conſtitution profeſſed by a man who had been brought up in the prejudices of deſpotiſm, and in the habits of enjoying it, and whoſe recent conduct proved him wanting both in genius and virtue.—My great argument was the flight to Varennes.

The ſittings of the council were held in a manner that might paſs for decent, in compariſon of what they afterwards became; but with puerility, if regard be had

to

to the important matters which called for discussion. Each of the ministers who had *bons* * to be signed, or business of a similar nature, regulated by the law, peculiar to his department, and concerning which there was no occasion to deliberate, waited upon the king, on the day appointed, previously to the meeting of the council, to transact those particular and subordinate affairs. They all repaired afterwards to the council chamber; and there the proclamations that related to the subjects of discussion were taken out of the port-folio. The minister of justice next presented the decrees for the royal assent; and then the council proceeded, or ought to have proceeded, to deliberate upon the operations of government, the state of affairs at home and abroad, the question of peace and war, &c. As to proclamations adapted to existing circumstances, it was only necessary to examine the decree, and the propriety of its application, which was readily done. All this time the king suffered his ministers to confer, while he read the gazette, or the English newspapers in the original language, or else wrote a few letters. The sanctioning of decrees obtained more of his attention: he seldom gave his consent easily; and never without a refusal, always declining to accede to the first request, and postponing the matter to the next meeting, when he came with his opinion ready formed, though appearing to ground it upon the arguments brought forward in the debate. As to great political affairs, he often eluded their investigation, by shifting the conversation to general topics, or to subjects suited to each particular person. If war were the question, he would talk of tra-

* Orders on the Treasury.

velling;

velling; if diplomatic concerns were upon the carpet, he would advert to the manners, or inquire into the local peculiarities of the country; or if the ſtate of affairs at home were in diſcuſſion, he would dwell upon ſome trifling detail of economy or agriculture. Roland he would queſtion about his works, Dumouriez concerning anecdotes, and ſo on: the council-chamber was converted into a coffee-room, where the governors of the empire amuſed themſelves with idle chat: no minutes were taken of the proceedings; there was no ſecretary to keep them; nor was any thing done in a ſitting of three hours except ſigning a few papers. Such was the farce that was acted three times a week. ——'Why it is pitiable!' cried I out of all patience, when on Roland's return, I inquired what had paſſed—'You are all in good humour, becauſe you experience no contradiction, and are treated with civility. You ſeem indeed to do whatever you pleaſe in your ſeveral departments; but I am ſadly afraid that you are duped —'the public buſineſs however is not at a ſtand'—'no, but much time is loſt; for in the torrent of affairs that overwhelms you, I would rather ſee you employ three hours in ſolitary meditation on the great intereſts of the ſtate, than ſpend them in idle converſation.' In the mean time the enemy were making preparations, and it had become abſolutely neceſſary to declare war; a meaſure which was the ſubject of an animated diſcuſſion, and which the king did not ſeem to take without extreme repugnance. He had long delayed the deciſion; and appeared only to yield to the well-known opinion of the majority of the aſſembly, and to the unanimous voice of the council. Soon after, the con-

tinuation or the multiplicity of religious troubles rendered thoſe coercive meaſures indiſpenſable, which the miniſter of the interior had long ſolicited in vain, while the threatening, and formidable attitude of the foreign armies inſpired the miniſter of war with the idea of a regulation, which the convention adopted with enthuſiaſm, and decreed without delay.

It is true that theſe two decrees, one for the formation of a camp of twenty thouſand men near Paris, the other concerning the prieſts, were altogether deciſive. The court perceived that they would overturn its ſecret treachery, the partial revolts fomented by fanaticiſm, and the progreſs of the enemy, which it favoured. The king was too firmly reſolved to refuſe his aſſent, to be in any haſte to confeſs his determination, and deviſed various pretences by means of which he eluded the queſtion for more than a fortnight. The diſcuſſion of this matter was ſeveral times renewed. Roland and Servan were urgent in their repreſentations, becauſe each of them felt the importance and neceſſity of the law that regarded his particular department; the general advantage was evident to all, and the ſix miniſters in this reſpect were all of the ſame opinion. In the mean time Dumouriez, whoſe looſe converſation the king encouraged, and whoſe manners did not render him unfit for the meridian of a court, was ſent for ſeveral times to the queen. He had a little affront to revenge, and wiſhed to get rid of colleagues, whoſe auſterity accorded ill with his gay turn of mind: hence he was induced to enter into agreements of which the effect was ſoon perceived.

As to me, I felt a kind of agitation difficult to deſcribe;

ſcribe: delighted with the revolution; perſuaded that, with all its faults, it was neceſſary to enforce the conſtitution; and ardently deſiring to ſee my country proſper, the lowering aſpect of public affairs gave me a moral fever, which raged without intermiſſion. The king's delays demonſtrated his duplicity; and Roland had no longer any doubt upon the ſubject: there remained then but one reſolution for an honeſt miniſter to take, and that was to go out of office, in caſe Louis XVI. ſhould obſtinately refuſe to take the meaſures neceſſary for the ſalvation of the ſtate.

That ſtep, unattended by any other, might perhaps have ſatisfied the conſcience of a timid man; but for a zealous citizen, it is not enough to renounce a poſt in which good is no longer to be done; it behoves him to ſay ſo with energy, that he may throw light upon the public calamities, and render his reſignation beneficial to his country.—Roland and I had long lamented the weakneſs of his colleagues. The tardineſs of the king had ſuggeſted the idea, that it might be of great uſe to addreſs a letter to him from the miniſters collectively, ſetting forth the reaſons which had already been given in the council, but which, when expreſſed upon paper, and ſigned by them all, with the offer of their reſignation in caſe his majeſty ſhould not think proper to liſten to their repreſentations, might either force him to compliance, or expoſe him to the eyes of all France. I drew up the letter, after having agreed upon the fundamental points with Roland, and Roland made the propoſal to his colleagues.—All approved of the idea, but moſt of them differed as to the execution. Claviere objected to ſome phraſe or other; Duranthon was inclined to temporize; and Lacoſte was

in

in no haſte to ſubſcribe his name. As ſuch a meaſure ſhould be the effect of a firſt glance and of a lively ſenſe of its propriety, the failure of our attempt was a hint not to repeat it. It became then neceſſary to act in an inſulated character, and ſince the council had not ſpirit enough to ſtand forth together, it behoved the man who ſet events at a defiance to take upon himſelf a taſk which the whole body ſhould have fulfilled: the queſtion was no longer to reſign, but to deſerve to be diſmiſſed—to ſay, do thus or we will retire; but to aſſert that all was loſt unleſs a proper line of conduct were purſued.

I compoſed the famous letter. Here I muſt digreſs for a moment to clear up the doubts, and to fix the opinion of a number of perſons, of whom the greater part only allow me a little merit, that they may deny it to my huſband, while many others ſuppoſe me to have had a kind of influence in public affairs entirely diſcordant with my turn of mind. Studious habits and a taſte for literature made me participate in his labours, as long as he remained a private individual—I wrote with him as I ate with him, becauſe one was almoſt as natural to me as the other, and becauſe my exiſtence being devoted to his happineſs, I applied myſelf to thoſe things which gave him the greateſt pleaſure. Roland wrote treatiſes on the arts; I did the ſame, although the ſubject was tedious to me. He was fond of erudition; I helped him to purſue his critical reſearches. Did he wiſh, by way of recreation, to compoſe an eſſay for ſome academy? we ſat down to write in concert, or elſe ſeparately, that we might afterwards compare our productions, chooſe the beſt, or compreſs them into one.

If he had written homilies, I ſhould have written homilies alſo. When he became miniſter I did not interfere with his adminiſtration; but if a circular letter, a ſet of inſtructions, or an important ſtate paper, were wanting, we talked the matter over with our uſual freedom, and impreſſed with his ideas, and pregnant with my own, I took up the pen, which I had more leiſure to conduct than he had.

Our principles and our turn of mind being the ſame, we came to a final agreement as to the form, and my huſband ran no riſk in paſſing through my hands. I could advance nothing warranted by juſtice or reaſon, which he was not capable of realizing, or ſupporting by his energy and conduct; but my language expreſſed more ſtrongly than his words, what he had done or what he promiſed to do. Roland *without me* would not have been a worſe miniſter; his activity, and his knowledge, as well as his probity, were all his own; but *with me* he attracted more attention, becauſe I infuſed into his writings that mixture of ſpirit and of ſoftneſs, of authoritative reaſon, and of ſeducing ſentiment, which are perhaps only to be found in a woman endowed with a clear head and a feeling heart. I compoſed with delight ſuch pieces as I deemed likely to be of uſe, and felt greater pleaſure in ſo doing than if I had been known as the author. I am avaricious of happineſs: with me it conſiſts in the good I do: I do not even ſtand in need of glory; nor can I find any part in this world that ſuits me, but that of Providence. I allow the malicious to look upon this confeſſion as a piece of impertinence which it muſt ſomewhat reſemble;

thoſe who know me however will ſee nothing in it but what is ſincere, like myſelf.

I return to the letter, which was ſketched with a ſtroke of the pen, as was nearly the caſe with every thing I did of the kind; for to feel the neceſſity and propriety of a thing, to conceive its good effect, to deſire to produce it, and to caſt into the mould the object from which that effect was to reſult, were to me but one and the ſame operation. While we were reading over this letter together, who ſhould be preſent in my huſband's cloſet, but that very *Pache*, who, before the expiration of the year, calumniated Roland, and now perſecutes us, as the enemies of liberty.—'Tis a very bold ſtep,' ſaid the hypocrite, whom I took for a ſage.—'Very bold! without doubt, but juſt and neceſſary; what ſignifies any thing elſe?'—Roland repaired to the council, on the 10th of June, with the letter in his pocket, and with the deſign of firſt reading it aloud to his colleagues, and then putting it into the king's hands. The debate concerning the ſanctioning of the two decrees began; but was ſuſpended by the king, who told his miniſters to have each his written opinion ready to deliver to him at the next meeting of the council. Roland could have delivered *his* without delay: he thought however, after what had juſt been ſaid, that it was incumbent on him to wait out of a ſort of regard to his colleagues; but on his return home we were of opinion, that he could not do better than diſpatch his letter, to which he added three or four miſſive lines.

The next day, at eight o'clock in the evening, I ſaw Servan walk into my apartment with a joyful counte-

nance. 'Congratulate me,' ſaid he, 'I am turned out.' 'I am much mortified,' anſwered I, 'at your being the firſt to have that honour; but I hope that, ere long, it will be awarded to my huſband.'—Servan related to me that having been on buſineſs with the king in the morning, he had endeavoured to ſpeak to him about the camp; that the king, with evident marks of ill humour, had by turning his back upon him put an end to the converſation; and that at the very inſtant Dumouriez came up, in his majeſty's name, to demand his *port folio*, of which he was going to take charge himſelf.—'Dumouriez? His conduct ſurpriſes me little, but it is infamous, and the other miniſters in that caſe ought not to wait for their diſmiſſion. It would become them better to write to the king, that they can no longer ſit at the council board with Dumouriez: we muſt ſend for them to conſult about it.' Nobody but Claviere and Duranthon came, and they were people who never knew how to take a deciſive meaſure. It was agreed upon that they ſhould return the next morning, after due deliberation, and that Roland ſhould have a letter prepared for them all to ſign. At the ſame time he communicated to them the one which he had ſent in the morning. and from which he expected the ſame treatment as Servan had met with before.—I do not know whether, for that very reaſon, theſe gentlemen, who were fond of their places, might not imagine, that the two miniſters the moſt urgent for the decrees, would be the only ones ſacrificed, and that they ought not to expoſe themſelves raſhly to the ſame fate. The next morning they did not think proper to write, but deemed it moſt adviſeable to go and ſpeak

to

to the king in perſon; a meaſure contrary to common ſenſe; for when it is neceſſary to ſpeak plain truths to a perſon entitled by his ſituation to a great deal of reſpect, it is much more advantageous to do it by letter. Roland, who had fulfilled his taſk, could do no more than join them upon this occaſion; and they all repaired to Lacoſte's, with the intention of aſking him to be of the party. Lacoſte was doubtful, and appeared to heſitate, when a meſſenger from the king brought Duranthon an order to go immediately, and alone, to the palace.—'We will go and wait for you at your own houſe,' ſaid Claviere and Roland.—Scarcely had they reached the palace of juſtice, when Duranthon returned with a long face, and a hypocritical look; and drew ſlowly out of his pocket what was called a *lettre de cachet*, containing the diſcharge of his two colleagues. 'You make us wait a long while for our liberty,' ſaid Roland, taking the paper with a ſmile. 'Ay, our liberty is here indeed.'—He returned home, and brought me the intelligence, for which I was well prepared.—'One thing remains to be done,' ſaid I, with animation; 'and that is, to be the firſt to acquaint the aſſembly with your diſmiſſion, ſending them at the ſame time a copy of your letter to the king, by which it has certainly been occaſioned.' This idea pleaſed him much, and we put it immediately into execution.—I foreſaw that it would have a great effect; nor was I deceived: it anſwered a double purpoſe; *utility* and *glory* were the conſequences of my huſband's retreat. I had not been proud of his elevation to the miniſtry, but I was proud of his diſgrace.

I have ſaid that Dumouriez had a little affront to revenge by entering into a league with the court againſt

his colleagues. The circumſtance that gave riſe to it was as follows.

Bonne-Carrere, a handſome man, who had the reputation and manners of an intriguer, and who owed the croſs of St. Lewis which decorated his perſon to the intereſt of Dumouriez, was choſen by the latter for his principal agent, and appointed director general of the department of foreign affairs.

I ſaw him once only, when Dumouriez brought him to dine with me; and was as little impoſed upon by his agreeable outſide as by that of Herault de Sechelles. 'All theſe handſome fellows,' ſaid I to a friend, 'ſeem to me to be but poor patriots; they appear too fond of themſelves not to prefer their own pretty perſons to the public good; nor can I ever help being tempted to lower their conceit, by affecting to be blind to the advantage on which they pride themſelves the moſt.'

I more than once heard grave men, members of the legiſlature, ſome of thoſe noble originals who kept honour and probity alive, and who are now declared infamous on that account; I heard them lament the choice that Dumouriez had made, and contend that patriotic miniſters, to give ſtrength to the cauſe of liberty, ſhould be particularly careful to commit every part of the adminiſtration to the pureſt hands. I know that Dumouriez was mildly remonſtrated with, and that he urged in excuſe the underſtanding and talents of Bonne-Carrere, to whom wit, verſatility, and a mind fertile in reſources, could not be denied; but a rumour got abroad of an affair managed by Bonne-Carrere, on account of which a hundred thouſand livres had been depoſited in a notary's hands. A part of it was intended for madam de Beauvart,

Beauvart. This lady was Dumouriez' miſtreſs, a woman of eaſy virtue, and ſiſter to Rivarol, living in the midſt of people of diſſolute manners, and diſguſting ariſtocracy. I have forgot the nature of the affair, and the parties; but the names, the dates, and the particulars, were known, and the fact was undoubted. It was agreed that Dumouriez ſhould be ſeriouſly requeſted to diſmiſs Bonne-Carrere, and to preſerve, or to put on a decency of demeanor, without which it was impoſſible for him to remain in the miniſtry, and to avoid injury to the good cauſe. Genſonné, who was intimately acquainted with Dumouriez; and Briſſot, to whom all Bonne-Carrere's tricks had been denounced, determined to ſpeak to him at Roland's, in his preſence, and in that of three or four other perſons, either his colleagues, or members of the legiſlative body. Accordingly, after dining at my table, and retiring into the room which I generally inhabited, the grievance was ſet forth, and the obſervations it warranted, were made to Dumouriez. Roland, with all the gravity of his age and character, took the liberty of inſiſting upon the matter, as intereſting to the whole miniſtry. Nothing being leſs agreeable to Dumouriez than this preciſion, and the tone of remonſtrance, he endeavoured at firſt to give the ſubject a light turn; but finding himſelf hard preſſed by ſober argument, he grew angry, and took leave with an air of diſcontent. From that day he ceaſed to viſit the members of the aſſembly, and did not ſeem ſatisfied when he met them at my houſe, whither he came much leſs frequently than before. Reflecting upon this conduct, I told Roland, 'that, without pretending to be verſed in intrigue, I believed, according to the practice of

the world, the hour of ruining Dumouriez was at hand, if he did not wiſh to be overturned himſelf. 'I know very well,' added I, 'that you will not deſcend to ſuch manœuvres; but it is not the leſs true, that Dumouriez will certainly endeavour to get rid of thoſe by whoſe cenſure he has been offended. When a man once begins to read lectures, and does it to no purpoſe, he muſt puniſh, or expect to be moleſted.' Dumouriez, who was partial to Bonne-Carrere, made him his confidant as far as he was perſonally concerned; and Bonne-Carrere, who had acceſs to the queen by means of ſeveral women with whom he was connected, found means to huſh up the diſgraceful ſtory. Intrigues were ſet on foot; the famous decrees followed; and although Dumouriez was for giving them the royal aſſent, he contrived to keep in favour at court, and was of uſe, after the departure of his colleagues, either by propoſing ſucceſſors, or by accepting the war department; though, by the way, he did not keep it long; for the court, which at firſt had been glad to retain him, that they might not appear to diſmiſs all the miniſters denominated patriots at once, got rid of him ſoon after. But he was too dexterous not to avoid a total diſgrace, and obtained employment in the army conformable to his rank.

Even the patriots imagined it was adviſable to turn his talents to account, and were in hopes that he would make a good uſe of them in his military career. —One of the principal difficulties that embarraſſed government, after the 10th of Auguſt, was to find perſons fit to fill public employs, particularly in that line. The old government had conferred the rank of officer upon none

none but nobles; and knowledge and experience were concentrated in their order; but the people were uneasy at seeing them intrusted with the conduct of the forces intended to support a constitution adverse to their interest. Struck with this contrast, they could not, like the enlightened part of mankind, judge of the reasons of confidence, founded on one man's disposition, on the passions of another, and on the principles of a third. Their flatterers, on the contrary, aggravated their fears, and excited their distrust: everlasting denunciators, they set themselves up as enemies to every man in place, that they might establish themselves in those places which best suited their ambition: such is the system of all agitators, from Hippo, the orator of Syracuse, to Robespierre, the *speechifier* of Paris.

Roland, recalled to the ministry, thought that the public good, and the circumstances of the times, made it his duty to do away all idea of opposition between Dumouriez and himself, since each was serving the republic in his way. "The chances in politics," said he in his letter, "are as uncertain as in war; *I* am again in "the executive council; *you* are at the head of an "army: you have the errors of your administration to "efface from the public mind, and laurels to gather in "the field of Mars! You were led into an intrigue "which made you do an ill office to your colleagues, "and were duped, in your turn, by the very court "whose favour you were striving to preserve. But "you are not unlike those valorous knights, who were "every now and then guilty of little roguish tricks, "at which they were the first to laugh themselves; but "who fought nevertheless like furies, when their ho-

"nour

" nour was at ſtake. It muſt be confeſſed that this " character does not very well accord with republican " auſterity: it is the conſequence of thoſe manners, " which we have not yet been able to throw off, and for " which you will be ſure of a pardon, if you beat the " enemy. You will find me in the council ever ready " to ſecond your enterpriſes as long as they have the " public welfare in view. Where that is concerned I " am a ſtranger to all favour and affection; and ſhall " look up to you as to one of the ſaviours of my coun- " try, provided you devote yourſelf ſincerely to its de- " fence."—Dumouriez's anſwer was ſpirited, and his conduct no leſs ſo—he repulſed the Pruſſians.

I remember at this period, ſome hopes were entertained of detaching them from the league, and ſome overtures made in conſequence; but they led to nothing. He came to Paris after the enemy had evacuated our territory, to concert the plan of his Belgic campaign. Roland ſaw him at the council chamber, and once he came to dine at our houſe, with ſeveral other gueſts. When he entered the room, he appeared a little embarraſſed, and offered me a beautiful bouquet which he had in his hand, with ſomewhat of an awkward air for a man of ſo much aſſurance. I ſmiled, and told him, that the tricks of fortune were whimſical enough; and that doubtleſs he never expected ſhe would enable me to receive him again in that hotel; but flowers did not the leſs become the conqueror of the Pruſſians, and that I received them with pleaſure from his hand. After dinner he propoſed going to the opera. That, again, was a remnant of the old folly of our generals, whoſe cuſtom it was to ſhew themſelves

ſelves at the playhouſe, and ſeek theatrical crowns whenever they had obtained an advantage over the enemy. Somebody aſked me if I did not intend to be there; but I declined giving an anſwer, becauſe it was neither conſiſtent with my character nor my manners to appear in public with Dumouriez. When the company was gone, however, I propoſed to Vergniaux to take a ſeat in my box, in company with my daughter and myſelf. We went thither, and were told by the aſtoniſhed box-keeper that the miniſter's box was full. 'That is impoſſible,' ſaid I; for nobody could go into it without a ticket ſigned by him, and I had not given a ſingle one away.—'But it is the miniſter himſelf, and he inſiſted upon admiſſion.'—'No, that cannot be: open the door, and I ſhall ſoon ſee who it is.' Two or three *ſans-culottes*, in the ſhape of bullies, were ſtanding in the lobby. 'Don't open the door,' cried they, 'the miniſter is there.'—'I cannot help it,' anſwered the woman, who inſtantly obeyed me; and there I diſcovered Danton's broad face, that of Fabre, and two or three women of ſuſpicious appearance. The opera was begun; their eyes were turned upon the ſtage; and Danton was leaning over towards the next box to ſpeak to Dumouriez, whom I recognized immediately. All this I ſaw at a ſingle glance, without being perceived by any body in the box, and puſhing the door to, made a haſty retreat. 'Why, indeed,' ſaid I to the box-keeper, 'a certain *ci-devant* miniſter of juſtice is there, whom I would rather leave to enjoy the fruits of his impertinence, than enter into any altercation with him: I have nothing to do here.' On ſaying this, I retired, well pleaſed upon the whole that Danton's folly had ſaved me

from

from the incongruity I wiſhed to avoid of appearing in public with Dumouriez, whoſe ſeat would have been ſo very near to mine. I afterwards heard that Danton and Fabre conſtantly attended him to all the other theatres, where he was weak enough to ſhew himſelf. As to me, I have never ſeen him ſince. This, then, is the whole of our connection with a man, whoſe accomplices people were pleaſed to ſuppoſe us at the time of his treachery. Dumouriez is active, vigilant, witty, and brave; calculated alike for war and for intrigue. Poſſeſſed of great military talents, he was the only man in France, in the opinion even of his jealous competitors, able to command a large army properly; but he was better fitted by his verſatile diſpoſition, and by his diſſolute morals, to ſerve under the old court, than under the new government. His extenſive views, and the ſpirit with which he purſues them, render him capable of forming vaſt projects; nor does he want abilities to carry them into execution; but his temper is not equal to his underſtanding, and his impatience and impetuoſity hurry him into meaſures precipitate or indiſcreet. He is excellent at deviſing a ſtratagem; but incapable of concealing his purpoſe for any length of time. Dumouriez, in ſhort, to become the leader of a party, wanted a cooler head.

I am perſuaded he did not go to the Belgic provinces with treacherous intentions: he would have ſerved the republic as he had ſerved the king, provided it had tended to his glory and advantage; but the injudicious decrees paſſed by the convention, the infamous conduct of its commiſſaries, and the blunders of the executive power, ruining our cauſe in that country, and the aſpect

of affairs threatening a general convulſion, he conceived the idea of giving them a turn, and for want of temper and prudence bewildered himſelf in his combinations. Dumouriez muſt be very amiable in orgies of his own ſex, and agreeable to women of diſſolute manners: he appears to have ſtill all the ſprightlineſs of youth, and all the gaiety of a lively and free imagination; but with women of a reſerved diſpoſition there is ſomething formal in his politeneſs. He uſed to divert the king in council by the moſt extravagant ſtories, at which his grave colleagues could not help laughing; and not unfrequently he ſeaſoned them with truths equally bold and well applied. What a difference between this man, vicious as he is, and Lukner, who at one time was the only hope of France! Never did I meet with any thing ſo contemptible. He was an old ſoldier, half *brutified*, wanting in common ſenſe, and deſtitute of all energy of mind; a mere phantom of a man, who, by means of his broken French, his fondneſs for wine, a few oaths, and a kind of intrepidity, had acquired great popularity in the army, among mercenary machines, ever the dupes of any one who taps them on the ſhoulder, ſpeaks to them with familiarity, and puniſhes them from time to time. 'O my poor country!' ſaid I next day to Guadet, who aſked me what I thought of Lukner, 'you are undone indeed, if you are obliged to ſend abroad for ſuch a being, and to confide your deſtiny to ſuch hands!'

I am perfectly ignorant of tactics, and Lukner, for aught I know, might underſtand the routine of his profeſſion; but I am well aſſured that no man can be a great general without good ſenſe and rationality.

The

The thing which ſurpriſed me the moſt, after my huſband's elevation had given me an opportunity of being acquainted with a great number of perſons, particularly of thoſe employed in important affairs, was the univerſal meanneſs of their minds: it ſurpaſſes every thing that can be imagined, and extends to every rank, from the clerk, who ſtands in need of nothing but ſenſe to comprehend a plain queſtion, method to treat it, and a decent ſtyle to draw up a letter, to the miniſter charged with the government, the general at the head of armies, and the ambaſſador employed to protect the intereſts of the ſtate. But for that experience, never ſhould I have thought ſo poorly of my ſpecies; nor was it till that period that I aſſumed any confidence in myſelf: till then I was as baſhful as a boarder in a convent, and thought people who had more aſſurance than myſelf, had more abilities alſo.—I no longer wonder, indeed, that I was a favourite: my friends perceived I was not without my ſhare of merit, and yet I ſincerely did homage to other people's vanity.—In this ſcarcity of men of abilities, the revolution having ſucceſſively driven away thoſe whoſe birth, fortune, education, and circumſtances, had rendered them ſuperior to the maſs of the people by a ſomewhat higher degree of cultivation, it is no wonder if we fell gradually into the hands of the groſſeſt ignorance, and moſt ſhameful incapacity. There are a great many degrees between de Grave and Bouchotte. The former was a little man, whom nature had made gentle, whoſe prejudices inſpired him with pride, and whoſe heart perſuaded him to be amiable; but who, for want of knowing how to reconcile thoſe various affections, at laſt became nothing

at

at all. I think I ſee him now, walking upon his heels, with his elbows turned out, and his head erect, very often ſhewing nothing but the whites of his great blue eyes, which he could not keep open after dinner without the aſſiſtance of two or three cups of coffee; ſpeaking little, as if out of diſcretion, but in reality for fear of expoſing himſelf; and truly anxious about his official concerns, but diſtracted by their multiplicity. The conſequence was, that at laſt he abandoned a place for which he felt himſelf unfit. I will ſay nothing of Bouchotte; an idiot is deſcribed in three ſyllables; but his faults were innumerable. Of Servan I have ſpoken elſewhere; a brave ſoldier, an excellent citizen, and a man of information, he poſſeſſed a degree of merit ſeldom to be met with: the world would be too happy if there were many men of that character. Claviere, a man of underſtanding, but of that diſagreeable diſpoſition ſo common among people, who paſſing much of their time in their cloſets, form opinions there, which they afterwards maintain with obſtinacy, was neither deficient in knowledge nor philoſophy; but financial habits had in ſome meaſure narrowed his mind. Pecuniary calculations indeed always ſpoil the happieſt diſpoſitions; for it is impoſſible for a man not to ſet a high value upon that which conſtitutes his daily occupation. A banker may be an able and well-informed man; but he will never number the diſintereſtedneſs of Ariſtides among his virtues. Claviere is very laborious, eaſy to be led by thoſe who know his weak ſide, but inſupportable in his commerce with any body who partakes of his own obſtinacy in diſpute; a bad judge of mankind, of whom he never ſtudied but one part, their underſtandings, without attending

attending to their diſpoſitions, their intereſts, and their paſſions; timid in council, although ſometimes carried away by the warmth of his temper; in a word, he is rather a good adminiſtrator than an able miniſter.

I never yet could underſtand what it was that promoted Duranthon to a place in the adminiſtration, unleſs indeed it were the idea of the little ability neceſſary to fill that of miniſter of juſtice. Heavy, ſlothful, vain, and talkative, timid and confined in his notions, he was in truth no better than an old woman. His reputation for integrity, the ſober manners of a decent advocate, a few teſtimonies of attachment to the revolution, and the age of experience, probably ſerved him as a recommendation; but he had not even ſenſe enough to make a ſeaſonable retreat, the only meaſure by which he could have acquired a portion of glory. When I recollect what kind of men he has had for his ſucceſſors, I am leſs angry with thoſe who thought him worthy of his place; but I cannot help aſking myſelf where we are to ſeek for men qualified to hold the reins of government.

Lacoſte had the official knowledge, the laborious habits, and the inſignificance of a clerk. Having been long employed in the admiralty-office *(Bureaux de la marine)*, he was thought fit to be put at the head of that department, in which he committed no blunders. But he was deſtitute of the capacity and activity which ought to characterize the adminiſtrator of ſo conſiderable a branch of the public buſineſs, and his want of them was expoſed by the exigencies of the times. Nothing ſhort of the inability of Monge, could have afforded an advantageous object of compariſon for Lacoſte.—Beneath the maſk of a countenance almoſt indicating timidity, the latter

latter concealed an irritable diſpoſition, which, in caſe of contradiction, degenerated into the moſt ridiculous violence.

Such was the compoſition of the miniſtry the firſt time that Roland belonged to it. There prevailed, in the beginning, a great union between the members of the council; and I verily believe they were all ſincerely attached to the conſtitution, with more or leſs of regard to their own intereſt on the part of ſeveral. As they aſſembled at each other's houſes on the days the council met, I had them to dine with me once a week. Some of the members of the legiſlative body were alſo invited; and the converſation uſed to turn on the affairs of the nation, with a common deſire of promoting the public good. This was a happy time in compariſon of that which followed!

ROLAND's SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

At the time of the recal of Roland, Claviere, and Servan, the compoſition of the miniſtry was completed by the appointment of Danton, whom I have ſufficiently depicted elſewhere, and by that of Monge and le Brun; the former to the marine department, the latter to that of foreign affairs. Nothing is ſo diſtreſſing as the difficulty of making a choice in circumſtances like thoſe of the times in queſtion. Every man who had belonged to the court, directly or indirectly, was proſcribed by public opinion; nor could any thing ſhort of the brilliant proofs of patriotiſm given by Servan, efface that original ſin, even ſmall as it was in regard to him. The perſons employed to make a choice were ill calculated to do ſo. New themſelves to public affairs, our legiſlators could not boaſt of thoſe extenſive connections which lead to an acquaintance with a great number of individuals, and enable a man to ſelect from them the perſons beſt fitted for important employments. The committee was puzzled to make a choice, when the idea of Monge, who was known to Condorcet as a fellow academician, and of whoſe patriotiſm ſeveral others had heard favourable mention, preſented itſelf. Monge, a mathematician, ſometimes ſent to examine officers at the out-ports, an honeſt citizen, the father of a reſpectable family, and a zealous member of the club of the Luxemburg, was for a moment weighed in the ſcale againſt Meunier, his colleague at the academy, and an officer of engineers; but as the latter was known to have paid his court to the great, Monge was preferred.

Good-

Good-humoured, thick-witted, and inclined to buffoonery, Monge was a ſtone-cutter at Mezieres, where the Abbe Boſſut, perceiving him to have a turn for the mathematics, initiated him in that ſcience, and encouraged him by a donation of ſix livres a week: but when by application he had got forward in the world, he ceaſed to viſit his benefactor, conſidering himſelf as his equal. Accuſtomed to calculate immutable elements, Monge was deſtitute of all knowledge of the world, or of public affairs: heavy and awkward in his pleaſantry, he recalled to my recollection, in his clumſy attempts at wit, the bears kept in the ditches of the city of Berne, whoſe playful tricks, correſponding with their uncouth forms, amuſe the paſſengers.

The new miniſter filled his office with men as little capable of acting as he was of judging: he took great pains without doing any good, and ſuffered the marine to be diſorganized at a time when it was moſt important to keep up, and even to increaſe the eſtabliſhment. Praiſe, however, is due to the goodneſs of his intentions: he was frightened at the burthen, and wiſhed to lay it down; but the difficulty of finding a better man, procured him an invitation to remain at his poſt. By degrees his duty came to ſit eaſy on him, and he fancied that he did it as well as it could have been done by any body elſe. But though a bad adminiſtrator, he was ſtill worſe as a counſellor, and ſerved only to fill a chair during the debates of the executive power, concurring conſtantly in ſentiment with the moſt timid, becauſe having none of his own, he naturally followed that which was moſt conformable to the views of a narrow mind.

When Pache was promoted to the miniſtry, he became the oracle of his friend and admirer Monge, who was no longer of any opinion but his, and received it as if it had been the inſpiration of the divinity. Thus was he *Maratized*; and thus did this man, who was deſtined by nature to play a better part, become the abettor of the moſt atrocious and ſanguinary doctrines.

Le Brun, employed in the office of foreign affairs, paſſed for a man of ſound underſtanding, becauſe he never had any flights of fancy, and for a man of abilities, becauſe he had been a tolerable clerk. He was tolerably acquainted with the diplomatic chart, and could draw up a ſenſible letter or report. In ordinary times, he would have done very well for the department which is the leaſt laborious, and where the buſineſs is of the moſt agreeable kind. But he had none of that activity of mind and diſpoſition, which it was neceſſary to diſplay at the moment he was called to the miniſtry. Ill-informed of what was going on among our neighbours, and ſending miniſters to foreign courts, who, although not deſtitute of merit, had none of thoſe qualities which ſerve to recommend a man, and who could hardly penetrate further than the anti-chambers of the great; he neither made uſe of that kind of intrigue, by which employment might have been found at home for thoſe who wiſhed to attack us, nor of that kind of dignity with which a powerful ſtate ought to inveſt its acknowledged agents in order to procure itſelf reſpect—'What are you about?' Roland ſometimes uſed to ſay. 'In your place, I would have put all Europe in motion, and have inſured peace to France, without the aid of arms; I would take care to know what is going on in

in every cabinet, and exert my influence there.' Le Brun was never in a hurry; and now, in Auguſt 1793, Semonville, who ought to have been at Conſtantinople eight months ago, has juſt been intercepted in his way through Switzerland. The laſt choice of Le Brun will ſerve to characterize him completely, without my adding another trait. He has appointed Grouvelle, the ſecretary to the council, of whom in that quality I ought already to have ſpoken, miniſter plenipotentiary at the court of Denmark.

Grouvelle, a pupil of Cerutti, of whom he learned nothing but to conſtruct affected phraſes, which contain the whole of his philoſophy; narrow-minded, frigid, and vain, the laſt editor of the *Feuille Villageoiſe*, become as flat as himſelf; Grouvelle had been candidate for ſome place or other in the miniſtry, and was appointed ſecretary to the council on the tenth of Auguſt, according to a conſtitutional law, againſt the diſregard of which Roland had remonſtrated with ſo much warmth, that the king had at laſt determined to attend to it. Roland was in hopes that the keeping of a regular regiſter, in which an entry might be made of the debates, would give to the proceedings of the council a more ſerious, as well as a more uſeful turn: he perceived beſides, that it would afford to men poſſeſſed of a firm temper of mind an opportunity of authenticating their opinions, and of ſecuring a teſtimony ſometimes uſeful to hiſtory, and always neceſſary to their own juſtification. But the beſt inſtitutions are only advantageous when in the hands of people incapable of perverting them. Grouvelle did not know how to take minutes of the proceedings, and the miniſters, for the

moſt part, cared little whether any traces of their opinion remained. The ſecretary was never able to do more than draw up a ſummary of the reſolutions taken, without the aſſignment of any reaſons, or the mention of any oppoſition; nor could Roland ever find means to get his objections inſerted, even when he formally reſiſted the reſolution of the council. Grouvelle conſtantly interfered in the diſcuſſion, and by his captious manner contributed not a little to render it perplexing, till Roland, out of all patience, obſerved to him one day that he did not recollect his buſineſs there.—'What, am I nothing but an ink-horn!' exclaimed the important ſecretary in an angry tone. - - - 'You ought to be nothing elſe here,' replied the ſevere Roland; 'every time you interfere in the debate you forget your duty, which is to take it down; and this is the reaſon why you have only time to make a little inſignificant ſtatement upon a looſe ſheet of paper, which, when entered in the regiſter, gives not the ſmalleſt idea of the operations of government; whereas the regiſter of the council ought to ſerve as archives to the executive power.' - - - Grouvelle was much incenſed, but he neither improved nor altered his method, which, as my reader will eaſily perceive, was quite good enough for ſuch men as I have deſcribed above. The ſalary of his place was twenty thouſand livres (£833), to which he thought it would be convenient to add an apartment in the Louvre, ſpacious enough to lodge himſelf and his clerks, and made his repreſentation to the miniſter of the home department accordingly. It requires but little knowledge of Roland's character to conceive the indignation with which he received this propoſal, and

the

the vigour with which he repelled it. 'Clerks! ſaid he, for buſineſs that I could tranſact myſelf in a few hours, and better than you if I were in your place.—I deſire that you will take a copyiſt to ſave you the trouble of delivering ſuch copies or extracts of the proceedings as you may be called upon to furniſh; but twenty thouſand livres are quite ſufficient to pay his ſalary, and to find a lodging for him as well as for yourſelf: the ſum is even extravagant, in a free government, for the place you occupy.'

Grouvelle certainly has a right not to be fond of Roland, and I believe that he exerciſes it to its full extent.

As to me, I felt, in the moſt lively manner, that his ridiculous pretenſions were intolerable.—Theſe men, made up of vanity, whoſe wit is a mere jargon, whoſe philoſophy is pitiable oſtentation, and whoſe ſentiments are recollections, appear to me a kind of eunuchs, in a moral ſenſe, whom I deſpiſe and deteſt more cordially than ſome women hate and diſdain thoſe creatures. Such, however, is the miniſter of a great nation at a foreign court, of which it is important to preſerve the eſteem, and ſecure the neutrality. I am unacquainted with the ſecret of his appointment; but I would wager that Grouvelle, half-dead with fear, on ſeeing the diſaſtrous poſition of public affairs, requeſted le Brun to get him ſent out of France in any way whatever; and that le Brun, in quality of miniſter, made him ambaſſador, as he would have made him a travelling-clerk, if he himſelf had been a merchant. It is an arrangement between individual and individual, in which the republic is no otherwiſe concerned than in conferring the title, and advantages attached to it, and in receiving

the injury that may ariſe from being ſo badly repreſented.

The choice of an envoy to the United States was conducted with more wiſdom; and affords a new argument in favour of Briſſot, againſt whom the ſhare he had in it is brought forward as a crime. Bonne-Carrere having been fixed upon, I know not at what period, Briſſot obſerved to ſeveral members of the council, that it was of conſequence to the maintenance of our good underſtanding with the United States, as well as to the glory of our infant republic, to ſend to America a man whoſe diſpoſition and manners might be agreeable to the Americans. In that reſpect Bonne-Carrere was not a ſuitable perſon: an amiable libertine of the faſhionable world, and a gameſter, whatever might be his talents and abilities, was very unfit to play the grave and decent part becoming a miniſter reſident with that tranſatlantic nation.

Briſſot was actuated by no perſonal intereſt; he was the laſt man in the world to be ſo influenced: he mentioned Geneſt, who was juſt returned from a reſidence of five years in Ruſſia, and who, beſides his being already converſant with diplomatic affairs, poſſeſſed all the moral virtues, and all the information, that could render him agreeable to a ſerious people.

That propoſal was wiſe; it was ſupported by every poſſible conſideration; and Geneſt was preferred. If this be an intrigue, let us pray that all intriguers may reſemble Briſſot. I ſaw Geneſt, I deſired to ſee him again, and ſhould always be delighted with his company. His judgment is ſolid, and his mind enlightened; he has as much amenity as decency of manners;

ners; his converſation is inſtructive and agreeable, and equally free from pedantry and from affectation: gentleneſs, propriety, grace, and reaſon, are his characteriſtics; and with all this merit he unites the advantage of ſpeaking Engliſh with fluency. Let the ignorant Robeſpierre, and the extravagant Chabot, declaim againſt ſuch a man, by calling him the friend of Briſſot; let them procure by their clamours, the recall of the one, and the trial of the other: they will only add to the proofs of their own villany and ſtupidity, without hurting the fame of thoſe whom they may find means to deprive of exiſtence.

During Roland's ſecond adminiſtration, as well as the firſt, I determined to receive no female, and that was a rule to which I ſcrupulouſly adhered. My circle was never very extenſive, and never did the greater part of it conſiſt of my own ſex. Beſides my neareſt relations, I ſaw nobody but the perſons whoſe congenial taſte and ſtudies gave them claims to my huſband's attention. I was ſenſible that while he was in the miniſtry, I ſhould expoſe myſelf to very troubleſome company;—to company that might even be attended with danger. It appeared to me that madame Pétion's conduct at the *Mairie** was highly prudent; and I deemed it as laudable to follow, as to ſet, a good example. Accordingly I had neither circle nor viſits: that, in the firſt place, was a great economy of time, an ineſtimable advantage to thoſe who have the means of turning it to any account. Twice a week only I gave a dinner: once to my huſband's colleagues, with a few members of the Aſſembly; and once to a mixed company, compoſed

* The reſidence of the mayor.

either

either of national repreſentatives, of firſt clerks in the public offices, or of ſuch other perſons as took a part in politics, or were concerned in the buſineſs of the ſtate. Taſte and neatneſs preſided at my table, but profuſion and the luxury of ornaments were equally unknown: every one was there at his eaſe, without devoting much time to conviviality, becauſe I gave only a ſingle courſe, and relinquiſhed to nobody the care of doing the honours of the table. The uſual number of gueſts was fifteen; it ſeldom exceeded eighteen; and once only amounted to twenty. Such were the repaſts which popular orators in the roſtrum of the Jacobins, converted into ſumptuous entertainments, where, like another Circe, I corrupted all thoſe who had the misfortune to partake of the banquet. After dinner, we converſed for ſome time in the drawing-room, and then every one took leave. We ſat down to table about five; at nine not a creature remained; and yet that was the court, of which they made me the queen, and there, with the doors wide open, did we carry on our dark and dangerous conſpiracies.

The other days, confined to our family, my huſband and myſelf generally ſat down to table alone; for the tranſaction of the public buſineſs delaying our dinner to a very late hour, my daughter dined with her governeſs in her own room. Thoſe, who ſaw me at that time, will bear witneſs in my favour, whenever the voice of truth can make itſelf heard: I ſhall then perhaps be no more; but I ſhall go out of this world with the perſuaſion, that the memory of my perſecutors will be loſt in maledictions, while my name will ſometimes be recollected with a ſigh.

Among

Among the perſons whom I was in the habit of receiving, and of whom I have already deſcribed the moſt remarkable, *Paine* deſerves to be mentioned. Declared a French citizen, as one of thoſe celebrated foreigners, whom the nation was naturally deſirous of adopting, he was known by writings which had been uſeful in the American revolution, and which might have contributed to produce one in England. I ſhall not, however, take upon me to pronounce an abſolute judgment upon his character, becauſe he underſtood French without ſpeaking it, and becauſe that being nearly my caſe in regard to the Engliſh language, I was leſs able to converſe with him than to liſten to his converſation with thoſe whoſe political ſkill was greater than my own.

The boldneſs of his conceptions, the originality of his ſtyle, and the ſtriking truths which he throws with defiance into the midſt of thoſe whom they offend, have neceſſarily attracted great attention; but I think him better fitted to ſow the ſeeds of popular commotion, than to lay the foundation or prepare the form of a government. Paine throws light upon a revolution better than he concurs in the making of a conſtitution. He takes up, and eſtabliſhes thoſe great principles, of which the expoſition ſtrikes every eye, gains the applauſe of a club, or excites the enthuſiaſm of a tavern; but for cool diſcuſſion in a committee, or the regular labours of a legiſlator, I conceive *David Williams* infinitely more proper than Paine. Williams, made a French citizen alſo, was not choſen a member of the convention, in which he would have been of more uſe; but was invited by the government to repair to Paris, where he paſſed ſeveral months, and frequently conferred with the moſt active

active representatives of the nation. A profound thinker, and a real friend to mankind, he appeared to me to combine their means of happiness, as well as Paine feels and describes the abuses which constitute their misery. I saw him, from the very first time he was present at the sittings of the assembly, uneasy at the disorder of the debates, afflicted at the influence exercised by the galleries, and in doubt whether it were possible for such men, in such circumstances, ever to decree a rational constitution. I cannot help thinking that the knowledge which he then acquired of what we were, attached him more strongly to his country, to which he was impatient to return. How is it possible, said he to me, for men to debate a question, who are incapable of listening to each other? Your nation does not even take pains to preserve that external decency, which is of so much consequence in public assemblies: a giddy manner, carelessness, and a slovenly person, are no recommendations of a legislator; nor is any thing indifferent which passes in public, and of which the effect is repeated every day.—Good heaven! what would he say at this time, if he were to see our senators dress, since the 31st of May, like watermen, in long trowsers, a jacket and a cap, with the bosom of their shirts open, and swearing and gesticulating like drunken *sans-cullottes?* He would think it perfectly natural for the people to treat them like their lackeys, and for the whole nation, debased by its excesses, to crouch beneath the rod of the first despot who shall find means to reduce it to subjection.—Williams is equally competent to fill a place in the parliament, or the senate, and will carry with him true dignity wherever he goes.

By what sally of imagination is Vandermonde pre-

ſent to mine? Never did I ſee eyes ſo falſe, more truly expreſs the turn of mind of the perſon to whom they belong. One would ſuppoſe the man to have had his underſtanding cut into two equal parts: with one he is capable of beginning any kind of reaſoning; but it is impoſſible for him with the other to carry on an argument, or to draw from the whole a reaſonable concluſion. What a poor figure does ſcience make in a head ſo badly organized! Accordingly Vandermonde, an *academician* by the way, and the friend of Pache and of Monge, boaſted of ſerving the latter as a counſellor, and of being called his wife. Speaking to me one day of the *cordeliers* (to which ſect he confeſſed himſelf to belong), in oppoſition to the perſons who conſidered them as *madmen*, 'We,' ſaid he, 'deſire order by reaſon, and you are of the party that deſires it by force.' After ſuch a definition I have nothing further to ſay of this man's crazy brain. But ſince I have been ſpeaking of an academician, I muſt ſay a word or two of *Condorcet*, whoſe mind is capable of ſoaring to the ſublimeſt truths, but whoſe ſpirit will ever be on a level with the baſe ſentiment of fear. It may be ſaid of his underſtanding, in relation to his perſon, that it is an exquiſite liquor imbibed by cotton. Never will the ſaying of, a ſtout heart in a feeble body, be applied to him: he is as defective in fortitude as in conſtitution. The timidity which characterizes him, and which he carries into company in his face and attitude, is not only a defect in his temperament, but ſeems to be a vice inherent in his ſoul, which all his philoſophy cannot overcome.—Hence it was, that after having ably eſtabliſhed a principle, or demonſtrated a truth, he voted in the Aſſembly contrary

contrary to his own opinion, when obliged to ſtand up before the thundering galleries, armed with injurious words, and prodigal of menaces. He was very well in his place of Secretary to the academy: men like him may write, but ought never to be actively employed. It is even a fortunate circumſtance when they can be made of any uſe of at all, for moſt timid men are abſolutely good for nothing. Look at thoſe poltroons of the Aſſembly, pouring forth their lamentations: if they had poſſeſſed fortitude enough to procure their own arreſtation, by proteſting againſt that of the *twenty-two*, nobody would have dared to hurt a hair of the heads of two or three hundred repreſentatives of the people, the republic would have been ſaved, and the departments would not have relapſed into ſubmiſſion. The people acquieſced in the loſs of twenty men, but an aſſembly, of which one half ſhould have retired, would never have been conſidered as the national convention.

PUBLIC

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

WHAT was the *Office for Public Spirit*, which has been objected to Roland as ſo great a crime?—I am tempted to repeat this queſtion to the very perſons who aſk it; for I can conceive nothing ſo chimerical as that phraſe.

Roland, reſtored to the miniſtry after the 10th of Auguſt, thought that nothing was more urgent than to diffuſe the ſame ſpirit through all the departments of the ſtate, ſo that every thing proceeding in an uniform courſe, the ſucceſs of the revolution might be inſured: he therefore addreſſed a circular letter of that tendency to all the adminiſtrative bodies, nor did it fail to produce a favourable effect. The Legiſlative Aſſembly felt the neceſſity of ſupporting it; and for want of a body of Public Inſtruction, which was not yet drawn up, determined that an hundred thouſand livres (£.4167) ſhould be left at the diſpoſal of the miniſter of the interior, for the purpoſe of diſperſing ſuch uſeful writings as he might think fit.

Roland, rigid in his economy, made it his buſineſs to lay out this money to the beſt advantage: availing himſelf of the public papers, then in the higheſt eſtimation, he ordered them to be forwarded *gratis* to the popular ſocieties, to the pariſh prieſts, and to ſuch zealous individuals as appeared deſirous of contributing to the welfare of the ſtate. Some of thoſe ſocieties, and ſeveral of thoſe individuals, ſeeing that the government intereſted itſelf in their inſtruction, took courage, and now

and then wrote to the miniſter, to requeſt works which the Convention had ordered to be printed, and which they had not received. The miniſter, deſirous of ſatiſfying them, aſſigned to one of his offices the care of anſwering thoſe letters, and of forwarding the publications deſired. In theſe things alone conſiſt all the mighty machinations which have made ſo much noiſe, and which were nothing more than the mere execution of duties impoſed by a decree. Roland was ſo careful of expence, that at the end of ſix months he had only diſburſed thirty-four thouſand livres, out of the hundred thouſand of which he was at liberty to diſpoſe; and of thoſe he delivered an exact account, together with a liſt of the works purchaſed and given away. But as in conſequence of the nature of his place, and of the circumſtances in which he found himſelf, he ſometimes drew up inſtructions, which he diſperſed in the ſame manner; and as his writings in general breathed nothing but philoſophy and a love of his fellow-creatures, fears were entertained leſt the perſonal conſideration that might thence reſult ſhould render him too powerful.

It could only be inferred that he inſpired great confidence, which, by facilitating adminiſtrative operations, was productive of conſiderable advantage; but ſuppoſing it neceſſary to prevent his acquiring too much eſteem, and too great an aſcendancy, nothing was neceſſary but to repeal the decree, and to forbid his forwarding any thing which did not neceſſarily belong to his correſpondence with the adminiſtrative bodies. It was not however any regard to the public weal, but jealouſy of the individual, which raiſed ſuch a fermentation in men's minds; and accordingly they occaſioned a clamour, and

and accuſed and denounced him in a vague manner, without pointing out the object of their complaint; for if he could have imagined its nature, he would have been the firſt to apply a remedy to the evil apprehended. Inſtead of employing himſelf in that manner, he thought only of defending himſelf, at firſt by continuing to do his duty, and afterwards by explaining his conduct, and refuting his calumniators. His triumphant anſwers exaſperated envy; he was no longer mentioned but as a public enemy; and a real ſtruggle took place between the courageous functionary, who remained at the helm in ſpite of the tempeſt, and the jealous deceivers or deceived, who endeavoured to bury him beneath the waves. He ſtood firm, as long as he hoped it could anſwer any purpoſe; but the weakneſs and inſufficiency of the ſober party having been demonſtrated on an important occaſion, he retired.

His enemies dreaded his accounts; and prevented not only their examination, but the report of them from being made to the Aſſembly. The calumniators, when once embarked, thought only of juſtifying their falſe aſperſions by the ruin of the man who had been the object of them; hence their redoubled efforts, their open perſecution directed even againſt me; and for want of well-founded reaſons, the accuſation ſo often repeated of *corrupting the public ſpirit*, and of an office eſtabliſhed for that purpoſe, with my pretended ſhare in the delinquency; and all without citing a *fact*, a *writing*, or even a reprehenſible *phraſe*.—And yet Roland's glory, in future times, will be in part attached to the able and inſtructive productions of his pen!

MY SECOND ARRESTATION.

Sainte-Pelagie, Auguſt 20.

The twenty-fourth day of my confinement in the Abbey was beginning to paſs away: the period of that confinement had been employed in ſtudy and literary labours, principally in writing *memoirs*, of which the compoſition muſt have borne marks of the excellent diſpoſition of mind I was in. The inſurrection of the 31ſt of May, and the outrages of the ſecond of June, had filled me with indignation; but I was perſuaded that the departments would not look on them with an eye of ſatisfaction, and that their reclamations, ſupported by the requiſite meaſures, would make the good cauſe triumphant. Little did I care, while indulging this hope, whether in ſome critical moment, or in the ſtruggle of expiring tyranny, I fell a victim to private hatred, or to the rage of ſome furious madman. The ſucceſs of my friends, and the triumph of true republicans, conſoled me for every thing beforehand: I could have undergone the execution of an unjuſt ſentence, or have ſunk under the ſtroke of ſome unforeſeen atrocity, with the calmneſs, the pride, and even the joy of innocence, which deſpiſes death, and knows that its wrongs will be avenged.—Here I cannot help once more expreſſing my regret for the loſs of thoſe *Memoirs*, which deſcribed ſo well the facts that had come to my knowledge, the perſons by whom I had been ſurrounded, and the ſentiments I had experienced in the varying ſucceſſion of events. I am informed that ſome of them have eſcaped deſtruction; but

but they only contain the particulars of my firſt arreſtation. The day will come perhaps when the union of thoſe fragments will afford to ſome friendly hand the means of exhibiting the truth in more glowing colours.

The publication of a groſs falſehood, and the loud bawling of the hawkers under my window, while announcing one of the numbers of the *Pere Ducheſne*, a filthy print with which Hebert, ſubſtitute of the commons of Paris, every morning poiſons the ignorant populace, who ſwallow calumny like water, perſuaded me that ſome new atrocity was in agitation. That paper pretended that its author had paid me a viſit in the Abbey, and that having obtained my confidence by aſſuming the appearance of one of the Vendean banditti, he had brought me to confeſs the connexions of Roland and the Briſſotines with the rebels of that department and with the Engliſh government. In this ridiculous ſtory, interlarded with the uſual ornaments of ſtyle of *Pere Ducheſne*, phyſical and moral probabilities were diſregarded alike. I was not only transformed into the abettor of a counter-revolution, but into an old toothleſs hag, and was exhorted to weep for my ſins till the time ſhould come for expiating them on the ſcaffold. The hawkers, in purſuance no doubt of their inſtructions, did not leave the vicinity of my reſidence for a moment, but accompanied their proclamation of *Pere Ducheſne's Great Viſit* with the moſt ſanguinary advice to the people of the market. I took up my pen, and wrote a few lines to that cowardly Garat, who thinks himſelf a ſage, becauſe he is actuated by no paſſion but fear, which makes him pay his court to whatever party chances to be uppermoſt, without the leaſt regard to juſtice. I pointed

out to him the infamy of an adminiſtration which expoſes innocence, already oppreſſed, to the laſt outrages of a blind and furious populace. I certainly had no hope of converting him; but I ſent him my farewell to prey like a vulture upon his heart. About the ſame time a young woman, who has no great talents to boaſt of, but who combines the graces of her ſex with that ſenſibility which is its principal merit, and its greateſt charm, found means to make her way into my priſon. How was I aſtoniſhed to ſee her ſweet countenance, and to feel myſelf preſſed to her boſom, and bathed in her tears! I took her for an angel; and an angel ſhe was, for ſhe is good and handſome, and had done all ſhe could to bring me news of my friends: ſhe furniſhed me alſo with the means of informing them of my ſituation. This alleviation of my captivity had contributed to make me forget it, when at noon on the 24th of June, the gaoler's wife came and begged me to ſtep into her apartment, where an adminiſtrator was waiting to ſee me.—I was in pain, and in bed—I roſe and followed her into her room, where a man was walking up and down, and another writing, without either of them appearing to perceive my arrival.—'Am I the perſon, gentlemen, whom you aſked for?'—'You are the wife of citizen Roland?'—'Yes, Roland is my name.'—'Be ſo good as to ſit down.'—The one continued to write, and the other to walk about.—I was endeavouring in vain to divine what this comedy might mean, when the *writer* deigned to addreſs me—'I am come,' ſaid he, 'to ſet you at liberty.'—I know not how it was, but I felt myſelf very little affected by the information.—'Why, indeed,' anſwered I, 'it is very right to remove me from this place;

place; but that is not all; I wiſh to return home, and the door of my apartment is ſealed up.'—'The adminiſtration will have it opened in the courſe of the day; I am writing for an order, becauſe I am the only adminiſtrator here, and two ſignatures are neceſſary for the gaoler's diſcharge.'—He roſe, delivered his meſſage, and returned to ſpeak to me, with the air of a man deſirous of inſpiring confidence.—'Do you know,' ſaid he all on a ſudden, and as if without deſign, 'where M. Roland is at preſent?'—I ſmiled at the queſtion, obſerved that it was not candid enough to deſerve an anſwer; and as the converſation grew tireſome, retired to my own room to prepare for my departure. My firſt idea was to dine quietly, and not to remove till towards the evening; but, upon further reflection, I thought it a folly to remain in a priſon when I was free to go away. Beſides the gaoler came to know if I was getting ready, and I plainly ſaw that he was impatient to turn me out of my lodgings. It was a little cloſet, rendered very uncomfortable by the dirtineſs of the walls, the cloſeneſs of the grates, and the neighbourhood of a pile of wood, where all the animals belonging to the houſe depoſited their ordure; but as it could contain only one bed, and as the priſoner conſequently had the advantage of being alone, the honour of inhabiting it was generally conferred upon a new comer, or upon an individual deſirous of ſolitude. Lavacquerie (the gaoler), who had never ſeen it occupied by any body ſo contented as I was, and who uſed to admire the pleaſure I took in arranging my books and my flowers, told me, that in future he ſhould call it the pavilion of Flora. I was ignorant that at the very moment he was ſpeaking he intended it

for Briſſot, whom I did not even ſuppoſe to be my neighbour; and that ſoon after, it would be inhabited by a heroine, worthy of a better age, the celebrated Charlotte Corday. My poor maid, who was juſt come to ſee me, wept for joy while packing up my things; the order for ſetting me at liberty, founded upon the want of evidence, was ſhewn to me; I ſettled my accounts, and diſtributed my little favours to the poor, and to the ſervants belonging to the priſon; and in my way out met the prince of Linanges, one of the hoſtages, who congratulated me in obliging terms upon my enlargement. I anſwered, that 'I ſhould be happy to pay him the ſame compliment, as it would be a pledge of the releaſe of our commiſſioners, and of the return of peace:'—then ſending for a hackney-coach, I walked down ſtairs, much ſurpriſed at finding that the adminiſtrator had not yet left the priſon, and at his coming to the door to ſee me into the carriage.

Driving home with the intention of leaving a few things there, and of proceeding immediately after to the houſe of the worthy people, who have adopted my daughter, I quitted the hackney-coach with that activity which never allowed me to get out of a carriage without jumping, paſſed under the gate-way as if upon wings, and ſaid cheerfully to the porter as I went by, 'Good-morrow, Lamarre.' Scarcely, however, had I got up four or five ſtairs, when two men, who ſome how or other had kept cloſe at my heels, called out '*Citoyenne* Roland!'——'What do you want?' ſaid I, turning about. —'In the name of the law, we arreſt you.' Thoſe who know what it is to feel, will eaſily conceive all that I experienced at that moment. I deſired the order to be

read

read to me; and coming to a reſolution immediately, ſtepped down ſtairs, and walked haſtily acroſs the yard. —'Whither are you going?'—'To my landlord's, where I have buſineſs; follow me thither.'—The miſtreſs of the houſe opened the door with a ſmile.—'Let me ſit down and breathe,' ſaid I, 'but do not rejoice at my being ſet at liberty: it is nothing but a cruel artifice: I am no ſooner releaſed from the Abbey, than I am ordered to be confined at Sainte-Pelagie. As I am not ignorant of the reſolutions lately entered into by my ſection, I am determined to put myſelf under its protection, and will beg you to ſend thither accordingly.'—Her ſon immediately offered to go with all the warmth and indignation of a kind-hearted young man *. Two commiſſioners from the ſection came; deſired to ſee the order; and made a formal oppoſition; but they afterwards begged me to accompany them to the reſidence of the mayor, where they were going to give notice of it, and to aſſign their reaſons. With this requeſt I could not refuſe to comply. After employing the intermediate time in writing notes to my friends to inform them of my new deſtination, I took leave of a family which this ſcene had affected with terror and ſurpriſe, and was conducted to the mayor's. There I was put into a little anti-chamber with the inſpectors charged to take care of my perſon, while the commiſſioners proceeded to the office of the adminiſtrators of the police. The debate began, continued for ſome time, and grew warm. Ill at my eaſe, and diſſatisfied with the

* He was dragged to the ſcaffold on this account, and his father died of grief.

place I was in, I asked myself by what fatality innocence was obliged to play the part of a criminal, expecting judgment, and to remain in the mean time exposed to the inquisitive eyes of every body who came into the anti-chamber. At length, out of all patience, I rose, and opened the door of the office.—'There can certainly, gentlemen, be no harm in my being present at a discussion of which I am the subject.'—'Get you gone,' cried a little man, whom I recognized for the very Louvet that had examined me so awkwardly at the Abbey—'But, gentlemen, I have no intention to commit any act of violence, I am not prepared for it; I do not even ask to be heard; I only desire to be present.'—'Get you gone; get you gone.—*Gendarmes*, come hither!'—Any one would have supposed that the office was besieged, because a woman of common sense wished to hear what they were saying of her. It was however necessary to withdraw, that I might not be carried away by force. Soon after I perceived them making signs, running backwards and forwards, and sending for a coach; and at last an inspector of the police came and begged me to follow him. I turned round to the door of the office, and set it wide open.—'Commissioners of the section of Beaurepaire, I give you notice that they are taking me away.'—'We cannot help it; but the section will not forget you; it will take care that you be examined.'—'After having been set at liberty at one o'clock, because *there was no evidence against me*, I should be glad to know how I could become a *suspected person*, in my way home from the Abbey, and thus give cause for a new detention.'—Joubert, another administrator, as violent as Louvet, and still more awkward and stupid than

than he, addreſſing me in a magiſterial tone, confeſſed that my firſt arreſt was illegal, and that it had been neceſſary to enlarge me, that I might afterwards be taken into cuſtody according to the terms of the law. This opened to me a fine field; and I was going to avail myſelf of it; but tyrants, even when they ſuffer the truth to eſcape them, cannot bear to hear it from the lips of others; noiſe and anger left no room for reaſon; I quitted the company, and was conveyed to *Sainte-Pelagie*.

The name of this houſe, which under the old government, was inhabited by nuns, keepers of thoſe female victims of *lettres-de-cachet*, whoſe conduct was ſuppoſed to be immoral, added to its lonely ſituation in a remote quarter of the town, inhabited by what may truly be called populace, and but too well known on account of the ferocious ſpirit which it manifeſted in the month of September, by the maſſacre of ſo many prieſts: all this did not preſent my new aſylum to my eyes in a conſolatory point of view.

While a note was taking of my entry, a man of a ſiniſter countenance opened my bundle, and began to examine it with particuliar curioſity. I perceived it at the moment when he laid upon the gaoler's deſk ſome newſpapers which it contained. Surpriſed and offended at a behaviour only authorized in caſes of ſecret confinement, I obſerved that it by no means became a man to examine a woman's night clothes in ſo indecent a manner. He was accordingly ordered to let them alone; but he was the turnkey of the corridor in which I lodged; and twice a day I was doomed to ſee his horrible countenance. I was aſked if I choſe a room with one or two beds—'I am alone, and want no company.'—'But the

room

room will be too ſmall.'—'It is all the ſame to me.'—Upon inquiry, it was found that they were all full, and I was conducted to a double-bedded room, ſix feet wide by twelve feet long, ſo that with the two *little tables*, and the two *chairs*, there was hardly any ſpace to ſpare. I was then informed that I muſt pay the firſt month's lodging in advance; fifteen livres for one bed; twice as much for the two. As I wanted only one, and ſhould have taken it in a room which contained no more, I paid only fifteen livres. 'But there is no water-bottle, nor other veſſel?'—'You muſt buy them,' ſaid the ſame officious perſonage, very ready to make a tender of ſervices, of which it was eaſy to perceive the intereſted motive. To theſe acquiſitions I added an ink-ſtand, paper and pens, and eſtabliſhed myſelf in my new apartment.

The miſtreſs of the houſe coming to viſit me, I made inquiry concerning my rights and the cuſtoms of the place, and was told that the ſtate allowed nothing to the priſoners.—'How then do they live?'—'They receive a plate of kidney-beans only, and a pound and a half of bread per day; but you would not be able to eat either of them.'—'I can eaſily believe that they are not like what I have been accuſtomed to; but I wiſh to know what belongs to every ſituation, and will make a trial.'—I made a trial accordingly; but, either the ſtate of my ſtomach, or want of exerciſe, made me reject the priſon diet; and I was obliged to have recourſe to Madame Bouchaud's kitchen. She had made an offer of boarding me, which I accepted; and found her fare both good and economical, in compariſon of what I might have ſent for from the cook's ſhop, at a great diſtance,

tance, and in a desolate quarter of the town. A mutton chop, and a few spoonfuls of vegetables, for dinner, a sallad for supper, never any desert, and nothing but bread and water for breakfast; such were the dishes I ordered, and such was the fare I had been accustomed to at the Abbey. I mention it here, by way of opposing this manner of living, to the complaints soon after made by the section of the observatory, of my expences at Sainte Palagie, where it was said that I was endeavouring to corrupt the gaoler by giving treats to his family: hence great indignation among the *Sans-culottes*, and a proposal from some of them to dispatch me to the other world. This accords well with the clamorous nonsense of those women, who pretend that by dressing themselves up in fine clothes, they got admission into the circle of old countesses, at which I presided, in the Hotel of the Interior, and with the articles of the journal of the Mountain, which inserts letters written to me by refractory priests.

O Danton! thus it is that you direct the knife of the assassin against your victims. Strike! one more will add little to the catalogue of your crimes; but the multiplicity of them cannot cover your wickedness, nor save you from infamy. As cruel as Marius, and more terrible than Catiline, you surpass their misdeeds, without possessing their great qualities; and history will vomit forth your name with horror, when relating the carnage of the first days of September, and the dissolution of the social body in consequence of the events that took place on the second of June.

My courage did not sink under the new misfortunes I experienced; but the refinement of cruelty with which

they had given me a foretaſte of liberty, only to load me with freſh chains, and the barbarous care with which they took advantage of a decree, by applying to me a falſe deſignation, as the mode of legalizing an arbitrary arreſt, fired me with indignation. Feeling myſelf in that diſpoſition of mind when every impreſſion becomes ſtronger, and its effect more prejudicial to health, I went to bed; but as I could not ſleep, it was impoſſible to avoid thinking. This violent ſtate, however, never laſts long with me. Being accuſtomed to govern my mind, I felt the want of ſelf-poſſeſſion, and thought myſelf a fool for affording a triumph to my perſecutors, by ſuffering their injuſtice to break my ſpirit. They were only bringing freſh odium on themſelves, without making much alteration in the ſituation I had already found means ſo well to ſupport: had I not books and leiſure here as well as at the Abbey? I began indeed to be quite angry with myſelf for having allowed my peace of mind to be diſturbed, and no longer thought of any thing, but of enjoying exiſtence, and of employing my faculties with that independence of ſpirit which a ſtrong mind preſerves in the midſt of fetters, and which thus diſappoints its moſt determined enemies. As I felt that it was neceſſary to vary my occupations, I bought crayons, and had recourſe to drawing, which I had laid aſide ſome time. Fortitude does not conſiſt ſolely in riſing ſuperior to circumſtances by an effort of the mind, but in maintaining that elevation by ſuitable conduct and care. Whenever unfortunate or irritating events take me by ſurpriſe, I am not content with calling up the maxims of philoſophy to ſupport my courage; but I provide agreeable amuſements for my mind,

mind, and do not neglect the art of preſerving health to keep myſelf in a juſt equilibrium. I laid out my days then with a certain ſort of regularity. In the morning I ſtudied the Engliſh language in Shaftſbury's Eſſay on Virtue, and in the poetry of Thomſon. The ſound metaphyſics of the one, and the enchanting deſcriptions of the other, tranſported me by turns to the intellectual regions, and to the moſt touching ſcenes of nature. Shaftſbury's reaſon gave new ſtrength to mine, and his thoughts invited meditation; while Thomſon's ſenſibility, and his delightful and ſublime pictures, went to my heart, and charmed my imagination. I afterwards ſat down to my drawing till dinner time. Having been ſo long without handling the pencil, I could not expect to acquit myſelf with much ſkill; but we always preſerve the power of repeating with pleaſure, and of attempting with facility, whatever in our youth we have practiſed with ſucceſs. Accordingly, the ſtudy of the fine arts, conſidered as a part of the education of young women, ought, in my opinion, to be leſs directed towards the acquiſition of diſtinguiſhed talents, than to inſpiring them with the love of employment, making them contract a habit of application, and multiplying their means of amuſement; for it is thus we eſcape from that *ennui* which is the moſt cruel diſeaſe of man in ſociety; and thus we avoid the quickſands of vice, and ſeductions ſtill more to be feared than vice itſelf.

I will not then make my daughter a profeſſor *(une virtuoſe)*: I ſhall ever remember that my mother was afraid of my becoming too great a muſician, or of my devoting

devoting myſelf entirely to painting, becauſe ſhe deſired, above all things, that I ſhould be fond of the duties of my ſex, and learn to be a good houſewife, in caſe of my becoming the mother of a family. My Eudora then ſhall learn to accompany herſelf in a pleaſing manner on the harp, or to play with eaſe on the *forte piano*; and ſhall know enough of drawing, to enable her to contemplate the maſterpieces of art with pleaſure, to trace or imitate a flower which delights her, and to ſhew taſte and elegant ſimplicity in the choice of her ornaments. It is my wiſh that the mediocrity of her talents may excite neither admiration in others, nor vanity in herſelf. It is my wiſh that ſhe may pleaſe rather by her collective merit, than aſtoniſh at the firſt glance, and that ſhe may rather gain affection by her good qualities, than applauſe by her brilliant accompliſhments. But, good heavens! I am a priſoner, and a great diſtance divides us! I dare not even ſend for her to receive my embraces; for hatred purſues the very children of thoſe whom tyranny perſecutes; and no ſooner does my girl in her eleventh year appear in the ſtreets with her virgin baſhfulneſs, and her beautiful fair hair, than wretches, hired or ſeduced by falſehood, point her out as the offſpring of a conſpirator. Cruel wretches! they well know how to break a mother's heart!

Could not I have brought her with me? - - - - I have not yet ſaid what is the ſituation of a priſoner at Sainte Pelagie.

The wing appropriated to females, is divided into long and very narrow corridors, on one ſide of which are little cells like that which I have deſcribed as my lodging. There, under the ſame roof, upon the ſame line, and

and only ſeparated by a thin plaſtered partition, I dwell in the midſt of murderers and women of the town. By the ſide of me is one of thoſe creatures who make a trade of ſeduction, and ſet up innocence to ſale; and above me is a woman who forged aſſignats, and with a band of monſters to which ſhe belongs, tore an individual of her own ſex to pieces upon the highway. The door of each cell is ſecured by an enormous bolt, and opened every morning by a man who ſtares in impudently to ſee whether you be up or in bed: their inhabitants then aſſemble in the corridors, upon the ſtaircaſes, or in a damp or noiſome room, a worthy receptacle for this ſcum of the earth.

It will be readily believed that I confine myſelf conſtantly to my cell; but the diſtance is not great enough to ſave the ear from the expreſſions which ſuch women may be ſuppoſed to utter, but which without hearing them it is impoſſible for any one to conceive.

This is not all: the wing where the men are confined, having windows in front of, and very near the building inhabited by the women, the individuals of the two ſexes of analagous character, enter into converſation, which is the more diſſolute, as thoſe who hold it are unſuſceptible of fear: geſtures ſupply the place of actions, and the windows ſerve as the occaſions of the moſt ſhameful ſcenes of infamous debauchery.

Such is the dwelling reſerved for the worthy wife of an honeſt man!—If this be the reward of virtue on earth, who will be aſtoniſhed at my contempt of life, and at the reſolution with which I ſhall be able to look death in the face? It never appeared to me in a formidable ſhape; but at preſent it is not without its charms; and I could

could embrace it with pleaſure, if my daughter did not invite me to ſtay a little longer with her, and if my voluntary *exit* would not furniſh calumny with weapons againſt my huſband, whoſe glory I ſhould ſupport, if they ſhould dare to carry me before a tribunal.

In the latter part of Roland's adminiſtration, conſpiracies and threats ſucceeded each other ſo faſt, that our friends often preſſed us to leave the hotel during the night. Two or three times we yielded to their entreaties; but ſoon growing tired of this daily removal, I obſerved that malevolence would hardly go ſo far as to violate the abode of a man in office, while it might waylay and immolate him out of doors; and that, after all, if ſuch a misfortune were to happen, it would be more conducive to public utility, and to his perſonal glory, for the miniſter to periſh at his poſt.

Accordingly we no longer ſlept out; but I had my huſband's bed brought into my own room, that we might run the ſame hazard, and under my pillow or upon my night-table I kept a piſtol, which I meaned to uſe, not for a vain defence, but to ſave myſelf from the outrages of aſſaſſins, in caſe I ſhould ſee them approach. In that ſituation I paſſed three weeks; and certain it is that the hotel was twice beſet, and that another time the Marſeillois, hearing that ſome villanous project or other was on foot, ſent eighty of their people to guard us. It is certain alſo that the Jacobins and Cordeliers were for ever repeating in their tribune, that a 10th of Auguſt was as neceſſary againſt Roland as it had been againſt Louis XVI; but as they ſaid ſo, it might be preſumed that they were not ready to realize their threat. Death, which I cheerfully braved at that time, cannot but appear

pear desirable to me at Sainte-Pelagie, did not powerful considerations chain me to the earth.

My keepers soon began to suffer more than myself from my situation, and were at great pains to render it less disagreeable. The excessive heat of the month of July rendered my prison uninhabitable. The paper with which I covered the grates, did not prevent the sun from striking upon the white walls of my narrow cell, and though my windows remained open all night, the burning and concentrated air of the day did not get cool.

The gaoler's wife invited me to pass my days in her apartment; but I limited my acceptance of this offer to the afternoon. It was then I thought of sending for a *forte-piano*, which I put into her room, and with which I sometimes charmed away the heavy hours. But what a modification did my moral situation suffer during that period! The rising of some of the departments seemed to announce the indignation they had conceived at the violence offered to their representatives, and their resolution of avenging it, by restoring the convention to its former integrity.

I knew that Roland was in a safe and peaceful retreat, receiving the consolation, and the attentions of friendship; my daughter, taken into the house of venerable patriarchs, continued her exercises, and her education, under their immediate inspection, and with their own children; and my friends, the fugitives, welcomed at Caen, were there surrounded by a respectable force. I thought I saw the salvation of the republic growing out of events; and resigned to my own fate, I was happy still; for our happiness depends less on external ob-

jects, than on the diſpoſitions and affections of the mind. I employed my time in an uſeful and agreeable manner; I ſometimes ſaw the four perſons who uſed to viſit me at the Abbey; the worthy *Grandpré*, whoſe place authoriſed him to come, and who came accompanied by a charming woman; the faithful Boſc, who brought me flowers from the *Jardin des Plantes*, of which the beautiful forms, the brilliant colours, and the ſweet fragrance, diminiſhed the horrors of my melancholy abode; and the kind Champagneux, who perſuaded me ſo earneſtly to continue the hiſtorical memoirs I had begun, that at his deſire I reſumed my pen, and for a while laid by my Tacitus and my Plutarch, to whom I was accuſtomed to devote my afternoons.

Madame Bouchaud did not think it enough to have offered me the uſe of her apartment. Perceiving that I availed myſelf of it with great reſerve, ſhe determined to remove me altogether from my gloomy cell, and to lodge me in a comfortable room with a fire-place, ſituated on the ground floor, and underneath her own chamber. Thus am I delivered from the ſhocking company which for three weeks has been my greateſt torment. It will no longer be neceſſary for me to paſs twice a day through a throng of the women of my neighbourhood, for the purpoſe of getting out of their way for a little time at leaſt. I ſhall no longer ſee the turnkey of ſiniſter countenance open my door every morning, and ſhut me in every night with a monſtrous bolt, like a criminal whom it is neceſſary to keep in cloſe confinement. It is the good-natured face of Madame Bouchaud, which offers itſelf to my eyes; whoſe kind attentions I perceive every moment. There is nothing, even to the

the very jeſſamine carried up before my window and winding its flexible branches round the bars, that does not teſtify her deſire to oblige. I look upon myſelf as her boarder, and forget my captivity. All my articles of ſtudy and amuſement are united around me; my *forte-piano* is by my bedſide, and receſſes in the walls afford me the means of arranging my little effects in ſuch a way as to preſerve in my aſylum that neatneſs in which I delight. . . . . But gold, and falſehood, and intrigue, and arms, are employed againſt the departments which the truth was beginning to enlighten: ſoldiers deluded, or bought over, betray the brave Normans; Evreux is evacuated; Caen abandons the members to which it had afforded a refuge; domineering banditti, in what is ſtill called a convention, declare them traitors to their country; their perſons are outlawed; their property is confiſcated; their wives and children are taken into cuſtody; their houſes are demoliſhed; the members who choſe to remain in confinement are impeached, without any reaſon being aſſigned; and every thing announces the triumph of audacious guilt over unfortunate virtue. That cowardice which marks the ſelfiſhneſs and corruption of a degenerate people, whom we thought it poſſible to reclaim by the light of reaſon, but who were too far debaſed; that cowardice delivers over to terror the perfidious adminiſtrators, and the ignorant multitude. Every where the idea of peace and the deſire of repoſe, always illuſory when it is not deſerved, counſel the acceptance of a monſtrous conſtitution, which, had it even been better, ought not to have been received from the unworthy hands that held it out. There, where any reſiſtance might have ariſen, it is ſtifled by

 corruption;

corruption; and the money of the nation is laviſhed to inſure the ſucceſs of its oppreſſors. In their ſilly ſtupor, a majority, incapable of reaſoning, conſider the ſacrifice of a few individuals as a trifling misfortune; they think to eſtabliſh juſtice, peace, and ſecurity, for themſelves, by ſuffering them to be violated in the perſons of their repreſentatives; and receive the pledge of their ſervitude as the ſign of ſalvation. In the mean time a rod of iron is held over the weak Pariſians, the puſillanimous witneſſes of horrors, which they lament, but dare not make known: famine threatens them; poverty preys upon their vitals; oppreſſion overwhelms them; the reign of proſcriptions begins; denunciations come ſhowering down on every ſide; and the priſons overflow. Every where an infamous recompenſe awaits him who has a victim to offer; the porters of private houſes, kept ſecretly in pay, become the chief informers, and ſervants are no longer any thing but ſpies.

An aſtoniſhing woman taking counſel, from her courage alone, came to inflict death upon the apoſtle of murder and pillage. She deſerves the admiration of the univerſe. But not being well acquainted with the ſtate of things, her time and her victim were ill choſen. There was a greater criminal, to whom her immolating hand ſhould have given the preference. The death of Marat only ſerved the purpoſes of his abominable ſectaries: they transformed into a martyr the man whom they had taken for a prophet; and fanaticiſm and knavery, always in a league, derived from this event an advantage ſimilar to that which the murder of le Pelletier had procured them. Certainly that murder had been too fatal in its conſequences to permit us to think that the fugitive

fugitive members, entire ſtrangers to the action of Paris *, were not equally ſo to that of Charlotte Corday; but their adverſaries laid hold of it as a new mean of ruining them in the minds of the people. The moſt determined republicans, the only men of the aſſembly who joined to the courage of ſtrict probity the authority of talents and knowledge, were repreſented as the favourers of deſpotiſm, and vile conſpirators. At one time they are ſuppoſed to be in a league with the rebels of La Vendée, and on the ſabres of the warriors deſirous of defending them, the words *Vive Louis XVII.* are ſaid to be inſcribed: at another time they are accuſed of endeavouring to divide France into little republics, and are reprobated as federaliſts. It is with equal conſiſtency that Briſſot is taken into Engliſh pay, and that his wife, in a report ſent to all the departments, is gravely repreſented as having retired to the queen's apartments at Verſailles, and as holding ſecret councils there.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than this ſtory to thoſe who are acquainted with Briſſot's wife, devoted to the domeſtic virtues, wholly taken up with the cares of her houſhold, ironing her huſband's ſhirts herſelf, looking through the key-hole to ſee if ſhe may ſafely open the door to thoſe who knock, and hiring a little miſerable room in the village of St. Cloud, in order to have it in her power to carry the child that ſhe has juſt weaned into the open air. But ſhe is taken into cuſtody; is conducted to Paris; and a guard is placed over her. Petion's wife, who was going to retire among her friends

* The murderer of le Pelletier.

till the ſtorm ſhould blow over, is arreſted with her ſon. Miranda, whom the revolutionary tribunal had acquitted, is remanded to priſon as a ſuſpected perſon, on the information of his valet, a ſpy of Pache; all the generals are put under arreſt; and Cuſtine, whom, as I have been told by the prince de Linanges, the Auſtrians dreaded more than any of the reſt, is threatened with the loſs of his head. Diſorganization ſpreads itſelf over the whole face of France, and a civil war breaks out in a variety of places. The acceptance of the conſtitution cannot procure for Lyons an act of oblivion for the juſtice it dared to execute on two or three of Marat's banditti; it is called upon to deliver up the heads of its richeſt inhabitants, and to pay a conſiderable ſum of money; the high ſpirited Marſeilles ſends ſuccour to the Lyonneſe; and troops are recalled from the frontiers, which are left expoſed to the ravages of the enemy, in order to ſet brother againſt brother, and to ſpill the blood of Frenchmen by the hands of the French themſelves. In the mean time the enemy advances in the north; Valenciennes no longer exiſts; Cambray is blocked up; and the Auſtrian light troops appear in the environs of Peronne. Paris, like another Babylon, ſees its brutiſh populace run in crowds to ridiculous feſtivals, or feaſt their eyes upon the blood of a multitude of wretches ſacrificed to their ferocious diſtruſt; while the ſelfiſh and unfeeling fill the theatres, and the timid citizen ſtays trembling at home, where he is not ſure of ſleeping, if it pleaſe his neighbour to ſay that he has made uſe of *uncivic* expreſſions, blamed the carnage of the 2d of September, or lamented the fate of the victims of Orleans, put to death without proof of their being privy

to

to an assassination which was *not* committed on the person of the infamous Bourdon. O my country! into what hands art thou fallen. Chabot and his fellows announce that Roland is at Lyons, affirm that he is exciting an insurrection in that city, and call for his impeachment and for mine: and at the same time they search the cellars of the observatory, and invest the house of one of his friends, where they suppose him to lie concealed.

All my friends are proscribed, fugitives, or in confinement; my husband only escapes from the fury of his adversaries by keeping close in a retreat which may be compared to the severest imprisonment; and it is even decreed that the few persons who come to console me shall undergo persecution.—Grandpré, dining in company with a man whom he did not know to be a justice of peace, and a member of the tribunal of the district, lamented the negligence of the magistrates, who suffered so many persons to languish in the prisons. On this the unknown personage discovered himself; affected a great desire to be made acquainted with abuses, to the reform of which he might have it in his power to contribute; and begged Grandpré to let him have his name and address, that he might call, and take him with him in his next visit to the prisons. That was only a pretext,—the justice of peace hastened to the committee of general safety, and fabricated an atrocious denunciation against Grandpré, whom he accused of being an accomplice in the death of Marat.—It seems as if we were living in the time of Tiberius; for, like his, this is the reign of informers.—Grandpré was taken up by an officer and four musketeers, who repaired to his apartment at five o'clock in the morning; ransacked his papers, and sealed

up his effects. He had then about him a letter addreſſed by me to the unfortunate Briſſot. What a crime might be made of this, to *me* for having written it, and to *him* for being the bearer! Luckily he found means to conceal it from their ſearch; but it was not till after a tedious debate that he could obtain permiſſion to remain under a guard at his office, inſtead of going to ſleep at the abbey; nor was it till after the expiration of ſeveral days, that means were found to demonſtrate the falſity of the charge.

Champagneux was leſs fortunate: to the crime of owing his appointment to Roland, he joined that of occupying a deſirable place.—Collot d'Herbois went drunk to the office of the home department, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, at the moment that the clerks had juſt left their deſks to go to dinner: his buſineſs was to demand carriages, of which the miniſter had not the diſpoſal. In a rage at not finding Garat, he ſwore, ſtormed, broke the legs of the chairs and table *, went to the apartment of Champagneux, the firſt clerk, abuſed him, ordered the packets that were made up for the poſt-office to be opened, and quarrelled about the incloſure they contained. It was a kind of circular letter, conſiſting of queſtions, and intended to procure information concerning the ſtate of the country. In his heated brain he arranged a denunciation, which he brought forward the next day, at the Convention, and on the ſtrength of which a decree of arreſt was paſſed both againſt Garat and Champagneux.

Garat came to the bar, made no complaint of Collot,

* Theſe facts may appear exaggerated; but they are ſtrictly true. I had them from an eye-witneſs, whoſe veracity is undoubted. They are confirmed by a late publication of Garat's.

explained

explained his conduct in the gentleſt terms, pronounced a fulſome panegyric on the auguſt aſſembly, and was ſent back to his duty. Champagneux at firſt hid himſelf in a fright, but afterwards appeared. He was referred by the Convention to the Committee, and by the Committee was ſent a priſoner to the *Force*. Garat ſolicited by others, and having an intereſt himſelf in the enlargement of Champagneux, whoſe ſervices he could not diſpenſe with, repaired to the Committee to obtain it. There he made it appear, that, without the aſſiſtance of a man ſo converſant in buſineſs, it would be impoſſible for him to remain in office, and by his friends, ſuch as Barrere, if men like Barrere can be called friends, was encouraged to hope, that by offering his conditional reſignation, Champagneux would be reſtored to him, as an inducement to continue in adminiſtration; but the reſt of the Committee ſpoke out in plainer terms. He was required to fill up the place of Champagneux: his liberty and his life depended on his compliance. He was required to fill it up by the appointment of a young man, twenty-ſix years of age, deſtitute of experience in buſineſs, of all kinds of knowledge, and of every recommendation but the favour of the Committee, of which he was a tool. Garat, who never refuſed his maſters any thing, ſubmitted and then retired from his office, abandoning a poſt it was impoſſible for him to maintain *.

* Parê, formerly head-clerk to Danton, who had got him appointed ſecretary to the Council on Grouvelle's departure, ſucceeded Garat; and the ex-miniſter, happy to effect a change, which, by delivering him from a place of reſponſibility, conferred on him one of twenty thouſand livres a year, became ſecretary of the Council. It is not altogether uſeleſs to remark, that *Deſforgues*, miniſter of foreign affairs, was alſo one of Danton's clerks.

But

But Champagneux was not ſet at liberty, and the fourth week of his detention has already paſſed. At the moment he was threatened with an arreſt (for Collot had announced it as an act that would neceſſary follow his volition), Champagneux was in poſſeſſion of almoſt the whole of my *Hiſtorical Memoirs*, the exiſtence of which he wiſhed to inſure by taking a copy. Uneaſy, agitated, and not doubting but the principles by which they were dictated, and the freedom with which they were written, were a direct paſſport to the ſcaffold, he committed them to the flames.—Yet theſe are the governors of the empire!—Collot, a ſtrolling player by profeſſion, by whoſe ſide ſits a judge of the ſouthern departments, who not long ſince condemned him to a year's impriſonment for an offence which he committed while a vagrant from barn to barn, and for which ſeveral of the judges wiſhed to ſend him to the galleys!—Great ſtrength of lungs, the geſtures of a jack-pudding, the manœuvres of a knave, the extravagance of a madman, and the effrontery of ignorance; ſuch were his means of ſucceſs at the clubs, particularly at the club of the Jacobins, who were not aſhamed to mention him at the time of the formation of the patriotic miniſtry under Louis XVI.

Collot thinking himſelf ill uſed by the appointment of Roland to the home department, to which he had directed his views, deemed him the more worthy of his hatred, as being an enemy by whom he was overlooked. From that moment his Jacobinical influence was directed againſt him, and that conduct, added to his other relative

qualities, procured him a ſeat in the Convention, as one of the Pariſian deputation.

Champagneux, in his confinement, regrets his liberty leſs than the pleaſure of ſometimes alleviating my ca tivity, while I am afflicted at *his*, which he owes to his connexion with Roland and myſelf. As to Boſc, who has already given up his place of adminiſtrator at the poſt-office, and whom I endeavour to perſuade not to run the riſk of a priſon by viſiting me in mine, I ſee him once a week, as it were by ſtealth. In the midſt of all theſe ſorrows, I can however offer my friends a ſeat in the pleaſant room, where the kind-hearted Madame Bouchaud has ſequeſtered me from all the appearances of a priſon. I am there expoſed, it is true, to the inconvenience of having a ſentry planted directly oppoſite my window, on whoſe account I am always obliged to keep my curtains drawn, and who comes to liſten to every thing that is ſaid when I am not alone; and I am diſturbed by the horrible barking of three great dogs, whoſe kennel is at leſs than ten paces diſtance. I am alſo cloſe to a large room, pompouſly ſtyled the council-chamber, where the adminiſtrators of the police do their buſineſs when they come to examine a priſoner. It is to this neighbourhood that I am indebted for the knowledge of ſome curious ſcenes, of which I am going to ſay a few words.

Two men, whoſe names I once knew, and have either forgotten, or do not chooſe to repeat, becauſe the names of ſuch wretches are not deſerving of mention, had been ſent to priſon for their malverſations in the clothing of the troops, in which department of the public ſervice they were employed. They had for friends, or for accomplices,

accomplices, ſome people of their own deſcription, and thoſe people were actually adminiſtrators of the police. Charged in that quality with the maintenance of order in the priſons, and the ſuperintendance of the gaolers, they came to Sainte-Pelagie once or twice a week, with other friends like themſelves, ten or twelve in number, and ſometimes more, ſent for the two darling priſoners to the council-chamber, and there making the gaoler give them capons, chickens, eggs, wine, cordials, coffee, &c. conſumed them at his expence, and kept up their orgies three or four hours together. No one would ever imagine, and moſt aſſuredly I ſhall not undertake to relate the brutal joy, the fulſome converſation, and the infamy of theſe entertainments. The word patriotiſm, ſtupidly applied, and repeated emphatically on every mention of the ſcaffold, to which it was proper to ſend all *ſuſpected perſons*; that denomination beſtowed upon every one who had received a good education, or was poſſeſſed of a fortune not recently ſtolen; the diſguſting kiſſes from thoſe mouths, reeking with wine, ſmacking upon the cheeks of the new comers, and repeated in concert at the moment of breaking up; the obſcene jeſts of men deſtitute of all morality, and ſtrangers to all ſhame; and the ſilly pride of atrocious blockheads, who dreamed of nothing but denunciations, and whoſe ſole ſcience conſiſted in impriſoning their betters. - - - - - -

Plato might well compare democracy to an *auction* of government, a kind of *fair*, where all poſſible modes of adminiſtration are intermixed. But how would he characterize that ſtate of ſociety where men like theſe are arbiters of the liberty of their fellow-citizens? Whenever

ever this agreeable company came, Bouchaud or his wife never failed to withdraw my key from the door, and to give me notice of their arrival. At laſt I took my reſolution, and ſhut my ears againſt their noiſe; I even found an entertainment in continuing my *Hiſtorical Memoirs*, and in writing vigorous paſſages, before the eyes, as it were, of wretches who would have torn me to pieces if they had heard only a ſingle phraſe.

As the 10th of Auguſt was at hand, and fears were entertained of a rehearſal of the 2d of September, in the priſons, the adminiſtrators found means to get out the rogues of their acquaintance; and by ſo doing put an end to the civic feaſts at Sainte-Pelagie. If I could perſuade myſelf to meddle with ſuch diſguſting matters, I could give very aſtoniſhing, and very ſhocking accounts, of the abuſes that prevail in the priſons—the criminals would there be ſeen converting into accomplices almoſt all the ſervants, and other perſons concerned in the buſineſs of the place; women of the town, guilty of ſerious offences, obtaining their enlargement without a trial, by means of the adminiſtrator, who ſleeps with them the night after; aſſaſſins, rich enough to pay an advocate *(defenſeur officieux)* with the produce of their robberies, bribing him to deſtroy the vouchers, and procure the impunity, of their crimes; and profeſſed thieves keeping up their intrigues with one another, and with their accomplices without; thieving ſtill, though immured in a priſon; and dividing the ſpoils with the turnkey, or with the *gendarme*, who appears to guard them. Every thing gets tainted or completely ſpoiled in theſe infectious places under a vicious adminiſtration,

tion, desiring only to destroy, careless of correcting, and actuated by passion alone.—'Compassionate and generous Howard, who wanderedst over all Europe to visit those gloomy dungeons, in which the wisdom of an equitable government ought never to let innocence languish, and where it should also take care to distinguish weakness from criminality, how would your feeling heart have been hurt if you had been perfectly acquainted with the management of the prisons belonging to the nation then esteemed the gentlest upon earth!' There no distinction is made between giddy youth and hardened guilt. I have seen a botanical student, who had spoken ill of Marat, confined in the same room with highway robbers. There no respect is shewn to morals. I have seen a girl of fourteen, who was claimed by her parents, detained in the same cell with the infamous woman who had just seduced her, and who had been taken up for that offence. There no regard is had to decency, or attention to salubrity, in the construction of the edifice, or in the laying out of the internal space. A building is now erecting at Sainte-Pelagie, on an immense piece of ground, by an architect of confined ideas, a man of no mind, who is taking measures contrary to every principle of rationality, and yet no person in the superior branches of administration is either able or willing to correct his plan.

Here I must do justice to the present keeper. He does what he can in matters of detail, but nothing can prevent the bad consequences resulting from an organization essentially vicious. There ought to be either distinct houses, some appropriated to criminals, and others to suspicious or suspected persons, or else wings entirely detached;

detached; nor ſhould there be any communication between the two ſexes. But as this is not the place for a treatiſe upon the ſubject, I can only lament the deſtiny of a people, in the eſtabliſhment of whoſe liberty it is impoſſible for thoſe to believe who have once been witneſſes to its extreme corruption.

On my firſt coming to Sainte-Pelagie, I was waited upon by a woman, confined for ſome trifling offence. Her ſervices were an aſſiſtance to my weakneſs, while I had the means of making them an alleviation of her diſtreſs. Not but that I was very well able to be my own ſervant: *Tout ſied bien au généreux courage* *,' was ſaid of Favonius performing for Pompey in his misfortunes the offices which valets are accuſtomed to perform for their maſters. This may be applied with equal truth to the unfortunate man, ſtripped of his fortune, and providing for all his wants, and to the auſtere philoſopher, diſdaining every ſuperfluity. Quintius† was roaſting his turnips when he received the ambaſſadors of the Samnites; and I could have made my bed at Sainte-Pelagie; but, as in fetching water, and things of the like kind, it was neceſſary to go through long paſſages, and to mix with their various inhabitants, I was not ſorry to have a perſon whom I could oblige by ſending her on ſuch errands. She continued to aſſiſt me in the room I had been indulged with, and was coming in one morning at the very moment that an adminiſtrator was

* Every thing becomes a noble ſpirit.

† By *Quintius*, Madame Roland means *Lucius Quintius Cincinnatus*, but *Marcus Curius Dentatus* is the perſonage of whom this anecdote is related by the Roman hiſtorians: '*Legatis Samnitum aurum offerentibus, quum ipſe in foco rapa torreret*,' &c. *Plin. de viris illuſtribus.* Tranſ.

at

at the door of the council-chamber. He asked who lodged there; desired to inspect the room; came in; cast an angry eye around him; and then went out, and complained to the keeper's wife of the degree of comfort she allowed me to enjoy.—'Madame Roland was indisposed (that was true); and I put her more in the way of receiving such assistance as she might stand in need of; besides she sometimes amuses herself with a *forte piano*, for which there is not room in a cell.'—'She must do without it: send her this very day into a corridor: it is your business to maintain equality.'

Unfeeling wretch! is it to maintain equality that you wish to confound me with the most abandoned of women?—Madame Bouchard, more distressed than can well be imagined, soon came to communicate to me the order she had received. I consoled her by conforming to it with much calmness and resignation; and it was agreed that I should come down in the course of the day to change the air, and to return to my studies, the materials for which I left where they were. Thus am I once more destined to see the turnkeys, to hear the creaking of the bolts, to breathe the fetid air of a corridor, sadly illumined in the evening by a lamp, of which the thick smoke blackens all the walls, and suffocates the neighbourhood. These are the humane actions, the signs of liberty given by those men, who upon the ruins of the Bastille recall to our recollection the cruelty of the governor killing Lauzun's spider, and who, in the *Champ de Mars*, send up birds carrying streamers, to announce to the inhabitants of the upper regions the felicity of the earth. Insolent comedians! you are playing your last parts: the enemy is at hand.—By the enemy I mean the departments

partments endeavouring to insure the triumph of reason and of true liberty, and preparing your ruin.

Mine is inevitable, no doubt; I have deserved the hatred of all tyrants; but I only regret that of my country, which your chastisement will console, but cannot save.

As to the rest, the consequences of oppression have filled the corridor I inhabit with women in whose company I can remain without shame, and even with pleasure. I have found there the wife of a justice of peace, whose neighbour ascribes to her expressions styled uncivic; I have found there the wife also of the president of the revolutionary tribunal; and there I have found Madame Pétion.—'I little thought,' said I on accosting her, 'when I was sharing your uneasiness at the *Mairie* *, on the 10th of August, 1792, that we should keep our sad anniversary at Sainte-Pelagie, and that the fall of the throne would lead to our disgrace.'

* The residence of the mayor.

RAPID OBSERVATIONS

On the Indictment drawn up by AMAR *againſt the Members of the Convention.*

IF there have exiſted a *conſpiracy againſt the unity and indiviſibility of the republic, againſt the liberty and the ſafety of the French people,* it is evident that it can only have been formed by the abettors of deſpotiſm, by ambitious men, wiſhing to monopolize power and riches, or by the enemies of mankind.

Briſſot, Genſonné, Vergniaux, Guadet, Gorſas, Petion, Buzot, &c. are accounted ſuch. Theſe men muſt then have ſhewn, on more occaſions than one, their hatred of liberty, their thirſt of gain, their eagerneſs to obtain places, all the vices and corruption, in ſhort, that are natural to ſuch characters. Suppoſing even that they had aſſumed the maſk of hypocriſy, it was impoſſible for the end they had in view to remain concealed: their conduct muſt have betrayed it, and their intereſted motives muſt have evidently appeared. Let us enquire into what they were; let us ſee how they have acted; and we ſhall be able to judge of what is laid to their charge. After that it will be time to go in ſearch of the *conſpiracy* itſelf, which very poſſibly may reſemble the ſtory of the *golden tooth* *; or may amount to nothing more than the

* After ſome of the greateſt natural hiſtorians and philoſophers in Europe had been long employed in endeavouring to account for the exiſtence of a golden tooth in a living ſubject, they found out with ſurpriſing ſagacity that the tooth was a falſe one. *Tranſ.*

well-

well-known efforts of ariſtocrates and royaliſts, manifeſted as early as the infancy of the revolution, and connected with the enterprizes of foreign powers.—Let us look at a few of theſe men in private life before the year 1789, the æra when the buſy ſcene of politics, then opening, firſt brought them forward to public view; and let us obſerve the courſe they afterwards purſued. Advocates for the moſt part, ſome had diſtinguiſhed themſelves at the bar, others had made themſelves known in the republic of letters; ſeveral, remarkable only for the integrity they had diſplayed in their profeſſions, were ſeated in the States General, by the eſteem that integrity had procured them, while ſeveral others devoted themſelves to the laborious, but honourable functions of journaliſts, and ſtruggled courageouſly with deſpotiſm driven to deſpair.

Pétion, ſimple in his manners, moderate in his deſires, and married to a woman of excellent ſenſe, reſided at Chartres. Eſteemed by his fellow-citizens, who had witneſſed his birth, and already noted for that philoſophy which marks a good underſtanding, at an early period in life he was deemed worthy of a ſeat in the aſſembly of the ſtates.

Buzot, diſtinguiſhed at Evreux by his ſtrict probity, and premature prudence, inſpired confidence, and deſerved conſideration at an age when ſo many others think of nothing but pleaſure. A taſte for ſtudy, and the ſolitary habits of a meditative mind, filled up all thoſe moments which he did not devote to the bar; while manners equally pure and gentle, rendered him dear to his friends. The warmth of his ſentiments, the eaſe of his elocution, and the auſterity of his principles, procured him

the honourable office of carrying his country's complaints and demands to the States General.

Gorſas, the father of a numerous family, undertook, from the very beginning of the revolution, to conduct a periodical paper, in which he combated the ſtill powerful court, and devoted himſelf to the defence of the people, always endeavouring to eſtabliſh, and never neglecting to reclaim, their rights.

Briſſot, a writer from his early youth, had preached liberty in the time of deſpotiſm, and humanity during the reign of tyranny: he had long prayed for the revolution, had helped to bring it forward by expoſing the abuſes of the times, and had undergone impriſonment as a puniſhment for the freedom of his writings. More taken up with moral truths in politics than with the care of his fortune, he had engaged in ſeveral ſpeculations, the failure of which had increaſed his poverty without injury to his honour. The revolution was the ſignal of his political life: he began his career in the midſt of ſtorms, diſcuſſing principles, ſparing no one who appeared to violate them, and labouring without intermiſſion for the public weal.

I ſtop for a moment at theſe four perſonages: the two firſt made a figure in the conſtituent aſſembly; Briſſot obtained a ſeat in the ſucceeding legiſlature; and all four became members of the Convention. Was there a ſingle circumſtance in which they acted unlike themſelves? Did they aſſume any authority? Did they acquire any wealth? Or did they aim at the ſupreme power for themſelves and their friends?

Petion

Petion and Buzot ſerved the cauſe of liberty in the conſtituent aſſembly, with a zeal and conſtancy which procured them the hatred of ariſtocracy, and the favour of the people: but popular favour is inconſtant, while perſevering hatred gains freſh ſtrength by the acceſſion of all the jealous, whoſe attacks never fail to follow any brilliant ſucceſs. Buzot, belonging to the criminal tribunal of Evreux, preferred doing his duty in his native country to the exerciſe of the ſame functions at Paris, which would have better ſuited an ambitious man; he ſupported his reputation in the preſence of his fellow-citizens, and of the enemies he had made himſelf by his civiſm; and obtained by his merit a ſeat in the Convention, after having eſtabliſhed a popular ſociety in the town, as an indiſpenſable barrier againſt the ſtruggles of deſpotiſm in chains, but not ſubdued. It cannot be ſaid that he had either his re-election, or any kind of employ in view on leaving the conſtituent aſſembly, any more than Petion; for they were the very men who procured the paſſing of the decree forbidding the members of that aſſembly to hold any place or to be re-elected for four years to come. They had even demanded an interval of ſix; but at the time of the reviſion that decree was repealed, in ſpite of their endeavours to maintain it. Buzot then entered the Convention as pure as he had left the conſtituent aſſembly; and there for a while we will leave him. We ſhall ſee hereafter how he conducted himſelf, and ſhall be able to judge whether a man who braved clamour and outrages in ſupport of his opinions, even admitting ſome of them to be erroneous, could be an ambitious hypocrite, or a conſpirator.

Petion was elevated to the mayoralty by popular favour, and preſerved it till after the 10th of Auguſt, as well as the hatred of the court, which manifeſted itſelf on every occaſion, even to the very laſt. It is only of late that any one has ventured to accuſe him of going to the palace for the purpoſe of defending it, while it is well known that he was expoſed to its fire. The calumniating aſſertion of his having given *Mandat* orders to fire upon the people, is alſo of recent date. I aſk what could tempt Petion, deteſted by the court, and beloved by the people, to betray the latter, and ſerve the former, when it ſtood on the very brink of ruin? Could he who had acquired popularity by combating regal power, have any reaſon to forfeit it, when the people were beginning to obtain power? Let us put the philoſopher and the zealous citizen out of the queſtion: let us look only to the man; and we ſhall ſee that even in the eſtimation of ambition and ſelf-intereſt, the conduct attributed to Petion would have been abſurd; and that if he had not too much principle, he had at leaſt too much good ſenſe, to fall into ſuch an error. He was prevented by his office from putting himſelf at the head of the inſurrection; and to prevent his oppoſing it, he ſhould have been rendered incapable of acting, or confined. This the heedleſs commune forgot to do, and I remember, that Lanthenas went twice from the *Mairie* to the town-houſe, to adviſe their putting a ſtrong guard on his hotel. The reporter (Amar) did not ſay a ſyllable of the maſſacres of the ſecond of September: he wiſely avoided the danger of touching on a queſtion, both ſides of which had been ſupported by the Mountaineers. When Roland denounced thoſe maſſacres, the Jacobins ſaid they were the work of the people and of its vengeance:

geance: they even made it a crime not to applaud them; and when Petion, with the reſt of the right ſide, obtained a decree to proſecute the murderers, Petion and the right ſide were called the enemies of liberty and of the people. But when the decree had fallen into deſuetude, when the Jacobins triumphed, and the twenty-two were proſcribed, the Jacobins themſelves, and Hebert among the firſt of them, impudently aſſerted that the maſſacres were Petion's work.

Guadet, *Vergniaux*, and *Genſonné*, diſtinguiſhed by their talents, and well known at Bourdeaux as friends to the revolution, were elected members of the legiſlative aſſembly. They were the firſt men for talents in that body, a kind of ariſtocracy which procured them more numerous and more dangerous enemies than any want of civiſm could have done. They alternately filled the preſident's chair on the tenth of Auguſt, at that critical moment when the weak would have trembled at ſuch a painful pre-eminence; nor can any but knaves reproach them with the moderation and the temper they diſplayed in their conduct at that intereſting period. Briſſot naturally became intimate with them, becauſe he approached nearer to their level than any other perſon, in like manner as a ſimilarity of ſentiments had made him connect himſelf with the defenders of principles in the conſtituent aſſembly, to which he did not belong: the countryman and friend of Petion, he became acquainted with ſuch of his colleagues as ſupported that cauſe in favour of which his journal was compoſed.

He had laboured under the ſame miſtake as many other perſons, in regard to la Fayette; or rather it may be ſaid, that la Fayette, ſwayed at firſt by the principles

he had adopted, had no longer the ſtrength of mind neceſſary to ſupport them when the ſtruggle became difficult; or that, fearing the conſequences of too great a power in the hands of the people, he deemed it prudent to eſtabliſh ſome kind of counterpoiſe. The fact is, that as he profeſſed republicaniſm in private, Briſſot was a long while before he could believe him guilty, when he was become ſo in the eyes of more violent men. But he had blamed him without reſerve, and publicly declared his rupture with him, before the affair of the *Champ-de-Mars*. Here the reporter piques himſelf ſo little upon accuracy, that he confounds dates; he makes Briſſot come to the Jacobins in *March* 1791, to prepare the buſineſs of the *Champ-de-Mars*, which did not take place till *July*, and which was ſolely occaſioned by the flight and return of the king in the month of June. It is well known beſides, that Briſſot did not go to the Jacobins to excite them to ſign the petition, but merely becauſe he was appointed one of the committee to draw it up. I remember to have heard him relate on the following day, that *Laclos*, who was alſo of the committee, complained of ſuch a violent head-ach that he could not hold the pen, and that he begged of Briſſot to take it; that the ſame Laclos propoſed the inſertion of an article which he mentioned with an air of indifference, but which would have been favourable to d'Orleans; and that he (Briſſot) rejected it with indignation, and ſubſtituted the paſſage recommending a republic, for which that moment was peculiarly proper, and might have been turned to great account. It is alſo well known that the aſſembly having decided in favour of the king, the Jacobins, inſtead of ſending their petition to the *Champ-de-Mars*, ſent

deputies there to ſay, that it was not a proper place for their purpoſe, after the decree. This took place on the Saturday. I ſaw the deputies come to the *Champ-de-Mars* at noon, with not more than two or three hundred perſons, and where Verrieres, the little hump-backed cordelier, and ſome others, were declaiming upon the national altar. It was on the Sunday morning, that two men were hanged, when there were not thirty perſons aſſembled, a fact which I have heard attributed with ſome probability to the contrivance of the Lameths and others, who wanted an opportunity of employing force, and inſpiring terror. Certain it is, that Sunday having brought together a great number of people, who had been attracted by the vague report of a petition, while that of the hanging buſineſs had not as yet got abroad, *Robert* ſet about drawing one up, completed it, and was getting it ſigned, when the military were called out, in conſequence of a denunciation made to the aſſembly, and of the violent letter written by Charles Lameth, the preſident, to the commune of Paris, ſetting forth the neceſſity of repreſſing the horrid diſorders of which two men had been the victims. Thus did the morning murder, committed, as it were, by ſtealth, ſerve as a pretext for ſhooting the people aſſembled in the afternoon. The red flag was hoiſted at the town-hall, terror and impriſonment were the order of the day, and prepared the triumph of the reviſors, who wiſhed to give ſtrength to the party of the court. Surely it will be quite enough to read the *Patriot* * of that time, to judge whether it be poſſible that Briſſot, who denounced the

* Briſſot's Journal.

affair

affair of the Champ-de-Mars, ſupported the people, and attacked the reviſors, could at the ſame time have been their accomplice. This accuſation is abſurd in the extreme! But every thing is ſo from one end to the other of this work of iniquity. I will not enter here into the queſtion of the war, which was the ſignal of the great diviſion that took place among the patriots. Robeſpierre, fiery, jealous, greedy of popularity, and inclined to domineer, both by his nature, and the high opinion he entertained of his own merit, put himſelf at the head of the party that oppoſed the declaration of hoſtilities. It would be worth the trouble to examine the ſpeeches on the ſubject: to me it appeared that the maſs of enlightened perſons were in general for the affirmative, and conſequently of Briſſot's opinion. Certain it is that the court was very repugnant to the meaſure, and that the king was in a manner overruled by his council. He had every thing to gain by delay: the enemy were making their preparations at their eaſe, and our inaction would have delivered us into their hands, a defenceleſs prey. Robeſpierre could not forgive Briſſot this triumph. The ice was broken, and from that moment it became his ſole object to bring forward all the misfortunes that befel us, whether inevitable or not, as crimes againſt the partiſans of the war. The exaggeration of paſſion became by degrees a ſyſtem of refined calumny, artfully contrived, and obſtinately perſevered in. Briſſot could no longer make the eulogium of any man, without its being conſtrued into perfidy, if that man afterwards departed from the line of duty. Briſſot was acquainted with ſeveral perſons in the miniſtry by whom he was eſteemed—here was another reaſon of jealouſy and diſtruſt. Thoſe miniſters, honourably diſ-

graced

graced by the court, were recalled after the fall of the throne; and Briſſot at that time was one of the few men in the aſſembly poſſeſſed of any talents, or exerciſing any influence: Briſſot conſequently appeared an important perſonage to Robeſpierre, who determined to ruin him, and had full leiſure to effect his purpoſe; for Briſſot, conſtantly confiding in the goodneſs of his intentions, could not prevail upon himſelf to go and enter the liſts at the Jacobins with an everlaſting haranguer, who tired him to death. He deſpiſed the adverſary by whom he was overcome. But who could have believed the convention ſo weak, or the people ſo ſtupid? Thoſe only, who not ſuffering themſelves to be hurried along by the current of daily events, recur frequently to the page of hiſtory, meditate upon its contents, and compare the preſent with times paſt. I never ſaw any man in place do ſo ſince the revolution; indeed they have hardly time to breathe, and to anſwer to the calls of each returning day, without an extreme and uncommon economy in the diſtribution of their hours.

The letter of Genſonnè and his aſſociates to Louis XVI. cannot be conſtrued into treaſon, unleſs by the moſt determined malevolence. It is true, nobody could at that time be ſure of a ſucceſsful revolution: the wiſeſt men were therefore deſirous that the king ſhould feel the neceſſity of enforcing the conſtitution, and reſolve upon recalling, and retaining thoſe miniſters who were ſincerely inclined to execute the laws. They had given proofs of their patriotiſm, and the application for their recal was not a ſtep directed by private intereſt, but the expreſſion of the general will. Roland, for his part, knew nothing of the letter until a late period, and probably would

never have heard of it if it had not become public. But let us attend to the charges brought againſt him in theſe articles of impeachment, which will reflect everlaſting diſgrace on the age and nation, that could either applaud them, or even ſuffer them to paſs, without the ſtrongeſt marks of reprobation.

" The very day after the 10th of Auguſt," ſay theſe articles, " Genſonné and his faction poſted up libels re-
" flecting upon thoſe who had contributed to the fall of
" the throne, upon the Jacobins, upon the council-ge-
" neral of the commune, and upon the people of Paris.
" The pens of Louvet, Briſſot, and Champagneux, were
" ſet to work; enormous packets of thoſe libels were
" ſeen at Roland's houſe, and all his ſervants were em-
" ployed in diſperſing them."

I have read this paſſage twice, without being able to conceive how any one could dare to write it. Genſonné never to my knowledge poſted up any thing: Louvet was editor of the *Sentinel*, of which complete collections exiſt: it was of great ſervice to the revolution, and is an everlaſting refutation of theſe aſſertions; for it breathes nothing but liberty, great and wiſe principles, the hatred of tyranny, and the love of equality. Roland has perhaps contributed as much as any body to reconcile men's minds to the revolution; his circular letters exiſt; let them be read; and let any one be pointed out, that is not even excellent. Champagneux never diſpatched any papers but thoſe printed by order of the aſſembly; nor was any alteration ever made in them; the contrary ſuppoſition is as abſurd as it is abominable. In the firſt place, it was impoſſible, for it was not Roland who had them printed, but the authors at

Baudoins,

Baudoins, from whom the miniſter uſed to demand a certain number of copies: ſecondly, it was uſeleſs; for ſuppoſing that he made a ſelection, he was free to ſend off a ſmaller number of thoſe which he deemed the leaſt deſerving of attention: and, laſtly, if there had been the ſmalleſt breach of faith, the perſons intereſted would not have waited a year to make their complaints, and demonſtrate the deceit. What then can be intended by this ridiculous paſſage?—I have divined it; and it is a matter which demands ſome explanation.

In revolutionary movements, the moſt active people are not always the moſt blameleſs: how many beings come forward only that they may appear of ſome conſequence in the world! Their ſervices, however, are not to be deſpiſed; but when once the point in view is gained, it becomes neceſſary to loſe no time in re-eſtabliſhing order to avoid the diſſolution of the ſocial body. The commune formed on the 10th of Auguſt had contributed to the fall of the tyrant: they did well; but ſeveral of its members had been guilty of various exceſſes; a great deal of pillage and robbery had taken place at the *Tuileries* and elſewhere; conſiderable ſums had been given to the commune for the purchaſe of corn; and it was the duty of the miniſter of the home department to demand their accounts, and to tranſmit them to the legiſlative body. Roland then preſſed the commune to give in their accounts; but the commune being little diſpoſed, and ſtill leſs able, to comply, the miniſter, with a view to juſtice, and to avoid ſharing in the blame, made his report to the aſſembly accordingly. If the aſſembly had poſſeſſed ſufficient energy, it would not have waited for ſuch an opportunity, or at leaſt would have

have laid hold of it, to conſtitute a new commune, a political operation equally juſt and neceſſary. But Danton, who made uſe of the commune, was miniſter: he had partiſans in the aſſembly; and contrived to keep his tool. Roland remained then in a difficult ſituation; liable to accuſation if he did not demand theſe accounts, and ſure to be hated if he did. His upright character did not permit him to heſitate; his auſterity perhaps gave ſtill greater ſolemnity to the demand; and when he was required to repreſent the ſtate of Paris to the aſſembly, he gave no quarter to the errors, the follies, and the faults of the commune. They were in great number; and the commune conſequently became his enemy. Thus did he acquire the hatred of that active body, who among the populace had the reputation of being the patriots of the 10th of Auguſt, and the exterminators of tyranny. Add to the commune all thoſe excited by the plunderer, Danton, againſt a colleague whoſe auſterity was a conſtraint upon him, and who had beſides denounced the September maſſacres, another exploit of a part of the commune, Santerre, &c. Add alſo thoſe whom the jealous Robeſpierre ſet againſt Briſſot's connexions, and you will have altogether a very conſiderable number, either of guilty men who felt the neceſſity of getting rid of their watchful denunciator, or of extravagant patriots prepoſſeſſed in favour of the heroes of the 10th of Auguſt, without ſeeing to the bottom of the buſineſs, or of people intereſted in ſupporting them, or of the ignorant whom they impoſed upon, with a few envious popular leaders, well ſkilled in contriving the overthrow of a man in poſſeſſion of the public eſteem. Such was the origin of a party, which was increaſed by all the

new-

new comers to the convention, too little acquainted with Paris, and public affairs, to form a right judgment of things, and by all thoſe whoſe vanity was hurt by the ſuperiority of the diſtinguiſhed members, with whom Roland naturally became intimate, becauſe men of equal capacity are ever fond of one another's company. Had I more time, I could follow this party through all its ramifications, and indicate all its enterpriſes; but this is enough to put others in the way of coming at the truth.

It now appears clearly, that the party at preſent predominant, of which Amar is the organ, beſtows the appellation of *libel* upon thoſe writings in which Roland exhibited the ſtate of Paris, called for the accounts of the commune, held up the maſſacres of September to public indignation, and recommended the eſtabliſhment of order by way of reconciling all hearts to the revolution; which is ſomewhat more difficult than killing people, according to the practice of theſe gentlemen. They do not point out theſe pretended libels, for that would be burning their fingers; but they ſpeak of libels in general, and the public believing there muſt needs be ſome foundation for a charge ſo boldly brought forward, applaud the declamation, and think themſelves avenged when their own champions are put to death.

The underſtanding kept up with the Pruſſians is a piece of extravagance which one knows not how to characterize, and Brunſwick muſt ſurely laugh at ſeeing people accuſed of being his friends who attacked him with ſo much vigour. It will ſuffice to read the letter in which it is pretended that Roland confeſſes the exiſtence of a plan for quitting Paris, to form a judgment of the matter, eſpecially as to the intention of opening a paſ-

a paſſage for Brunſwick. I know, that on the ſuppoſition of the Pruſſians approaching very near Paris, the queſtion, what would be proper to do, or whether it would be expedient to ſend away from that town the national repreſentation, in which the whole empire was intereſted, was once debated; but the diſcuſſion was ſlight, and hypothetical, more ſo indeed than it ought to have been; nor did any one of the miniſters threaten his colleagues. It was Danton, who, after the event, thought of bringing forward the denunciation, by way of making a merit of it to himſelf, and of injuring Roland. I recollect thoſe matters perfectly, having heard my huſband mention them on the breaking up of the council, which was then held at his hotel. As to the great movement of the people of Paris, it is well known that it ſerved as a veil for the maſſacres of the month of September, and that it was Kellerman's action on the 20th of that month that ſaved the republic.

It is not leſs ridiculous to hear the government of that time accuſed of ſtarving the people. Never during Roland's adminiſtration were proviſions ſo ſcarce, and difficult to procure, as they are become ſince: his anxiety on that head was extreme, and any one may recur to what he ſays of the bad adminiſtration peculiar in that reſpect to the commune of Paris.

It is an infamous and abſurd calumny to aſſert that Roland employed the ſums given him to purchaſe proviſions, in the pay of hireling writers. In the firſt place, thoſe ſums never paſſed through his hands, nor could he diſpoſe of them otherwiſe than by orders upon the treaſury indicating the purpoſes for which they were wanted. Secondly, he gave an account of thoſe monies; he did

ſo

ſo every month, and repeated it on his going out of office, the whole accompanied by ſufficient vouchers. Of theſe accounts he never ceaſed to call for a report; and they were accordingly examined; but as no fault could be found with them, the Mountain would never ſuffer a report to be made. Thoſe who doubt it need only aſk *Dupin*, a deputy and one of the commiſſioners charged with their examination; they need only aſk *Saint-Aubin*, a commiſſioner of accounts, by whom the commiſſioners of the Convention were aſſiſted in their labours, which laſted two months, and in which they proceeded with great rigour and a deſire of finding fault, but without ſucceſs. In the third place, no more than one hundred thouſand livres (£4167) were given to Roland to pay for compoſitions and printing, out of which in ſix months he only ſpent thirty-four thouſand (£1417), of which he likewiſe gave an account: the reſt remained in the public treaſury, as appears by the ſtatement of what had been diſburſed.

It requires a degree of malignity ſcarcely credible to advance ſuch ſcandalous falſehood! Roland never eſtabliſhed any new offices in his department; he only aſſigned to particular clerks the care of forwarding the papers he was charged to ſend off; nor did he ever give to any thing the name of *formation of public ſpirit:* his enemies began by inventing the chimera, and afterwards baptized it as they thought proper. As to me, I never interfered, much leſs did I direct any thing: I defy the proof of it. Roland had nothing to do with his colleagues in the department of finances; nor did his colleagues ever interfere in forwarding papers. It is impoſſible to mention a ſingle paper diſpatched by Roland himſelf,

which did not tend to attach the people to the 10th of Auguſt, inſtead of inducing them to caſt an odium on the events of that day. Roland had no command over the adminiſtration of the poſt-office to get any thing intercepted; nor, if he had, would the adminiſtrators ever have been able, without courting their own ruin, to engage in ſo odious a manœuvre. If they had only attempted it, how ſeverely would they have been puniſhed; they, who have been ſo much perſecuted, and whoſe places have been taken from them, though their perſons have not been touched?

It is falſe that Roland ever ſuppreſſed any thing which he was directed to forward: I have ſeen him ſend off the ſpeeches of Marat. It is equally falſe that any thing was or could be mutilated, as I have ſaid before: I have ſhewn that it was no leſs impoſſible than improbable, that the denunciation would not have been delayed till this time, if only a ſingle inſtance of the kind had occurred; and that even now, when they have the impudence to advance it, they neither can nor dare cite a fact. But what an excellent precaution was that of accuſing Roland and the Moniteur of making the mountaineers *appear like madmen* in the eyes of the whole republic, by the miſplacing of a word! Not being able to annihilate hiſtory, they wiſh to bring its materials into diſcredit! O my God! if nothing were to remain but their calumnies and their conduct, the atrocity of their falſehoods would nevertheleſs appear. For a few years truth may be reduced to ſilence; but it cannot be extinguiſhed: the very efforts made to annihilate it operate a contrary way, and ſerve to give evidence of its exiſtence.

The

The diſcovery of the iron door is alſo brought forward againſt Roland as a crime; and nothing is more eaſy by way of accounting for the want of proof againſt the pretended Briſſotine faction, than to ſuppoſe that he ſuppreſſed a part of its contents. But Roland had witneſſes, and Roland did not contradict himſelf. A lockſmith of the name of *Gamin*, living at Verſailles, gave information of his having been employed by Louis XVI. to make a little hiding-place in his apartment at the Tuileries; but did not know what it might contain. Roland was charged with the inſpection of the Tuileries: the palace and every thing belonging to it were intruſted to his care. Taking with him *Gamin*, and *Heurtier* a reſpectable architect, he repaired to the king's apartment, where, in a paſſage between two doors, Gamin lifted up a pannel of wainſcot, and diſcovered a little iron door, which Roland ordered him to open. It ſerved to cloſe a hole in the wall in which ſeveral packets of papers were found. Roland called a ſervant, ordered a napkin to be brought, took out the packets, without untying them, caſt his eyes upon the indorſements, which announced a correſpondence with the generals and ſeveral other perſons, put them in the napkin in the preſence of Heurtier and Gamin, gave the parcel to his ſervant, and repaired to the convention, where he depoſited them in a formal manner. As he was paſſing through the apartments he met a member, who aſked him what he had there.—'Things of conſequence,' anſwered he, 'which I am going to carry to the convention.'—It remains to be ſaid, that when the miniſter of the interior was made reſponſible for the palace, and every thing it contained, the convention appointed

a committee of ſome of its members to examine all the papers printed or in manuſcript, which were there at the time of the aſſault, and which had been collected together. The members of the committee were angry that the miniſter had not ſent for them to be preſent at the diſcovery. But Roland thought nothing could be more natural, upon Gamin's information, than to repair to the place; and, upon finding the papers, to ſubmit them to the inſpection of the convention. He conducted himſelf like a man whoſe conſcious rectitude renders him incapable of diſtruſt; though certainly very unlike an artful man of the world, who foreſees all poſſible events, and takes care not to hurt the vanity of others. Roland was guilty of no real fault on this occaſion; but he diſcovered great want of prudence and caution. Add to this, that among the members of the commiſſion at the palace was one *Calon*, a perſon whom Roland deſpiſed, and with whom he ſometimes had diſputes, becauſe the commiſſioners wiſhed to exceed their powers, and to turn every thing topzy-turvy at the palace when they pleaſed, while Roland, naturally rigid, and deriving a right to reſiſt from his reſponſibility, frequently oppoſed their proceedings. To give a good idea of this Calon, it will ſuffice to ſay, it was a matter of public notoriety, that he had ſet up a coffee-houſe and tavern cloſe to the aſſembly, in partnerſhip with a woman whom he kept.

It is now eaſy to ſee the origin of all the outcry about the iron cabinet, and to conceive how eagerly Roland's different enemies availed themſelves of appearances to throw ſuſpicion on his conduct, and how many little paſſions concurred in raiſing doubts concerning that circumſtance.

cumſtance. Of what value is it ſince become to thoſe, who, wiſhing to accuſe Roland's friends in the convention of a conſpiracy, find it ſo convenient to make the world believe that the cabinet contained papers which the miniſter concealed! But recollect dates, calculate facts, and by attending particularly to the one in queſtion, you will ſee, if Roland had meant to convey any thing away, he would firſt have repaired in ſecret to the place, after which he would have called witneſſes, and obſerved every neceſſary form in the diſcovery. His rapid and incautious way of proceeding, by expoſing him to blame, muſt prove his innocence to every reflecting mind. *Heurtier* exiſts; he is a man advanced in years, and generally eſteemed; and *Gamin* exiſts alſo: they took minutes of all that paſſed, which will not be loſt to hiſtory any more than theſe details. I ſhall make no remark on the charge in which Roland is accuſed of favouring the partiſans of ariſtocracy, and of receiving the emigrants with open arms. Roland in his adminiſtration was juſt, impartial, and ſevere: he received nothing but the law with open arms: it was the object of all his attention, and the guide of all his deciſions. It muſt no doubt appear as ſtrange to ariſtocracy to be put under the protection of ſuch a patron, as it muſt to Brunſwick to hear himſelf ſtyled Roland's friend: but theſe are follies which will not long prevail. True it is that the republic once eſtabliſhed, Roland wiſhed to attach its very enemies to it by an equitable form of government: he wiſhed for good laws inſtead of blood. Thoſe principles inſpired with a kind of confidence the perſons who, without being fanatics in the cauſe of royalty, were however far from being

republicans. They felt their prejudices give way, and acknowledged that the miniſter of the Interior, although a patriot, appeared to be an honeſt man. The jealous noted down theſe confeſſions, that they might repreſent Roland as a partiſan of ariſtocracy; a title by which they have ſince diſtinguiſhed every friend of reaſon and humanity.

I ſhould be glad to know how Roland, who, under the old government, had ſtood in the way of his own promotion by ſupporting the liberty of commerce, on which ſubject his opinions were conſidered as crimes; who had profeſſed his principles in works publiſhed from fifteen to twenty years before; who, faithful to thoſe principles at the time of the revolution, had taken ſuch a decided part in its favour as to attract the enmity of all the ariſtocracy of Lyons; who, elevated to the miniſtry, had there conducted himſelf with the greateſt firmneſs and energy; who had dared to write a letter to the king, which the partiſans of the throne have not yet forgiven him; who, recalled to the adminiſtration of public affairs by the inſurrection of the 10th of Auguſt, was intereſted in defending it both by his intereſt and his glory; how, I ſay, could Roland ſeek to decry it; to favour the royaliſts who hated him, or would have looked upon him with eyes of diſtruſt; and to reſtore ariſtocracy, of which he had drawn upon himſelf the hatred, and which at this very moment is rejoicing at the perſecution he undergoes? What could he have in view? He had reached the higheſt elevation then attainable, and enjoyed great conſideration: both ambition and ſelf-intereſt could ſeek for nothing more than to remain in place; and if he had liſtened to them he would have

have ſoothed men's paſſions, flattered the different parties, and have been upon his guard againſt giving offence. The care of not making enemies is the ſtrongeſt characteriſtic of the ambitious man, already arrived at eminence in a republic; while Roland, on the contrary, rigorouſly denounced the abuſes he could not repreſs, never flattered any man, nor ever gave way to the violence or to the prejudices of the times. This is the conduct of a ſincere and courageous man, and not that of a hypocrite.—Let us now return to the members of the Convention, to whom the ſame reaſoning will apply.

The electoral body of Paris was evidently at the command of Robeſpierre and Danton: its nominations were entirely their work. It is notorious that Robeſpierre made an harangue againſt Prieſtley, and in favour of Marat: it is notorious that he brought forward his brother: it is equally known that Danton, laying aſide his miniſterial functions, repaired to the huſtings to exerciſe his ſway; nor is it forgotten, that theſe leaders of the electors were the means of getting d'Orleans returned. (Here I aſk, by the way, Why he was not waited for at the trial of the deputies with whom he was confounded in the articles of impeachment, and to whom he was aſſigned as an accomplice?) Among the Pariſian delegates to the Convention were ſeen the members of the famous Committee of Vigilance *(ſurveillance)*, that directed the maſſacres of September, and adviſed the departments to imitate ſo good an example, in a circular letter, which is well known, and which Danton forwarded under his own cover. There were alſo ſeen men accuſed of robberies, whom the council-general,

compoſed in part of new members, has ſince thought it indiſpenſable to denounce, although ſitting in the Convention, where they ſtill remain on the ſummit of the Mountain (Sergent and Panis). The *conſtituents*, repairing to the Convention, and acquainted with Paris, the revolution, and all the men of any note, were uneaſy at this Pariſian deputation, indignant at the events of the 2d of September, diſpoſed to diſtruſt the former, and to puniſh the authors of the latter. That diſpoſition would not have eſcaped the perſons intereſted, even if the *conſtituents* had endeavoured to conceal it, which they did not. But the Convention opened before it was complete, and the Pariſian members formed a party, which was reinforced by all the ignorant and weak, as faſt as they arrived: it had collected a conſiderable number by the time the whole Convention had aſſembled, and all the *conſtituents* were arrived. I need not ſay, that I give this appellation to the members who had belonged to the aſſembly of 1789, and who, for the moſt part, ſeated themſelves on what was called the right ſide of the Convention.

The agitation of Paris, the conduct of the commune, the weakneſs of the department *, the high tone of its deputies, and the tyranny of the galleries, ſuggeſted the idea of a departmental guard, as the firſt ſtep to inſure the liberty of the national repreſentation, to remind the Pariſians that they were not its maſters, and to prevent the departments from forgetting the neceſſity of maintaining an equilibrium for the common advantage. In Buzot's

* Department means here the directory of the department of Paris, which made ſome feeble attempts to check the preſumption of the Commune. *Tranſ.*

report

report on the ſubject may be ſeen the principal reaſons in favour of the propoſition. It was a gauntlet thrown down as the ſignal for combat. The Pariſian members felt they were in danger of loſing their aſcendance, and as ſome of the number were criminals, who could only be ſaved by maintaining it, every effort was made to parry ſo fatal a blow. From that moment it became a war of extermination, and as ſuch they carried it on; but their adverſaries were not ſufficiently aware of the danger; they were not ready to coaleſce, becauſe they did not imagine that truth ſtood in need of a party; they neglected the Jacobin club, becauſe the Jacobins gave them a bad reception; and they did not intrigue, becauſe they had neither money nor cunning for the purpoſe. About forty of them uſed indeed to meet and converſe at Valazé's, whence there proceeded much courage to ſupport principles, and brave clamour, and much devotion to the public good; but never any meaſures, unleſs in the ſhape of motions, which were imputed to them as crimes. They wiſhed to work on the conſtitution in the beſt way they might be able, ſince it was in vain to hope by further ſkirmiſhing to get poſſeſſion of higher ground. The leaders of the Pariſian deputation were deſirous, on the contrary, to entangle the Convention in a trial, that they might keep up the heat of the public mind; make a merit of the death of a man already tumbled from the throne, and incapable of doing miſchief; and retard a conſtitution, of which the completion would have reſtored order, and ſet bounds to their power. But, it may be ſaid, theſe are the men who have made one ſince the 2d of June—Yes, and theſe are the men who prevented it before, as the journals of the time will ſhew; and the

proof

proof that they care no more about it at preſent is, that after having got it accepted, they have ſuſpended its execution, by declaring that France remains in a ſtate of revolution; ſo that the departments, which were only induced to accept it by laſſitude, enjoy no greater repoſe than before. Never, indeed, did they ſuffer ſo much agitation and miſery of every kind. It is eaſy for any man who has attended the ſittings of the Convention, to ſay whence all the ſcandalous ſcenes proceeded. When the members of the right ſide reaſoned, they were accuſed: if they attempted to defend themſelves they were called to order, loaded with abuſe by the galleries, and even ſpit upon: if, indignant at this treatment, they appealed to their conſtituents, they were called conſpirators, and clubs and piſtols were held up in their faces; and yet, now they are on their trial, it is ſaid they governed. What have they done at their own pleaſure?—Nothing whatever: they could not then be either in poſſeſſion of power, or leading men in the Convention. Their ſpeeches in the king's affair ſufficiently prove their good ſenſe, and their deſire of eſtabliſhing a republic by wiſdom rather than blood. I ſhall not enter into an examination of thoſe ſpeeches: it is neceſſary to read them to form a judgment of their merit. All theſe things will no doubt be appreciated by poſterity without partiality: it will ſee, that forgetting themſelves, they calculated for its advantage; it will honour their memory, and ſtrew flowers upon their graves; a vain and tardy homage, which cannot reſtore life to thoſe who have loſt it; but of which the hope affords conſolation to thoſe who devote themſelves to deſtruction for the good of their country.

The

The murder of le Pelletier is ſtill a kind of myſtery; but I ſhall never forget two facts, which I will mention here: the firſt is, that all the members, at preſent proſcribed, were afflicted beyond meaſure at that event. I ſaw Buzot and Louvet ſhed tears of rage, perſuaded that ſome bold mountaineer had done the deed with a view of aſcribing it to the members of the right ſide, and of exciting againſt them the revolutionary fanaticiſm of the people. The ſecond is, that Gorſas, expreſſing this opinion in tolerably clear terms, added, that either the aſſaſſin would never be diſcovered at all, or that he would be found dead. It is certain that a Pariſian Mountaineer, diſpatched with another perſon in purſuit of Paris, did not overtake him till he came to an inn in Normandy, where they ſaid that he had blown out his brains. It is certain alſo, that the Mountain made a kind of ſaint of le Pelletier, who certainly little expected ſuch an honour. A man of a weak mind, and great opulence, he had gone over to them through fear, like Heraut-de-Sechelles, and other *ci-devant* nobles of the ſame character; and was only of uſe to them by the manner of his death. Its effect was ſuch as the right ſide had foreſeen; and this is an additional reaſon for being ſatisfied that the fugitives are not the authors of that of Marat, even if it were not abſurd to ſuppoſe, that courage like Charlotte Corday's could be aſſumed at any man's bidding. Beſides, conſidering the circumſtances of the times, and their intention of coming to Paris, their having any ſhare in the immolation of Marat would have been a moſt dangerous act of folly. To this we may add, that men, abhorrent of blood, endeavouring to repreſs murder, pillage, and all other exceſſes, and bold enough

enough to defy their adverſaries to their faces, are not likely to have recourſe to ſuch means; while they are natural enough to Danton, who drew up the liſts of the maſſacres of September at his own houſe, and diſperſed the eulogium of them under his own covers, as well as to his coadjutors, the members of the Committee of Vigilance, who were the directors of that bloody buſineſs.

It is neceſſary to ſtudy the ſittings of the Jacobins in all theſe conjunctures, to ſee how the 10th of March was prepared, and to be acquainted with that day's conſpiracy, which firſt miſcarried, and was afterwards reſumed, to be able to ſet a juſt value on the audacious charges which attribute our misfortunes to the wiſe ſtateſmen about to be ſacrificed.

It is truly curious to ſee how Amar, the reporter, confounds dates, facts, and perſonages. He makes the war of la Vendee the work of *the right ſide*, of the pretended faction in which he includes Roland.--Now the troubles in la Vendée did not begin till two months after he had gone out of office; and certainly at that period the Briſſotines were not the leaders of the Convention: it cannot then be their fault if efficacious meaſures were not taken to appeaſe thoſe diſturbances. I will go further: I will venture to affirm, that with Roland's activity, and his vigilant correſpondence, the troubles in la Vendée would never have had time to get to any head: it was Garat's want of energy that encouraged their growth. I know from his firſt clerk, that in the beginning of the civil war, that weak miniſter was ſtrangely tardy in his proceedings. Champagneux pointed out to him the rapid means proper

to

to be employed; but Garat, always uncertain how to act, adopted no plan, and suffered a spark to kindle a conflagration.

Amar pretends that the fugitives, after their proscription, attempted to assemble in la Vendée. What was there then to prevent them, if so inclined? They would now be in safety, instead of wandering as forlorn adventurers. They are every moment in danger of losing their lives, which they might insure by going over to the English, whose agents they are said to have been.—What is it then that hinders them?

Abominable calumniators, to be compared with the madmen who condemned Socrates, with the jealous wretches who ruined Phocion, with the intriguers who banished Aristides, and with the villains who murdered Dion, you say to the people: Here is liberty, and you violate it in the persons of their representatives; you pretend to give them a constitution, and you will not permit them to enjoy it; you proscribe, imprison, or bring to trial, two hundred members of the convention; and you say that they over-awed you, that they were a faction: what then are you? You who despise all rights, who set yourselves above all authority, who abuse every species of power, who govern by the sword, who preach up nothing but terror, and who have imposed upon groaning France the most execrable tyranny!—What did these men, whom you accuse of so many crimes, without proving any, get in the honourable struggle they sustained with intrepidity against villany and blind delusion, in the midst of mortifications without number, and of dangers which they were aware of, which they predicted, which you collected over their heads,

heads, and with which you have overwhelmed them?—*They made a trade of their opinions concerning the colonies.*—The rich planters hated them: they did not pay them then; or, if they did, where are their bills? Were not they the perſons who obtained a decree to oblige every member to furniſh an account of his fortune, and to aſſign the reaſons of its increaſe ſince the revolution? You did not enforce its execution, and you have ſince pretended not to remember it, by lately paſſing another of the ſame purport, and of which the effect will be the ſame. You bring Perrin to trial: why then do you keep Sergent among you, and why do you not make Danton regorge his ill-gotten wealth? The day perhaps will come; for it is natural that you ſhould deſtroy one another at laſt, and for that purpoſe make uſe of your own hands. But how happens it that the wives of the *rich members* you have proſcribed are ſo pinched by poverty?

Guadet's wife, ſuckling a child born in theſe diſaſtrous times, guarded ſince her huſband's departure by a *gendarme*, who makes a mockery of her tears, and watched by a barbarous porter, the preſident of the ſection, who will not ſuffer a parcel to be carried out, only ſubſiſts upon the produce of a few effects; watches, ſilver ſpoons, and linen, which ſhe diſpoſes of by ſtealth. The wife of Genſonné, dying of grief and of diſeaſe, depends upon the ſecret aſſiſtance of a few friends to provide for the ſupport of two charming children. Briſſot's wife, confined at firſt in ready furniſhed lodgings, becauſe her door was ſealed up, was afterwards dragged to the *Force*; where ſhe would be ſtill, as ſhe has been for five days, upon bread and water, and be lying upon ſtraw, if a friendly hand had not afforded her ſome relief. The

wives

wives of Petion and Roland, fellow priſoners at Sainte Pelagie, are obliged to borrow, to pay the trifling ſums to which they limit their expences. And you, *Chabot*, where did you get the money, that you call the fortune of your bride? And you ——— but recrimination, however juſt, is unworthy of the cauſe of thoſe celebrated men, who are now kept ſtanding, by tyranny, at the bar of a ſanguinary tribunal, the compoſition of which would make us laugh, if it did not tranſport us with horror. And theſe men, not yet under ſentence, are crowded into a ſingle room of the priſon, to the number of twenty-nine, with one bed for every five! O France! you ſuffer this treatment to be inflicted on, I will not ſay your children, but your fathers in liberty, and your champions, and yet you talk of a republic!

I have not courage to dwell on the particulars of theſe abominable charges, after the public reading of which an advocate for the priſoners was heard to obſerve, that not one of the written documents on which they were founded had been communicated to him, as the law directs. On his requeſt that the tribunal would take the matter into conſideration, the preſident whiſpered for a moment to ſomebody on his right, and then anſwered in a faltering voice, that the immenſe number of theſe papers rendered their communication difficult; that beſides a great many of them were ſealed up at the houſes of the accuſed; that they ſhould be ſent for, but that the trial in the mean time muſt go on. —Thus did they draw up the charges upon the ſtrength of papers that had never been ſeen, and which are ſuppoſed to be at the houſes of the accuſed; and thus do they proceed to judgment without communicating thoſe

they pretend to have in their poſſeſſion, under the pretence of their being too numerous—and this is not an impoſture!—Good heavens!—Never could I have believed theſe things if I had not been preſent. Called upon to attend at the trial as a witneſs, I was one of the auditory at the opening of the buſineſs: I imagined it was their intention to take advantage of the truth I might have the courage to tell, to effect my ruin.—After the reading of the charges I withdrew, and waited for my turn to be called: it did not come; and I was carried back to my priſon: this is the third day, and nobody has been ſent for me. I paſſed the hours of expectation on the firſt in the office of the clerk of the court, where I ſpoke with energy and freedom to all who happened to be there. Have they conſidered this energy and freedom might have an effect upon the audience; that it is better to avoid it; to diſpatch the deputies firſt; and then to ſend for me on my own account, without making me an intereſting acceſſory at the trial of others?—I am afraid ſo.—I am deſirous of deſerving death, by bearing witneſs in their favour while they are alive, and I dread loſing the opportunity. I am upon thorns; I wait for the meſſenger as a ſoul in pain waits for its deliverer; and have only written the above obſervations to beguile my impatience.

October 25.

MY

MY LAST THOUGHTS.

To be, or not to be, that is the queſtion.
It will ſoon be reſolved in regard to me.

Is life a property which belongs to us? I think it is; but that property is given us upon conditions in regard to which alone we are liable to error.

We are born to ſeek happineſs for ourſelves and to contribute to that of others: the ſocial ſtate extends this deſtination, as well as all our other faculties, without creating any thing new.

As long as we have a field before us in which we can practiſe virtue, and give a great example, it becomes us not to quit it; for courage conſiſts in continuing our career in ſpite of misfortune. But if malevolence mark out the limits of that career, we are free to ſtop ſhort of them, eſpecially when the fortitude with which we might undergo the laſt efforts of its rage can be conducive to no advantage. When I was put in confinement, I flattered myſelf that I ſhould contribute to my huſband's glory, and help to enlighten the public, if brought to trial. But it was then I ſhould have been tried, and our perſecutors were too dexterous to take ſo bad a time. They were circumſpect as long as they had any thing to fear from thoſe, who, having fled from their violence, inſpired the departments with zeal in their defence. But now that terror holds its iron ſceptre over a ſubjugated world, inſolent guilt no longer delays its triumph; it deludes, it oppreſſes, and the gaping multitude wonders at its power. An immenſe city, fed upon blood and falſehood, furiouſly

applauds abominable proſcriptions, on which it ſtupidly imagines its ſalvation to depend.

Two months ago, I aſpired to the honour of aſcending the ſcaffold; the victim was then allowed to ſpeak, and the energy of a courageous mind might have been ſerviceable to the cauſe of truth. Now all is loſt!—This generation, rendered ferocious by infamous preachers of carnage, looks upon the friends of mankind as conſpirators, and conſiders as its champions thoſe abject wretches, who cover their vile paſſions and their cowardice with the maſk of frantic enthuſiaſm. To live in the midſt of it, is baſely to ſubmit to its horrible government, and to give room for the commiſſion of new atrocities.

I know that the reign of the wicked cannot be of long duration: they generally ſurvive their power, and almoſt always undergo the puniſhment they deſerve.

Unknown and overlooked, I might in ſolitude and ſilence have withdrawn myſelf from the horrors which rend the boſom of my country, and have waited in the practice of domeſtic virtues, for the period of its misfortunes. But a priſoner, and marked out as a victim, I ſhall only, by prolonging my exiſtence, afford a new gratification to tyranny.

Let us deceive it then, ſince it is not to be overthrown.

Forgive me, reſpectable man, for diſpoſing of a life which I had devoted to you: your misfortunes would have attached me to it, if I had been permitted to alleviate them. But I am robbed for ever of the power of doing ſo, and you loſe nothing but a ſhadow, an uſeleſs object of affliction and inquietude.

Forgive me, my dear child, young and tender girl, whoſe

whoſe ſweet image is impreſſed on my maternal heart, and ſtaggers my reſolution. Oh! certainly, I would not have deprived you of your guide, if it had been poſſible that they would have let her remain with you: the cruel wretches! have they any pity upon innocence!—But do what they will, they cannot rob you of my example; and I feel, and I will venture to ſay, upon the very brink of the grave, that it is a rich inheritance.

All you, whom heaven in its bounty gave me for friends, direct your attentions towards my orphan. A young plant violently torn from her native ſoil, ſhe would have withered perhaps, or have been bruiſed by the hand of the ſpoiler; but you placed her in a kindly ſhelter, and beneath a reviving ſhade: there may ſhe flouriſh, and may her beauty and her virtues repay your care! —Do not grieve at a reſolution which puts an end to my ſufferings: I can bear adverſity: you know me, and you will not believe that weakneſs or fear have prompted my deciſion. If any one could aſſure me that before the tribunal at which ſo many juſt men are arraigned, I ſhould be allowed to point out our oppreſſors, I would appear there with pleaſure; but experience has too well ſhewn that the vain formality of judgment is only an inſulting parade in which they take care to refuſe the victim the privilege of ſpeech *. Shall I then wait till it pleaſe my executioners to indicate the hour of my death, and to enhance their triumph by the inſolent clamours to which I ſhall be expoſed. Moſt certainly I ſhould be able to brave them, if my fortitude could inſtruct

* Look at Gorſas; he is condemned; he is about to die; he is in their hands; they forbade him to ſpeak: ſuch is the fate of the courageous apoſtles of liberty!

the ſtupid populace; but they are no longer capable of feeling any thing, except the ſavage delight of ſeeing the blood of others ſpilt, while they run no riſk of ſhedding their own.

The time foretold is come, when their cries for bread are appeaſed with dead bodies: their degraded nature is regaled by the ſpectacle, and the gratification of this brutal appetite will render the ſcarcity of bread ſupportable, until it ſhall exceed the ſufferance of nature.

Perhaps, ſome one may ſay, theſe dominators of the preſent day, who ſacrifice every thing to their fears, may not extend their fury ſo far as you.—Why, do you not ſee that they have purpoſely provided the means of doing ſo by compriſing me in the abſurd indictment againſt the republicans whom they deteſt?

Shall I then hold my exiſtence ſubject to their pleaſure, until the fancy ſhall take them, of firſt bringing me forward in my turn upon the ſtage, and then commanding the *exit* of ſo formidable a witneſs of their villainy?—Yes, formidable, for long ago my eyes read the ſecret of their hearts; my ſoul abhorred them; and my courage ſet them at defiance: they know it: they muſt then be determined on my ruin.

But the chances of a new revolution; the approach of the foreign armies!—What ſignifies it to my ſafety?—I ſhould like as little to owe it to the Auſtrians, as to receive death from the French at preſent in power. They are alike the enemies of my country, and I deſire nothing from any of them but their honourable hatred.

Oh! if thoſe puſillanimous beings, thoſe men unworthy of the name, whoſe weakneſs aſſumed the diſguiſe of prudence, and ruined the eſtimable *twenty-two*, if

if they had poſſeſſed my courage, they would have redeemed the firſt faults of their conduct; they would have provoked on the ſecond of June, by a formal oppoſition, the impriſonment to which they have juſt been conſigned. Their reſiſtance would then have enlightened the uncertain and timid departments; it would have ſaved the republic; and if they had been doomed to periſh, it would have been with as much glory to themſelves, as utility to their country.

The cowards, they entered into a compromiſe with guilt!—It was decreed that they ſhould fall in their turn; but they fall inglorioufly, unpitied by any, and with nothing to hope for from poſterity, but its perfect contempt. Why, in this laſt conjuncture, rather than obey their tyrants, deſcend to their bar, walk out of the aſſembly like a timid flock marked for ſlaughter by the butcher, and ſubmit to be taken into cuſtody—why did they not do themſelves juſtice by falling upon the monſters, and expunging them from the face of the earth?

Divinity, ſupreme being, ſoul of the univerſe, principle of every thing great, good, and happy, thou in whoſe exiſtence I believe, becauſe I muſt needs emanate from ſomething better than what I ſee around me, I am about to be reunited to thine eſſence!—I invoke the kindneſs of all thoſe to whom I was dear in favour of that good ſervant, whoſe uncommon fidelity made her a pattern in her way. The excellent woman! How many tears has her attachment for me made her ſhed during the laſt thirteen years. How many ſecret ſorrows has ſhe ſhared in ſilence, which but for her affectionate attentions I ſhould not have known that ſhe perceived! What activity in my afflictions! What devotion in my

misfortunes!—If the chimæras of the metempſychoſis had any reality, and if our wiſhes could have any influence upon the changes we ſhould then undergo, I ſhould be glad to return to the world in another ſhape, that I might take care of her in my turn, and adminiſter comfort to the old age of ſo kind and worthy a creature! O my friends! diſcharge the debt I owe her; it is the moſt grateful tribute you can pay to my memory.

As to my property, I find in the reſolution I have taken, the advantage of ſecuring it to whom it belongs: it will deſcend to my daughter, who, even if they ſhould ſeize upon her father's fortune, would have a right to claim every thing of mine on which the State has put its ſeals: ſhe can claim beſides twelve thouſand livres (500*l.*) which were my portion, as will appear by the marriage contract, executed in February 1780, at Durand's, a notary, reſident at Paris, in the *Place Dauphine*. Moreover an eſtate, a little wood and a meadow, bought by me, in purſuance of the power given me by the *written law* * according to which I was married, from monies ariſing from ſundry ſums that came to me in my own right, by inheritance or reimburſement, as will appear by the contract executed at Dufreſne's, notary, *Rue Vivienne*, in 1791, and by a deed of which duplicates exiſt in my apartment at Théſée, and at Villefranche; the whole amounting to thirteen or fourteen thouſand livres. [From £540 to £580.]

* The written law *(le droit écrit)* is the old Roman law, which was retained in ſeveral parts of France till the fall of the ancient deſpotic ſyſtem. It was ſo called in contradiſtinction to the traditionary cuſtoms, or common law, which prevailed in other places. Hence the provinces of France were divided into *Pays de droit écrit* and *Pays Coutumier*.—Tranſ.

I have

I have beſides a thouſand crowns in paper, which ſhall be pointed out. I deſire that enough may be taken out of that ſum to buy my daughter the harp on which ſhe plays, and which I hired from Koliker, a muſical inſtrument-maker, *rue des Foſſés-Saint-Germain-des Prés:* he is an honeſt and fair-dealing man, and will perhaps abate ſomething of the hundred crowns (£12. 10*s.*) he aſked for it. At any rate I ſhould rather chooſe it to be laid out in that way than kept in paper. Virtues are the firſt of treaſures: but they are employed to better advantage by the help of talents. No body can tell the relief that muſic affords in ſolitude and misfortune, nor from how many ſeductions it may be a preſervative in proſperity. Let the teacher of the harp be kept a few months longer: by that time, if circumſtances will not admit of further expence, the dear little girl, by making good uſe of her time, will know enough for her own amuſement. Among the things ſealed up is an excellent forte-piano, bought out of my ſavings, and for which the receipt was conſequently made out in my own name, as will appear by examining the papers: let it by all means be claimed. As to drawing, that is the eſſential article to which her application, care, and attention, ought to be directed.

I have found means to get a letter written to her uncle and godfather, and I hope if he be at liberty, that he will take the neceſſary ſteps to ſecure for my child all that belongs to her. In that caſe, not being left deſtitute herſelf, ſhe ought to provide for our maid Fleury; and this is what I beg thoſe who may watch over her conduct to prevail upon her to do.

My venerable relations, the Beſnards, *rue et île St. Louis*, lodged ſome money in my huſband's hands, of which we uſed to pay them the intereſt. As they may be ignorant of the forms to be obſerved in eſtabliſhing their claim, the neceſſary information ſhould be given to thoſe reſpectable old people. They ſhould now and then alſo ſee their great-great niece, who ſtands them in the ſtead of a child, and who will ſoon be their only hope.

I never had any jewels; but I poſſeſs two rings of very moderate value, which were left me by my father; I intend them, as memorials, the emerald for my daughter's adoptive father, the other for my friend Boſc.

I have nothing to add to what I lately expreſſed to the generous woman who has the goodneſs to be a mother to my child: the ſervices which ſhe and her huſband render me, inſpire a ſentiment which I ſhall carry with me to the grave, and which words cannot expreſs.

May my laſt letter to my daughter fix her attention upon that object which appears likely to become her particular purſuit; and may the remembrance of her mother attach her for ever to thoſe virtues which afford us conſolation in every circumſtance of diſtreſs.

Farewell, my dear child, my worthy huſband, my faithful ſervant, and my good friends; farewell, thou ſun, whoſe reſplendent beams uſed to ſhed ſerenity over my ſoul while they recalled it to the ſkies: farewell, ye ſolitary fields which I have ſo often contemplated with emotion; and you, ye ruſtic inhabitants of Thezée, who were wont to bleſs my preſence, whom I attended in ſickneſs, whoſe labours I alleviated, and whoſe indigence

gence I relieved, farewell; farewell peaceful retirements, where I enriched my mind with moral truths, and learned in the ſilence of meditation to govern my paſſions, and to deſpiſe the vanity of the world.

TO MY DAUGHTER.

October 18, 1793.

I do not know, my dear girl, whether I ſhall be allowed to ſee, or to write to you again. REMEMBER YOUR MOTHER. In theſe few words is contained the beſt advice I can give you. You have ſeen me happy in fulfilling my duties, and in giving aſſiſtance to thoſe who were in diſtreſs.—It is the only way of being happy.

You have ſeen me tranquil in misfortune and in confinement, becauſe I was free from remorſe, and becauſe I enjoyed the pleaſing recollections that good actions leave behind them. Theſe are the only means that can enable us to ſupport the evils of life, and the viciſſitudes of fortune.

Perhaps you are not fated, and I hope you are not, to undergo trials ſo ſevere as mine; but there are others againſt which you ought to be equally on your guard. Serious and induſtrious habits are the beſt preſervative againſt every danger; and neceſſity as well as prudence command you to perſevere diligently in your ſtudies.

Be worthy of your parents: they leave you great examples to follow; and if you are careful to avail yourſelf

ſelf of them, your exiſtence will not be uſeleſs to mankind.

Farewell, my beloved child, you who drew life from my boſom, and whom I wiſh to impreſs with all my ſentiments. The time will come when you will be better able to judge of the efforts I make at this moment to repreſs the tender emotions excited by your dear image. I preſs you to my heart.

Farewell, my Eudora.

TO MY FAITHFUL SERVANT FLEURY.

My dear Fleury, you whoſe fidelity, ſervices, and attachment, have been ſo grateful to me for thirteen years, receive my embraces, and my farewell.

Preſerve the remembrance of what I was. It will conſole you for what I ſuffer: the good paſs on to glory when they deſcend to the grave. My ſorrows are about to terminate; lay aſide yours, and think of the peace which I am about to enjoy, and which nobody will in future be able to diſturb. Tell my Agatha that I carry with me to the grave the ſatisfaction of being beloved by her from my infancy, and the regret of not being able to give her proofs of my attachment. I could have wiſhed to be of ſervice to you—at leaſt let me not afflict you.

Farewell, my poor Fleury, farewell!

Friday,

Friday, 24 October.

You cannot imagine, dear Jany, all the vexation I have ſuffered at not being able to write to you at my eaſe, nor even to read your letter at leiſure: I perceived that I had an officer cloſe at my heels, and was afraid on your account. I am like a perſon infected with the plague. I have no longer any thing to loſe, but I am frightened out of my wits for thoſe who accoſt me; inſomuch that yeſterday at the court of juſtice, I was in doubt whether I ſhould return the ſalute of a man whom I recollected, and whom I thought highly imprudent for ſhewing me politeneſs in public.—I was preſent at the reading of thoſe articles of impeachment, a prodigy of deluſion, or rather a maſterpiece of perfidy. As ſoon as they had been read, the advocate, Chauveau, obſerved in terms of great moderation, that, contrary to all form of law, the documents on which they were founded had not been communicated to the priſoners' counſel. He therefore begged the tribunal to take the matter into conſideration, and give orders for their delivery. After a moment's whiſpering, the preſident made anſwer, in a faltering voice, that the papers in queſtion were for the moſt part ſealed up at the houſes of the accuſed; that orders would be given to proceed to the removal of the ſeals, and that in the mean time the trial would begin. Yes, Jany, I heard this very diſtinctly with my own ears! I looked about to ſee if it were not a dream, and I aſked of myſelf whether poſterity would believe theſe things if they ſhould come to its knowledge?—Well, the people felt nothing of all this; they did not perceive

perceive the atrocity of ſuch conduct; the abſurdity of bringing forward a charge and of withholding the vouchers of its truth; the ſtupidity of pretending that thoſe vouchers are at the houſes of the accuſed, of whoſe papers as yet no inventory has been taken; and the folly and impudence of confeſſing it. The preſident muttered a few words beſides concerning the immenſe number of the other papers, and the difficulty of communicating them; but that was neither more juſt, nor leſs abſurd. The witneſſes were then ſent out of court, that they might be called in their turns to make their depoſition: my time is not yet come, but probably may to-morrow. I can peceive nothing, in theſe proceedings, but the intention of taking advantage of the truths I may have the courage to tell, to effect my ruin, which, conſidering the villains I have to deal with, and my contempt of death, is by no means difficult. Perhaps then we are doomed to meet no more. My friendſhip bequeaths to you the care of my memory. If I could think of any thing more conformable to the generoſity of your ſentiments, which I have known too late, I would charge you with it: but why, my dear Jany, known too late? It was Providence that conducted every thing: had I earlier known your worth, my affection for you would have involved you in my misfortunes. You will diſpoſe of every thing for the beſt. A fall out of the window may be ſuppoſed, and thoſe who will not believe it may be ſent to ſee. As there are many workmen, maſons and others, nothing is more eaſy than to imagine, that one of them, or ſomebody diſguiſed like one of them, ſtole, at a certain hour under my window, and received the parcel.—This idea is indeed a very good

one, and carries with it an air of probability. The *portraits*, *anecdotes*, and other detached pieces, ſhould be preſented to the public as materials to be worked up in better times. The little *depot* ought not to be neglected: it ſhould be added to the maſs.——

The being ſummoned as a witneſs previouſly to the being judicially accuſed, forces me to adopt a different mode of proceeding from that on which I had determined when I gave you my will, and for which I had already made my preparations: I will then drain the bitter cup to the laſt drop. Farewell, Jany, farewell!

Your letter, my dear Boſc, was highly welcome: it diſcovers to me your whole heart, and the full extent of your attachment: they are both as uncommon, in my eſtimation, as they are dear to me. We do not however differ ſo much as you imagine; we did not underſtand each other perfectly. It was not my intention to depart at that moment, but to procure the means of doing ſo when I ſhould deem it fitting. I was deſirous of rendering homage to the truth, as I have it in my power to do, and then to make my *exit* juſt before the laſt ceremony. I thought it noble to deceive the tyrants. I had long ruminated on the project; and I ſwear to you, that it was not inſpired by weakneſs. I am perfectly well; my head is as cool, and my ſpirit as unbroken, as ever. True it is, however, that the preſent trial embitters my ſorrows, and inflames my indignation.

nation. I thought that the fugitives alſo had been taken up. It is poſſible that deep grief, and the exaltation of ſentiments already terrible, might have matured in the ſecret receſſes of my heart a reſolution, to which my mind did not fail to aſcribe the moſt excellent motives.

Called upon to give evidence in this affair, I thought it neceſſarily called for a different mode of proceeding. I was determined to avail myſelf of the opportunity to reach the goal with greater celerity: I intended to thunder, and then to withdraw from their power. I thought the very circumſtance would authorize me to ſpeak without reſerve, and that I ought to have it in my pocket when going into court. I did not however wait for it to ſupport my character. During the hours of expectation I paſſed in the clerk's office, in the midſt of ten perſons, *officers, judges* of the other ſections, &c. and in the hearing of *Hebert* and *Chabot*, who came into the next room, I ſpoke with equal energy and freedom. My turn to be heard did not come; they were to fetch me the ſecond day: the third however is almoſt over, and nobody has yet appeared. I fear theſe knaves perceive that I may poſſibly furniſh an intereſting epiſode, and think that, after having ſummoned me, it is better to reject my evidence.

I wait with impatience, and am now afraid I ſhall not have an opportunity of acknowledging my friends in their preſence. You are of opinion, my dear Boſc, that in either caſe I ought to wait for, and not accelerate the cataſtrophe: it is on this alone we are not perfectly agreed. It ſeems to me, there would be weakneſs in receiving the *coup-de-grace* from the hands of others,

inſtead of taking it from my own; and in expoſing myſelf to the inſolent clamours of a brutal populace, as unworthy of ſuch an example as it is incapable of turning it to account. No doubt it would have been right to do ſo three months ago; but now it will be loſt on the preſent generation; and as to poſterity, the other reſolution, well managed, will have quite as good an effect.

You ſee that you did not underſtand me.—Examine then the matter in the ſame point of view in which it ſtrikes me: it is not at all the ſame as that in which you ſee it. When you ſhall thus have maturely conſidered it, I will abide by your determination.

I haſten to conclude, that you may have my anſwer by the ſame conveyance: it is enough for me to have indicated what you will be able to inveſtigate in the leiſure of meditation.—My poor little girl! Where then is ſhe? Let me know, I beg of you: ſend me a few particulars, that my mind's eye at leaſt may ſee her in her new ſituation. Affected by your cares, you think that I feel likewiſe the cruelty of all theſe circumſtances. I underſtand that my brother-in-law is in confinement: no doubt the ſequeſtration of his property is ſtill in force, and perhaps he is in danger of baniſhment.

Conſider that your friendſhip, which finds the taſk I impoſe upon it a painful one, may eaſily deceive you, as to what you can or ought to do in that reſpect. Try to think of the matter, as if it were neither you nor I, but two indifferent perſons, in our relative ſituations, ſubmitted to your impartial judgment. Attend to my fortitude; weigh my reaſons; calculate coolly; and recollect how little a mob is worth that is capable of feaſting upon ſuch a ſight.

I embrace

I embrace you tenderly. Jany will tell you what it is poſſible to attempt ſome morning, but take care not to run any hazard.

NOTES

On my Trial, and the Examination by which it began.

At the firſt moment of my confinement, I thought of writing to Duperret, to beg him to get ſome attention paid to my complaints. Without being intimate, I had obſerved in him that courageous diſpoſition which prompts a man to ſtand forth without fear of conſequences whenever he has it in his power to oblige; and he had inſpired me with that confidence which ariſes in a revolution from a conformity of principles. I was not deceived: Duperret anſwered me with kindneſs and warmth; and added, to the expreſſions of his own ſentiments, ſome intelligence concerning the ſtate of public affairs, and the fugitive deputies. I thanked him; and, in replying to the paſſage that related to our friends, expreſſed my wiſhes for their ſafety, and for that of my country. A few days after, having printed the examination which I had undergone before an adminiſtrator of the police at the Abbey, I ſent a copy to Duperret; and took that opportunity of teſtifying my contempt for the ſilly lies which Hebert had juſt told in ſpeaking of me in his *Pere Ducheſne.* The whole of our correſpondence might amount to three or four ſhort letters, including a note, in which I acquainted Duperret, as I acquainted

at

at the time ſeveral other perſons, whom I ſuppoſed to take an intereſt in my welfare, with the ſudden transformation of my enlargement from the Abbey, into a new confinement at Sainte-Pelagie. It is on this correſpondence they mean to found an accuſation againſt me, as having been connected, indirectly at leaſt, with the rebels of Calvados. The very day of Briſſot's execution I was removed to the *Conciergerie*, put into a noiſome room, and forced to ſleep in a bed without ſheets, which a fellow-priſoner was good enough to lend me. The day after I was examined in the office of the tribunal, by judge David, accompanied by the public accuſer, and in the preſence of a man whom I ſuſpect to be a juror. At firſt they aſked me many tedious queſtions concerning Roland before the 14th of July, 1789; who was mayor of Lyons when he was municipal officer, &c.—I anſwered thoſe queſtions by an exact relation of facts; but from that very moment I could perceive, while aſking many particulars, they did not wiſh me to be circumſtantial in my anſwers. Without any tranſition, I was aſked, if during the Convention I had not been in the habit of ſeeing ſuch and ſuch members (and the proſcribed and condemned were named); and if in their conferences I had not heard them mention a departmental force, and the means of obtaining it. I had to remark, that I had ſeen ſome of thoſe members as friends, with whom Roland had been intimate from the time of the conſtituent aſſembly; others by accident, either as acquaintance, or becauſe brought to our houſe by their colleagues; and that ſeveral of them I had never ſeen at all: that beſides there had never been any ſecret coun-

cils or conferences at Roland's; but the converſation was public, and turned on matters which engaged the attention of the Aſſembly, and intereſted every body. The debate was long and violent before I could get my anſwers taken down. They deſired me to confine myſelf to *yes* and *no*; accuſed me of being talkative; and told me I was not ſhewing my wit at the hotel of the Interior. The public accuſer and the judge, eſpecially the firſt, behaved with the poſitiveneſs and acrimony of perſons perſuaded that they had a great criminal before them, and impatient for her conviction. When the judge had aſked a queſtion, and the public accuſer did not find it to his liking, he couched it in other terms, extended and rendered it complex and captious, interrupted my anſwers, and required them to be more conciſe: it was downright perſecution. I was kept about three hours, or rather more, after which the examination was ſuſpended, to be reſumed, as I was told, in the evening. I am waiting for it. A determination to deſtroy me ſeems evident.—I will not prolong my life by any baſe ſubterfuge; neither will I lay bare my boſom to malevolence; nor facilitate, by a ſilly complaiſance, the labours of the public accuſer, who ſeems deſirous of my furniſhing him by my anſwers with matter for the indictment which his zeal meditates againſt me.

Two days after, I was ſent for to be re-examined. The firſt queſtion turned upon the pretended contradiction that exiſted between my letters to Duperret, and my having ſaid I was not particularly intimate with him; whence it reſulted, that I diſguiſed the truth in regard to my political connexions with the rebels. I

anſwered

anſwered that I had never ſeen Duperret ten times in my life, and not even once in private, as it was eaſy to perceive by the firſt letter I addreſſed to him, when ſending him a copy of that I had written to the Convention; that the ſubſequent letters were the conſequence of the kind and explicit anſwer I had then received, &c. That at the period our little correſpondence began there was no queſtion of revolt and rebellion; and at that time I had no room for a choice in the aſſembly, where there was ſcarcely any perſon to whom I was known, or who would have undertaken the care of my intereſts.

Queſtion. Who were the common friends of yourſelf and Duperret?

Anſwer. Barbaroux in particular.

Queſtion. Was it known to you that Roland, before he entered into the adminiſtration, belonged to the Committee of Correſpondence of the Jacobins?

Anſwer. Yes.

Queſtion. Was it not you who took upon you to compoſe the letters it was his duty to draw up for the Committee?

Anſwer. My huſband never borrowed my thoughts, although he may ſometimes have employed my pen.

Queſtion. Were you not acquainted with the office for the *formation of public ſpirit*, eſtabliſhed by Roland to corrupt the departments; to bring to Paris a departmental force; to tear the republic to pieces, according to the plans of a liberticide faction, &c.; and was it not you who conducted the buſineſs of that office?

Anſwer. Roland eſtabliſhed no office under that denomination; and I conducted the buſineſs of none. After the decree, paſſed at the latter end of Auguſt, or-

dering him to diſperſe uſeful writings, he aſſigned to ſome of his clerks the care of forwarding them, exerting himſelf to the utmoſt in the execution of a law which tended to diffuſe the knowledge and the love of the revolution. This he called the *patriotic correſpondence*; and as to his own writings, inſtead of promoting diſcord, they all breathed a deſire to concur in the maintenance of order, and of peace.

Here it was obſerved, it was in vain for me to attempt to diſguiſe the truth, as it evidently appeared, by all my anſwers, I was deſirous of doing; that upon the door of the very office was a ridiculous inſcription, and that I was not ſo great a ſtranger to my huſband's tranſactions as not to know it; that my endeavours to juſtify Roland would be equally ineffectual; and fatal experience had but too well ſhown the miſchief that perfidious miniſter had done, by aſperſing the moſt faithful repreſentatives of the people, and by exciting the departments to take up arms againſt Paris.

To this I anſwered, that far from deſiring to diſguiſe the truth, I was proud of doing homage to it, even at the riſk of my life; that I had never read the inſcription in queſtion; on the contrary, I had remarked at the time the report of it was in circulation, that it was not to be found in the printed liſts of offices belonging to the interior department; and that, in anſwer to the injurious imputations upon Roland, I had only two facts to oppoſe: the *firſt* his *writings*, which all contained the beſt principles of morality and *politics*; the *ſecond*, his forwarding all thoſe printed by order of the National Convention, even the ſpeeches of the members

bers of that assembly, who passed for the most violent in opposition.

Question. Do you know at what time Roland left Paris, and where he may be?

Answer. Whether I do or not, is what I neither ought or choose to tell.

It was observed, this obstinacy in constantly disguising the truth proved I thought Roland guilty; that I set myself in open rebellion against the law; that I forgot the duty of a person accused, whom it behoves above all to reveal the truth to justice, &c. The public accuser, who put the question, took care to accompany it, as he did every other he thought proper to ask, with insulting epithets, and expressions indicating anger. I attempted to answer; but he forbad details; and both he and the judge, endeavouring to avail themselves of the kind of authority given by their office, employed all means to reduce me to silence, or to make me say what they thought fit. Indignant at the treatment, I told them I would complain in open court of their unheard of and captious mode of examination; that I would not suffer myself to be brow-beaten; and that I considered the laws of reason and nature as superior to all human institutions: then turning round to the clerk, 'Take up your pen,' said I, 'and write.'

Answer. 'A person accused is answerable for his own actions, but not for those of others. If, during more than four months, Roland had not solicited in vain the passing of his accounts, he would not now be obliged to absent himself, nor should I, supposing me to be acquainted with it, be obliged to make a secret of

his place of reſidence.—I know of no law which requires me to betray the deareſt ſentiments of nature.'

Here the public accuſer exclaimed in a rage, that there was no end to my loquacity; and here cloſed the examination.

'How I pity you,' ſaid I calmly. 'I forgive you even the diſagreeable things you ſay: you think you have a great criminal before you, and are impatient to convict her. How unfortunate is the man who entertains ſuch prejudices! You may ſend me to the ſcaffold; but you cannot deprive me of the ſatisfaction I derive from a good conſcience, nor of the perſuaſion that poſterity will revenge Roland and me, by devoting his perſecutors to infamy.' Being deſired to chooſe my advocate, I named Chauveau, and retired, ſaying to them with a ſmile, 'I wiſh you, in return for all the ill you mean to do to me, the ſame peace of mind I enjoy, whatever may be the reward attached to it.'

The examination took place in a room called the council-chamber, at a table with ſeveral perſons ſitting round it, who appeared to be there for the purpoſe of writing, and who did nothing but liſten to what I ſaid. There were many goers and comers; nor could any thing be leſs ſecret than the tranſaction.

DRAUGHT

DRAUGHT OF A DEFENCE INTENDED TO BE READ TO THE TRIBUNAL*.

The charge brought againſt me reſts entirely upon the pretended fact of my being the accomplice of men called conſpirators. My intimacy with a few of them is of much older date than the political circumſtances, in conſequence of which they are now conſidered as rebels; and the correſpondence we kept up through the medium of our common friends, at the time of their departure from Paris, was entirely foreign to public affairs. Properly ſpeaking, I have been engaged in no political correſpondence whatever, and in that reſpect I might confine myſelf to a ſimple denial; for I certainly cannot be called upon to give an account of my particular affections. But I have a right to be proud of them, as well as of my conduct, nor do I wiſh to conceal any thing from the public eye. I ſhall therefore acknowledge, that, with expreſſions of regret at my confinement, I received an intimation that Duperret had two letters for me, whether written by one or by two of my friends, before or after their leaving Paris, I cannot ſay. Duperret had delivered them into other hands, and they never came to mine. Another time I received a preſſing invitation to break my chains, and an offer of ſervices, to aſſiſt me in effecting my eſcape in any way I might think proper, and to convey me whitherſoever I might afterwards wiſh to go. I was diſſuaded from liſtening to ſuch propoſals

* Written at the *Conciergerie* the night after her examination.

by duty and by honour; by duty, that I might not endanger the ſafety of thoſe to whoſe care I was confided; and by honour, becauſe at all events I preferred running the riſk of an unjuſt trial, to expoſing myſelf to the ſuſpicion of guilt by a flight, unworthy of me. When I conſented to be taken up on the 31ſt of May, it was not with the intention of afterwards making my eſcape. In that alone conſiſts all my correſpondence with my fugitive friends. No doubt, if all means of communication had not been cut off, or if I had not been prevented by confinement, I ſhould have endeavoured to learn what was become of them; for I know of no law by which my doing ſo is forbidden. In what age, or in what nation, was it ever conſidered a crime to be faithful to thoſe ſentiments of eſteem and brotherly affection which bind man to man? I do not pretend to judge of the meaſures of thoſe who have been proſcribed: they are unknown to me; but I will never believe in the evil intentions of men, of whoſe probity, civiſm, and devotion to their country, I am thoroughly convinced. If they erred it was unwittingly; they fall without being abaſed; and I regard them as unfortunate without being liable to blame. I am perfectly eaſy as to their glory, and willingly conſent to participate in the honour of being oppreſſed by their enemies. I know thoſe men, accuſed of conſpiring againſt their country, to have been determined republicans, but humane, and perſuaded that good laws were neceſſary to procure the republic the good-will of perſons who doubted whether it could be maintained; which it muſt be confeſſed is more difficult than to kill them. The hiſtory of every age proves, that it requires great talents to lead men to virtue by wiſe

inſtitutions,

inſtitutions, while force ſuffices to oppreſs them by terror or to annihilate them by death. I have heard them aſſert, that abundance, as well as happineſs, can only proceed from an equitable, protecting, and beneficent government; and that the omnipotence of the bayonet may produce fear, but not bread. I have ſeen them animated by the moſt lively enthuſiaſm for the good of the people, diſdaining to flatter them, and reſolved rather to fall victims to their deluſion than be the means of keeping it up. I confeſs theſe principles, and this conduct, appeared to me totally different from the ſentiments and proceedings of tyrants or ambitious men, who ſeek to pleaſe the people to effect their ſubjugation. It inſpired me with the higheſt eſteem for thoſe generous men: this error, if an error it be, will accompany me to the grave, whither I ſhall be proud of following thoſe whom I was not permitted to accompany.

My defence I will venture to ſay, is more neceſſary to thoſe, who really wiſh to come at the truth, than it is to myſelf. Calm and contented in the conſciouſneſs of having done my duty, I look forward to futurity with perfect peace of mind. My ſerious turn, and ſtudious habits, have preſerved me alike from the follies of diſſipation, and from the buſtle of intrigue. A friend to liberty, on which reflexion had taught me to ſet a juſt value, I beheld the revolution with delight, perſuaded it was deſtined to put an end to the arbitrary power I deteſted, and to the abuſes I had ſo often lamented, when reflecting with pity upon the fate of the indigent claſſes of ſociety. I took an intereſt in the progreſs of the revolution, and ſpoke with warmth of pub-

lic

lic affairs; but I did not pass the bounds prescribed by my sex. Some small talents perhaps, a considerable share of philosophy, a degree of courage more uncommon, and which did not permit me to weaken my husband's energy in dangerous times: such perhaps are the qualities which those who know me may have indiscreetly extolled, and which may have made me enemies among those to whom I am unknown. Roland sometimes employed me as a secretary; and the famous letter to the king, for instance, is copied entirely in my hand-writing: this would be an excellent count to add to my indictment, if the Austrians were trying me, and if they should have thought fit to extend a minister's responsibility to his wife. But Roland long ago manifested his knowledge, and his attachment to the great principles of politics: the proofs of them exist in his numerous works, published during the last fifteen years.—His learning and his probity are all his own, nor did he stand in need of a wife to make him an able minister. Never were conferences or secret councils held at his house; his colleagues, whoever they might be, and a few friends and acquaintance, met once a week at his table, and there conversed in a public manner on matters in which every body was concerned. As to the rest, the writings of that minister, which breathe throughout a love of order and of peace, and which lay down in the most forcible manner the best principles of morality and politics, will for ever attest his wisdom, as his accounts will prove his integrity.

To return to the offence imputed to me, I have to observe that I never was intimate with Duperret. I saw him now and then at the time of Roland's administration;

ſtration; but he never came to our houſe during the ſix months that my huſband was no longer in office. The ſame remark will apply to the other members, our friends, which ſurely does not accord with the plots and conſpiracies laid to our charge. It is evident by my firſt letter to Duperret, I only wrote to him becauſe I knew not to whom elſe to addreſs myſelf, and becauſe I imagined he would readily conſent to oblige me. My correſpondence with him could not then be concerted; it could not be the conſequence of any previous intimacy, and could have only one object in view. It gave me afterwards an opportunity of receiving accounts from thoſe who had juſt abſented themſelves, and with whom I was connected by the ties of friendſhip, independently of all political conſiderations. The latter were totally out of the queſtion in the kind of correſpondence I kept up with them during the early part of their abſence. No written memorial bears witneſs againſt me in that reſpect, thoſe adduced only leading to a belief that I partook of the opinions and ſentiments of the perſons called conſpirators. This deduction is well founded: I confeſs it without reſerve, and am proud of the conformity. But I never manifeſted my opinions in a way which can be conſtrued into a crime, or which tended to occaſion any diſturbance. Now, to become an accomplice in any plan whatever, it is neceſſary to give advice, or to furniſh means of execution. I have done neither; I am not then reprehenſible in the eye of the law—there is no law to condemn me, nor any fact which admits of the application of a law.

I know that in revolutions, law, as well as juſtice, is

often forgotten; and the proof of it is, that I am here. I owe my trial to nothing but the prejudices, and violent animosities which arise in times of great agitation, and which are generally directed against those who have been placed in conspicuous situations, or are known to possess any energy or spirit. It would have been easy for my courage to put me out of the reach of the sentence I foresaw; but I thought it rather became me to undergo it: I thought that I owed the example to my country; I thought that if I were to be condemned, it must be right to leave tyranny all the odium of sacrificing a woman whose crime is that of possessing some small talents which she never misapplied, a zealous desire of the welfare of mankind, and courage enough to acknowledge her unfortunate friends, and to do homage to virtue at the risk of her life. Minds which have any claim to greatness are capable of divesting themselves of selfish considerations; they feel they belong to the whole human race; and their views are directed to posterity alone. I am the wife of a virtuous man exposed to persecution; and I was the friend of men who have been proscribed and immolated by delusion, and the hatred of jealous mediocrity. It is necessary that I should perish in my turn, because it is a rule with tyranny to sacrifice those whom it has grievously oppressed, and to annihilate the very witnesses of its misdeeds. I have this double claim to death from your hands, and I expect it. When innocence walks to the scaffold, at the command of error and perversity, every step she takes is an advance towards glory. May I be the last victim sacrificed to the furious spirit of party! I shall quit with joy this unfortunate earth, which swal-

lows up the friends of virtue, and drinks the blood of the juſt.

Truth! friendſhip! my country! ſacred objects, ſentiments dear to my heart, accept my laſt ſacrifice. My life was devoted to you, and you will render my death eaſy and glorious.

Juſt heaven! enlighten this unfortunate people for whom I deſired liberty. . . . . Liberty!—It is for noble minds, who deſpiſe death, and who know how upon occaſion to give it to themſelves. It is not for weak beings who enter into a compoſition with guilt, and cover ſelfiſhneſs and cowardice with the name of prudence. It is not for corrupt wretches who riſe from the bed of debauchery, or from the mire of indigence, to feaſt their eyes on the blood that ſtreams from the ſcaffold. It is the portion of a people who delight in humanity, practiſe juſtice, deſpiſe their flatterers, and reſpect the truth. While you are not ſuch a people, O my fellow-citizens! you will talk in vain of liberty: inſtead of liberty you will have licentiouſneſs, of which you will all fall victims in your turns: you will aſk for bread; dead bodies will be given you; and you will at laſt bow down your necks to the yoke.

I have neither concealed my ſentiments nor my opinions. I know that a Roman lady was ſent to the ſcaffold for lamenting the death of her ſon. I know that in times of deluſion and party rage, he who dares avow himſelf the friend of the condemned or of the proſcribed expoſes himſelf to their fate. But I deſpiſe death; I never feared any thing but guilt, and I will not purchaſe life at the expence of a baſe ſubterfuge. Woe

to

to the times! woe to the people among whom doing homage to diſregarded truth can be attended with danger, and happy he who in ſuch circumſtances is bold enough to brave it!

It is now your part to ſee whether it anſwer your purpoſe to condemn me without proof, upon mere matter of opinion, and without the ſupport or juſtification of any law.

---

18 *Brumaire.*

By authority of the criminal revolutionary tribunal eſtabliſhed by the law of the 10th of March 1793, without appeal to the tribunal of annulment, and alſo in virtue of the power delegated by the law of 25 April of the ſame year, to the ſaid tribunal ſitting in the hall of juſtice at Paris:

The indictment drawn up by the public accuſer againſt Mary-Jane Phlipon, wife of John-Mary Roland, aged thirty-nine years, born at Paris, and dwelling there, in the *rue de la harpe*, of which the tenor is as hereafter followeth:

Antony-Quintin Fouquier-Tinville, public accuſer of the extraordinary criminal and revolutionary tribunal, (eſtabliſhed at Paris, by a decree of the national convention, of the 10th of March, the ſecond year of the republic, without appeal to the tribunal of annulment) by virtue of the power to him given by the ſecond article of another decree of the convention of the 5th of April following, importing that the public accuſer of the ſaid tribunal is authoriſed to arreſt, proſecute, and bring to judgment,

judgment, on the denunciation of the conſtituted authorities and of citizens,

Sheweth that the ſword of the law has recently ſtruck ſeveral principal chiefs of the conſpiracy which exiſted againſt the liberty and ſafety of the French people; but a great number of authors and accomplices of that conſpiracy ſtill exiſt, and hitherto have found means, by a cowardly flight, to avoid the juſt puniſhment of their crimes: of the number is Roland, ex-miniſter of the home department, the principal agent of the conſpirators. The flight of ſome of them did not put a ſtop to the correſpondence between thoſe who remained at Paris, as well at liberty as in a ſtate of arreſt: they correſponded alſo with thoſe who had taken refuge at Caen, and other cities of the republic. Roland on leaving Paris left behind him his wife, who, although put in confinement in a houſe of arreſt, continued to correſpond with the conſpirators who had retired to Caen, through the medium of another who remained at Paris. That intriguing woman, who is well known to have received, and aſſembled at her houſe the principal chiefs of the conſpirators in ſecret councils, of which ſhe was the ſoul, received, although in priſon, letters from Barbaroux and others of the refugees at Caen; and always anſwered them in terms favourable to the conſpiracy. Of this correſpondence the proof exiſts, Firſt, in a letter dated from Evreux, the 13th of June laſt, written by Barbaroux to Lauze Duperret, in which he ſays: "Do not forget the eſtimable wife of Roland, and "try to give her ſome conſolation in her priſon, by "conveying to her the good news, &c." 2dly, in a letter, dated the 15th of the ſaid month of June, from the

the ſaid Barbaroux to the ſaid Lauze Duperret, in which are the following paſſages. " You have no doubt executed " my commiſſion in regard to Madame Roland, by trying " to convey to her ſome little conſolation.—Make an ef- " fort to ſee her, and tell her, that the *twenty-two* proſcrib- " ed, and all honeſt men, ſhare her afflictions, &c. Here- " with you will receive a letter which we have written to " that eſtimable woman. I need not ſay that you alone " can execute this important commiſſion; ſhe muſt at all " events try to get out of her priſon, and into ſome " place of ſafety, &c." 3dly, In a letter written by Lauze Duperret to the ſaid wife of Roland, in which he ſays: " I have kept for ſeveral days three letters which " Barbaroux and Buzot incloſed to me, without having " it in my power to convey them to you; and what " is ſtill more unfortunate, is, that at the moment I " might avail myſelf of the means you afford me, " the thing is become impoſſible, as they are in " the hands of Petion, to whom I thought it adviſe- " able to deliver them, ſuppoſing he had it more in " his power to forward them than any body elſe, and who " ſet off without being able ſo to do. I ſhall this very " day give notice of it to thoſe citizens to whom I am " going to write by a ſafe conveyance, and ſhall in- " form them I have it now in my power to execute " their commands with more punctuality, &c." 4thly, In a note dated the 24th of June, written by the above wife of Roland to Duperret, in which ſhe acquaints him ſhe has been releaſed from the abbey; that ſhe thought ſhe was going to return home; but that before ſhe reached it ſhe was taken up and conducted to Sainte-Pelagie. 5thly, and laſtly, in three other letters written by

by her in like manner to Lauze Duperret; the firſt dated June 6, the ſecond without date, and the third June 24. In the ſecond ſhe ſays: "The accounts "I receive from my friends are the only pleaſure I "am ſenſible of: you have aſſiſted in procuring me "that pleaſure: tell them my confidence in their "courage and knowledge of what they are capable "of doing for liberty, ſtands me in ſtead of every "thing, and conſoles me in all my misfortunes; tell "them my eſteem, my attachment, and my good "wiſhes, will follow them wherever they go. Barba-"roux's hand-bill gave me great pleaſure," &c.

After the contents of the ſaid letters there can be no doubt that the ſaid wife of Roland was one of the principal agents and abettors of the conſpiracy.

Theſe things conſidered, the public accuſer has drawn up the preſent indictment againſt Mary-Jane Phlipon, the wife of Roland, heretofore miniſter of the Interior, for having wickedly, and deſignedly, aided and aſſiſted in the conſpiracy which exiſted againſt the unity and indiviſibility of the republic, againſt the liberty and ſafety of the French people, by aſſembling at her houſe, in ſecret council, the principal chiefs of that conſpiracy, and by keeping up a correſpondence tending to facilitate their liberticide deſigns.

Wherefore the public accuſer demands, that a record be made, by the tribunal aſſembled, of the accuſation brought by him againſt Mary-Jane Phlipon, the wife of Roland; and that in conſequence he be ordered with his beſt ſpeed, and by a ſerjeant *(huiſſier)* of the tribunal, bearer of the warrant, to take the ſaid Mary-Jane Phlipon, wife of Roland, into cuſtody, and to lodge her in

the *houſe of arreſt* of the *Conciergerie* at Paris, there to remain in cloſe impriſonment; as alſo that the ſaid warrant be notified to the accuſed, and to the tribunal of Paris.

Done, in the cabinet of the public accuſer, this ſeventeenth of Brumaire, in the ſecond year of the French republic, one and indiviſible.

(Signed) A. Q. Fouquier.

The warrant iſſued againſt her by the tribunal, and the minutes of the delivery of her perſon in the houſe of juſtice of the Conciergerie, as alſo the declaration of the jury of judgment, importing:

That there has exiſted a horrible conſpiracy againſt the unity and indiviſibility of the republic, the liberty and ſafety of the French people:

That Mary-Jane Phlipon, wife of John-Mary Roland, is convicted of being one of the abettors or accomplices of that conſpiracy.

The tribunal, after having heard the public accuſer deliver his reaſons concerning the application of the law, condemns Mary-Jane Phlipon, wife of John-Mary Roland, ex-miniſter, to the puniſhment of death, in conformity with the law of the ſixteenth of December, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-two, which has been read, and which is conceived in theſe terms:

"The National Covention decrees, that whoever ſhall propoſe or attempt to deſtroy the unity of the French republic, or to detach its integral parts to unite them to a foreign territory, ſhall be puniſhed with death."

Declares the property of the ſaid wife of Roland con-

 fiſcated

fiſcated to the uſe of the nation, in conformity with the law of the 10th of March laſt, which has been read, and which is conceived in theſe terms: "The property of thoſe who ſhall be condemned to the puniſhment of death, ſhall be confiſcated to the uſe of the republic: a proviſion ſhall be made for ſuch widows and children as have no property of their own."

Orders the public accuſer to ſee that the preſent ſentence be put in execution, within twenty-four hours, on the *Place de la Revolution* in this city, and to be printed and poſted up throughout the whole extent of the republic, wherever need may be.

Done, and pronounced in open court, the eighteenth of the month Brumaire, the ſecond year of the French republic; preſent, citizens René-Francis Dumas, vice-preſident, performing the functions of preſident; Gabriel Deliegé, Francis-Joſeph Deniſot, and Peter-Noel Subleyras, judges; who have ſigned the minutes, with Wolff, clerk of the court.

Collated.

A true copy, delivered by the underſigned.

PARIS, ſecretary *(Greffier.)*

Such was the ſentence that ſent to the ſcaffold, at the age of thirty-nine, a woman, whoſe energetic diſpoſition, feeling heart, and cultivated mind, rendered her the delight and admiration of all who knew her. Her death reflects equal glory on her ſex, and diſgrace on her executioners.

It is not my province to draw her character: her writings expreſs it; her conduct is her teſtimony; and

hiſtory will revenge the injuſtice of her contemporaries.

The ſentence was preceded for form's ſake, and according to the cuſtom of that horrible tribunal, by a mock trial *(dêbats)*, in which madam Roland was not allowed to ſpeak, and in which hired ruffians vomited forth the moſt atrocious calumnies before other ruffians, the execrable tools of Robeſpierre, ſo unworthily honoured with the title of judges and jurors. I have not been able to procure a detail of the proceedings, which, as is well known, muſt not be taken in writing: but I know that only one perſon paid a tribute to truth, and that he was ſome time after ſent on that account to the ſcaffold. I mean the worthy Lecocq, who for eight months only had lived with Roland as a ſervant, and whoſe excellent qualities deſerved a better fate.

Madam Roland did not deceive the expectations of her friends. She was conducted to the ſcaffold with all the calmneſs of a great mind, ſuperior to the idea of death, and poſſeſſing ſufficient power to overcome the natural horror of immediate diſſolution. To exhibit a picture of her laſt moments, I cannot do better than borrow the elegant and impreſſive pen of Roiuffe. The following is the account he gives of them in his work intituled *Memoires d'un détenu, pour ſervir â l'hiſtoire de la tyrannie de Robeſpierre*; a work which will furniſh hiſtory with more than one important delineation, and which will never be read without emotion.

" The blood of the *twenty-two* was ſtill warm when madam Roland was brought to the *Conciergerie*. Well aware of the fate that awaited her, her peace of mind

continued undiſturbed. Though paſt the prime of life, ſhe was ſtill a charming woman: ſhe was tall and of elegant make; and her countenance was expreſſive; but her misfortunes and long confinement had left traces of melancholy on her face, which tempered its natural vivacity. She had the ſoul of a republican in a body made up of graces, and faſhioned by a certain courtly ſtyle of politeneſs. Something more than is generally found in the eyes of women beamed from hers, which were large, dark, and full of ſoftneſs and expreſſion. She often ſpoke to me at the grate with the freedom and energy of a great man. This republican language, from the mouth of a pretty French woman, for whom the ſcaffold was preparing, was one of the miracles of the revolution to which we were not then accuſtomed. We all ſtood liſtening round her, in admiration and aſtoniſhment. Her converſation was ſerious without being cold; and ſhe expreſſed herſelf with a choice of words, a harmony and cadence, that made her language a kind of muſic with which the ear was never ſatisfied. She always ſpoke of the members, who had juſt been put to death, with reſpect; but ſhe ſpoke of them at the ſame time without feminine pity, and even reproached them with not having adopted meaſures ſufficiently energetic. She generally ſtyled them *our friends*, and often ſent for Claviere to converſe with him. Sometimes her ſex would recover the aſcendance; and it was eaſy to ſee, that the recollection of her daughter and her huſband had drawn tears from her eyes. This mixture of natural ſoftneſs, and of fortitude, rendered her the more intereſting. The wo-

man who waited on her, said to me one day, '*Before* YOU *she calls up all her courage; but in her own room she sometimes stands for hours together, leaning against her window and weeping.*' The day she was sent for to be examined, we saw her pass with her usual firmness; but when she returned the tears were glistening in her eyes: she had been treated with so much harshness, and questions so injurious to her honour had been asked her, that her tears and her indignation had burst forth together. A mercenary pedant coldly insulted this woman, celebrated for the excellence of her understanding, and who, at the bar of the National Convention, had reduced her enemies to silence, and forced them to admire the easy graces of her eloquence. She remained eight days at the *Conciergerie*; and in that short time rendered herself dear to all the prisoners, who sincerely deplored her fate.

The day she was condemned, she was neatly dressed in white; and her long black hair flowed loosely to her waist. She would have moved the most savage heart, but those monsters had no heart at all. Her dress, however, was not meant to excite pity; but was chosen as a symbol of the purity of her mind. After her condemnation, she passed through the wicket with a quick step, bespeaking something like joy; and indicated by an expressive gesture, that she was condemned to die. She had, for the companion of her misfortune, a man whose fortitude was not equal to her own, but whom she found means to inspire with gaiety, so cheering and so real, that it several times brought a smile upon his face.

At the place of execution, she bowed down before the statue of Liberty, and pronounced these memorable words;

words: *O Liberty, how many crimes are committed in thy name!*

She often ſaid, that her huſband would not ſurvive her; and ſoon after we learned in our dungeons, that the virtuous Roland had killed himſelf on the public road, thereby indicating his wiſh to die irreproachable in regard to courageous hoſpitality.

My heart, though ſuffering many cruel torments in that horrible abode, felt nothing more ſeverely than the pang occaſioned by the death of that celebrated woman.—The remembrance of her murder, added to that of my unfortunate friends, will make my mind a prey to inconſolable ſorrow to the laſt period of my exiſtence.

END OF THE SECOND PART.

SUPPLEMENT*.

The Examination of Citizenneſs Roland at the Abbey, taken from Dulaure's paper called the Thermometre du Jour, of the 21ſt and 22d June, 1793.

I conſider it as an indiſpenſable duty, whatever may be the prejudices of the public, to afford to perſons accuſed the means of making known their juſtification. This induces me to publiſh the examination of madam Roland. None but cowards, and men ſtrangers to equity, can blame this conduct. DULAURE.

The 12th of June, Louvet, an adminiſtrator of the police, repaired to the Abbey to examine madam Roland.

Queſtion. Are you not acquainted with the troubles which agitated the republic during and after the adminiſtration of citizen Roland, your huſband?

Anſwer. Thoſe things were known to me, as to every one elſe, by converſations and the public papers.

Obſerved. This negative manner of anſwering a queſtion is not ſatisfactory, newſpapers not giving that intimate knowledge which I muſt certainly have had of public affairs.

* This piece probably was inſerted in the part of the Hiſtorical Memoirs which was burnt. It has been thought proper to give it here by way of ſupplement.

Anſwer.

Anſwer. I was not bound to acquire any ſuch knowledge, ſince as a woman I had no buſineſs to interfere in them.

Queſtion. Had you no knowledge of a plan for a federative republic, and for detaching the departments from Paris?

Anſwer. I never heard of ſuch a thing: I can ſay, on the contrary, that Roland, and all the perſons I was in the habit of ſeeing, conſtantly ſpoke in my preſence of the expediency of maintaining the unity of the republic, as tending to give it greater force; of the conſequent neceſſity of preſerving an equilibrium between all the departments; of their wiſh that Paris might do nothing to excite the jealouſy of the reſt; of their deſire to ſee *juſtice* and *liberty* prevail throughout France, and to concur in the maintenance of them.

Obſerved. That if thoſe perſons ſpoke of *juſtice* and *liberty* without *equality*, their principles were reprehenſible.

Anſwer. In my opinion, as well as in that of the perſons in queſtion, *equality* is the neceſſary conſequence of *juſtice* and *liberty*.

Queſtion. Who were the perſons that compoſed Roland's ſociety and yours?

Anſwer. His old friends, and thoſe with whom he had buſineſs to tranſact.

Obſerved. That it would be deſirable to know the names of the citizens and perſons of my own ſex with whom I was in the greateſt habits of intimacy.

Anſwer. Thoſe with whom I was moſt intimate are generally

generally known, and moſt aſſuredly nobody came to my houſe in ſecret.

Obſerved. That I could certainly name thoſe who the moſt frequently viſited the miniſter, and formed his private parties.

Anſwer. As a man in office, Roland ſometimes received a hundred perſons in a day, not one of whom I ſaw. As to myſelf, I never had any extenſive circle of viſitors; but ſometimes gave a dinner to my huſband's colleagues, and to the perſons with whom they were in any way connected.

Queſtion. Had you no knowledge of writings ſent to the departments to provoke them to riſe againſt Paris?

Anſwer. I never heard of ſuch a thing.

Obſerved. That Roland while miniſter had however formed offices *of public opinion* in the departments, and it appeared that ſums of money were ſet apart for the purpoſe.

Anſwer. The firſt part of the obſervation appears to me abſolutely deſtitute of foundation. As to the ſecond, every body knows the miniſter of the Interior was allowed a ſum of money in order to diſperſe uſeful writings; and as Roland has given in his accounts, it is eaſy to ſee what writings were ſent to the departments.

Queſtion. Can you not name thoſe writings? You muſt certainly know what they were.

Anſwer. The accounts being public, and having been poſted up, any one may recur to them for a more exact liſt of thoſe writings than I am able to give. As

to

to their contents, it belongs to the public, and not to me, to decide upon their merit.

Obſerved. That Roland could not have given in his accounts, ſince he ſo earneſtly ſolicited permiſſion to do ſo, when deſirous of leaving Paris.

Anſwer. Not wiſhing to ſuppoſe the perſon who examines me has any bad intention, I can only attribute the preſent obſervation to an extreme ignorance of facts. Roland not only delivered a monthly account to the convention, but on going out of office, gave in a general account, in which every thing was detailed in the moſt particular manner. What he ſolicited was the paſſing of thoſe accounts, that is to ſay, their inveſtigation by the commiſſioners of the convention, and ſuch a report of them to that aſſembly as they might appear to deſerve. The committee of public accounts in conſequence impoſed this taſk on ſeveral of its members.

I added, I knew that they had come repeatedly to the hotel of the Interior; that they had examined the minutes and vouchers; had been edified, as they needs muſt, by the adminiſtration of a man whoſe integrity and courage would long be the theme of praiſe; that it was Roland's moſt earneſt deſire, as well as mine, that the commiſſioners ſhould make their report, and that I begged all good citizens to join me in my endeavours to obtain it.

[I was interrupted in this anſwer: it was thought too long; and I was accuſed of being acrimonious. I obſerved, that I availed myſelf of my rights, and that there

was

was no acrimony in informing thoſe who were ignorant of Roland's having given in his accounts, that he had done ſo long ago.]

Queſtion. Among your acquaintance was there no friend of Dumouriez?

Anſwer. There was nobody intimate with him, to the beſt of my knowledge, among thoſe I was in the habit of ſeeing.

Queſtion. Have you had no connexion with traitors?

Anſwer. All the perſons I was acquainted with, were ſo noted for their patriotiſm, that it was impoſſible even to ſuſpect them of any intercourſe with traitors.

Queſtion. Do you know where your huſband is?

Anſwer. I do not.

Queſtion. Were you not privy to a plan for diſſolving the popular ſocieties?

Anſwer. Nobody in my preſence ever diſcloſed ſuch a plan, or opinions tending that way.

Here, after a confinement of twelve days, for which no motive had been aſſigned, ended my examination, without my being told of what I was accuſed or ſuſpected, and conſequently without my knowing on what facts I was to be queſtioned.

Confident that I had nothing to loſe by telling the truth concerning my ſentiments, and all the perſons with whom I had been acquainted, I neglected to avail myſelf of my rights, and gave a plain and direct anſwer to every thing that was aſked.

The examination was upon two ſheets of paper: my ſignature was required at the end only. I demanded a copy, and was promiſed it the next day: nine are however

however paſſed, and I have not yet received it, although I have ſent to aſk for it four times. But, on leaving the adminiſtrator, I committed to paper all that had paſſed. I am ſure I have exactly related every thing that was ſaid; and I ſign *Roland*, formerly *Phlipon*.

End of the Supplement to the Second Part.

The following Books may be had of J. JOHNSON, *St. Paul's Church-Yard*; J. DE BOFFE, *Gerrard-ſtreet*; *and* J. REMNANT, *Holborn.*

I.

LISTE générale et alphabétique des Noms, Ages, Qualités, Emplois et Demeures de tous les CONSPIRATEURS qui ont été condamnés à mort par le Tribunal Révolutionnaire, établi à Paris par la Loi du 17 Août, 1792, et par le ſecond Tribunal, établi à Paris par la Loi du 10 Mars, 1793, pour juger tous les Ennemis de la Patrie; avec l'Extrait des Motifs d'Accuſation, ou du Prononcé des Sentences, et la Date de leur Exécution: enſemble, l'Acte d'Accuſation contre Carrier, Député à la Convention, et contre les Membres du Comité Révolutionnaire de Nantes; la Défence du dit Carrier, l'Audition des Témoins, et la Sentence de Mort contre ce Repréſentant et ſes Complices.

This Liſt contains the Names of nearly 3000 *Perſons, of every Deſcription and Country, Princes, Dukes, Lords, Members of the Conſtituent Aſſembly and Convention, Magiſtrates, Farmers General, Bankers, and private Individuals, who have been guillotined at Paris.*

II.

La VIE du GENERAL DUMOURIEZ, écrite par lui-même, en trois Tomes. 12mo. 15s.

III.

COUP d'ŒIL POLITIQUE, ſur l'Avenir de la France, par le même. 2s. 6d.

IV.

Aux ASSEMBLEES PRIMAIRES de FRANCE. Suite du Coup d'Œil Politique ſur l'Avenir de la France, par le même. 2s. 6d.

V.

LETTRE du GENERAL DUMOURIEZ au Traducteur de l'Hiſtoire de ſa Vie. 2s. 6d.

VI.

EXAMEN d'un ECRIT, &c. par le même. 1s.

VII.

De La REPUBLIQUE. Suite du Coup d'Œil Politique ſur l'Avenir de la France, par le même. 2s. 6d.

VIII.

QUELQUES NOTICES pour l'Hiſtoire, et le Récit de mes Perils depuis le 31 Mai, 1793. Jean Baptiſte Louvet, l'un des Répréſentans proſcrits en 1793. 4s.

IX.

NOTICE ſur la VIE de SIEYES par lui-même. 2s. 6d.

X.

ESQUISSE d'un Tableau Hiſtorique des PROGRES de l'ESPRIT HUMAIN, Ouvrage Poſthume de M. de Condorcet. 5s.

XI.

QUELQUES CHAPITRES par Honoré Riouffe. 1s. 6d.

XII.

Des ASSASSINATS et des VOLS POLITIQUES: par Guillaume Thomas Raynal. 2s.

XIII.

COUP d'ŒIL POLITIQUE, ſur les Puiſſances Neutres dans le Nord. 1s.

XIV.

NOUVEAU RECUEIL des Déductions, Mémoires, Déclarations, Lettres, Traités, et autres Actes et Ecrits publics, qui ont été rédigés et publiés pour la Cour de Pruſſe, par le Miniſtre d'Etat Comte de Hertzberg, dans les Années 1789 et 1790. 4s.

XV.

Les CHEVALIERS du CYGNE, ou la Cour de Charlemagne; Conte Hiſtorique et Moral pour ſervir de Suite aux Veillées du Château, &c. &c. par Mad. de Genlis, Auteur d'Adèle et Théodore, &c. &c.

N. B. Articles II. III. VIII. IX. X. XV. may be had in Engliſh.

Mrs. Clarke

THE

WORKS

OF

MADAME ROLAND,

WIFE OF THE MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR.

CONTAINING:

I. AN APPEAL TO IMPARTIAL POSTERITY; WITH HER PRIVATE LIFE, WRITTEN DURING HER CONFINEMENT IN THE PRISONS OF THE ABBEY AND ST. PELAGIE, IN PARIS.—IN FOUR PARTS.

II. PHILOSOPHICAL AND LITERARY ESSAYS WRITTEN PREVIOUSLY TO HER MARRIAGE: HER CORRESPONDENCE AND TRAVELS. TO WHICH ARE ANNEXED, DOCUMENTS RELATIVE TO HER IMPRISONMENT AND CONDEMNATION.

WITH A

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE & ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES,

By L. A. CHAMPAGNEUX.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

S.

VOL. II.

CONTAINING AN APPEAL TO IMPARTIAL POSTERITY:

PART III. & IV.

London:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD,

BY I. GOLD, 103, SHOE-LANE.

1803.

26437.

DC
146
.R7C4

PART THE THIRD.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS.

SECTION I.

Priſon of St. Pélagie,
Aug. 9, 1793.

THE daughter of an artiſt, the wife of a man of letters (who afterwards became a miniſter, and remained an honeſt man), now a priſoner, deſtined perhaps to a violent and unexpected death, I have been acquainted with happineſs and with adverſity, I have ſeen glory at hand, and I have experienced injuſtice.

Born in an obſcure ſtation, but of honeſt parents, I ſpent my youth in the boſom of the fine arts, nouriſhed by the charms of ſtudy, and ignorant of all ſuperiority but that of merit, of all greatneſs but that of virtue.

Arrived at years of maturity, I loſt all hopes of that fortune which might have placed me in a condition ſuitable to the education I had received. A marriage with a reſpectable man appeared to

compenſate this loſs; it ſerved to lay the foundation of new misfortunes.

A gentle diſpoſition, a ſtrong mind, a ſolid underſtanding, an extremely affectionate heart, and an exterior which announced theſe qualities, rendered me dear to all thoſe with whom I was acquainted. The ſituation into which I have been thrown has created me enemies; perſonally I have none: to thoſe who have ſpoken the worſt of me I am utterly unknown.

It is ſo true that things are ſeldom what they appear to be, that the periods of my life in which I have felt the moſt pleaſure, or experienced the greateſt vexation, were often the very contrary of thoſe that others might have ſuppoſed: the ſolution is, that happineſs depends on the affections more than on events.

It is my purpoſe to employ the leiſure of my captivity in retracing what has happened to me from my tendereſt infancy to the preſent moment. Thus to tread over again all the ſteps of our career, is to live a ſecond time; and what, in the gloom of a priſon, can we do better than to tranſport our exiſtence elſewhere by pleaſing fictions, or by the recollection of intereſting occurrences?

If we gain leſs experience by acting, than by reflecting on what we ſee and do, mine will be greatly augmented by my preſent undertaking.

Public affairs, and my own private ſentiments, afforded me ample matter for thinking, and ſubjects enough for my pen, during two months impriſonment,

ment, without obliging me to have recourſe to diſtant times. Accordingly, the firſt five weeks were devoted to my *Hiſtoric Notices*, which formed perhaps no unintereſting collection. They have juſt been deſtroyed; and I have felt all the bitterneſs of a loſs, which I ſhall never repair. But I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, could I ſuffer my mind to ſink in any circumſtances whatever. In all the troubles I have experienced, the moſt lively impreſſion of ſorrow has been almoſt immediately accompanied by the ambition of oppoſing my ſtrength to the evil, and of ſurmounting it either by doing good to others, or by exerting my own fortitude to the utmoſt. Thus misfortune may purſue, but cannot overwhelm me; tyrants may perſecute, but never, no never ſhall they debaſe me. My *Hiſtoric Notices* are gone: I mean to write my *Memoirs*; and, prudently accommodating myſelf to my weakneſs, at a moment when my feelings are acute, I ſhall talk of my own perſon, that my thoughts may be the leſs at home. I ſhall exhibit my fair and my unfavourable ſide with equal freedom. He who dares not ſpeak well of himſelf is almoſt always a coward, who knows and dreads the ill that may be ſaid of him; and he who heſitates to confeſs his faults, has neither ſpirit to vindicate, nor virtue to repair them. Thus frank with reſpect to myſelf, I ſhall not be ſcrupulous in regard to others: father, mother, friends, huſband, I ſhall paint them all in their proper colours, or in the colours at leaſt in which they appeared to me.

While I remained in a quiet and retired ſtation, my natural ſenſibility ſo abſorbed my other qualities, that it diſplayed itſelf alone, or governed all the reſt. My firſt objects were to pleaſe and to do good. I was a little like that good man, Mr. de Gourville, of whom Madame de Sévigné ſaid, that the love of his neighbour cut off half his words: nor was I undeſervivg of the character given me by Sainte-Lette, who ſaid, that though poſſeſſed of wit to point an epigram, I never ſuffered one to eſcape my lips.

Since the energy of my character has been unfolded by circumſtances, by political and other ſtorms, my frankneſs takes place of every thing, without conſidering too nicely the little ſcratches it may give in its way. Still, however, I deal not in epigrams; they indicate a mind pleaſed at irritating others by ſatirical obſervations; and, as to me, I never yet could find amuſement in killing flies. But I love to do juſtice by the utterance of truths, and refrain not from the moſt ſevere, in preſence of the parties concerned, without ſuffering myſelf to be alarmed, or moved, or angry, whatever may be the effects they produce.

Gatien Phlipon, my father, was by profeſſion an engraver; he alſo profeſſed painting, and applied himſelf to that in enamel, leſs from taſte than expectation of profit: but the fire which enamelling requires agreeing neither with his ſight nor his conſtitution, he was obliged to relinquiſh that branch of the art. He confined himſelf therefore

to

to the firſt, the profits of which were moderate. But, though he was induſtrious, though the times were favourable to the exerciſe of his art, though he had much buſineſs, and though he employed a conſiderable number of workmen, the deſire of making a fortune induced him to enter into trade. He purchaſed diamonds, and other jewels, or took them in payment from the tradeſmen who employed him, to ſell them again when opportunities might occur. I mention this circumſtance, becauſe I have obſerved, that ambition is generally fatal to all claſſes of men; for the few whoſe wiſhes it crowns with ſucceſs, multitudes become its victims. The example of my father will afford me more than one application of this maxim. His art was ſufficient to procure him a comfortable ſubſiſtence; he went in purſuit of riches, and met with ruin on his way,

Strong and healthy, active and vain, he loved his wife, and was fond of dreſs. Without learning, he had that ſuperficial degree of taſte and knowledge which the fine arts never fail to give, however inferior the line in which they are purſued. Accordingly, in ſpite of his regard for wealth, and whatever could procure it, though he trafficked with tradeſmen, he formed connexions with artiſts, painters, and ſculptors alone. He led a very regular life while his ambition was kept within bounds, and had ſuffered no reverſe of fortune. He could not be ſaid to be a virtuous man, but he had a great deal of what is called

honour. He would have had no objection to ſelling a thing for more than it was worth, but he would have killed himſelf rather than not pay the ſtipulated price of what he had agreed to purchaſe.

Margaret Bimont his wife, brought him, as a dower, very little money, but a heavenly mind, and a charming figure. The eldeſt of ſix children, to whom ſhe had been a ſecond mother, ſhe married at ſix-and-twenty, only to reſign her place to her ſiſters. Her affectionate heart and captivating mind ought to have procured her an union with a man of delicate feelings and an enlightened underſtanding; but her parents propoſed to her an honeſt man, whoſe talents inſured her a ſubſiſtence, and her reaſon accepted him. Inſtead of that happineſs, which ſhe could not expect, ſhe was ſenſible that ſhe ſhould be able to attain domeſtic quiet, its moſt deſirable ſubſtitute. It is a proof of wiſdom to be able to contract our deſires: enjoyments are always more rare than is imagined; but virtue is never without its conſolation.

I was their ſecond child. My father and mother had ſeven; but all the reſt died at nurſe, or from accidents in coming into the world; and my mother ſometimes took a pleaſure in remarking, that I was the only one from whom ſhe had experienced no diſaſter; for her delivery had been as happy as her pregnancy: it ſeemed as if I had contributed to eſtabliſh her health.

An aunt of my father ſelected for me, in the neighbourhood

neighbourhood of Arpajon, whither ſhe made frequent excurſions in the ſummer, a healthy and well-diſpoſed nurſe, who was much eſteemed in the place, and the more ſo, becauſe her huſband's brutality rendered her unhappy, without making her alter her diſpoſition or her conduct. Madame Beſnard (for that was the name of my great aunt) had no children; her huſband was my godfather; and they both looked upon me as their own daughter. Their kindneſs to me has been conſtant and invariable; they are ſtill alive; and in the decline of life are overwhelmed with ſorrow, lamenting the fate of their darling niece, in whom they had placed their hopes and their glory. Aged and reſpectable friends, be comforted: it is given to few to complete their career in that ſilence and tranquillity which attend you. I am not unequal to the misfortunes that aſſail me, nor ſhall I ever ceaſe to honour your virtues.

The vigilance of my nurſe was encouraged or recompenſed by the kindneſs of my good relations; her zeal and ſucceſs procured her the friendſhip of my whole family; nor did ſhe, as long as ſhe lived, ever ſuffer two years to elapſe, without taking a journey to Paris, on purpoſe to ſee me. She haſtened to me when ſhe heard that a cruel death had deprived me of my mother. I ſtill recollect her ſudden appearance: I was confined to my bed with affliction; and as her preſence recalled a recent calamity, the firſt misfortune of my life, very forcibly to my mind, I fell into convulſions,

convulſions, which terrified her to ſuch a degree, that ſhe withdrew, and I ſaw her no more: ſoon after ſhe died. I had been to viſit her at the cottage in which ſhe ſuckled me, and liſtened with emotion to the tales which her good natured ſimplicity took a pleaſure in telling, while pointing out the places I had preferred, and relating the tricks I had played her, with the frolicſome gaiety of which ſhe was ſtill entertained.——At two years of age I was brought home to my father's. I have frequently been told of the ſurpriſe I teſtified at the lighting of the lamps, which I called "Pretty bottles!" of my repugnance to make uſe of what is called a *pot-de-chambre*, for a purpoſe for which the corner of the garden had always ſerved me; and of the air of ridicule with which I pointed to the ſalad-diſhes and *terrenes*, aſking if they too were made for the ſame uſe. Theſe little anecdotes, and others of equal importance, intereſting to nurſes, and fit only to be related to uncles and aunts, ſhall be paſſed over in ſilence; nor will it be expected that I ſhould here depict a little brunette, of two years of age, whoſe dark hair fell in graceful ringlets over a face animated with a glowing complexion, and breathing the happineſs of that age of which it wore the ruddy livery. I know a better moment for drawing my portrait, and I am not ſo injudicious as to anticipate it here.

The diſcretion, and other excellent qualities, of my mother, ſoon gave her an aſcendancy over my mild and affectionate diſpoſition, which ſhe never

 employed

employed but for my good. So great was this aſcendancy, that in thoſe little diſputes, unavoidable between authoritative reaſon and reſiſting infancy, ſhe never found it neceſſary to inflict any other puniſhment than that of gravely calling me *Mademoiſelle*, and fixing on me an eye of reproof. I ſtill feel the impreſſion made upon me by her look, at other times ſo affectionate; I ſtill hear, with a palpitating heart, the word *Mademoiſelle* ſubſtituted, with heart-rending dignity, for the kind name of daughter, or the elegant appellation of *Manon*. Yes, *Manon*; for ſo I was called. I am ſorry for the lovers of romance: there is certainly nothing noble in the name, nor is it at all ſuitable to a heroine of the lofty kind; but it was mine; and, as an hiſtorian, I cannot diſguiſe the truth:—beſides, the ears of the moſt delicate would have been reconciled to this name, had they heard it pronounced by my mother, and ſeen the object to which it was addreſſed. What expreſſion could want elegance, when conveyed in her affectionate tones? And when her touching voice made its way to my heart, did it not teach me to reſemble ſo amiable a parent?

Lively, without being turbulent or troubleſome, and naturally of a reflective turn of mind, I deſired nothing more than to be employed, and readily laid hold of every idea that was held out to me. This diſpoſition was turned to ſo good account, that I never remember having been taught to read. I have been told, that at four years old the

buſineſs

buſineſs was in a manner completed, and that the trouble of teaching me was over at that epoch, ſince all that was in future neceſſary, was not to let me want a ſupply of books. Whatever they were that were put into my hands, or that I could any where meet with, they were ſure to engroſs all my attention, which could no longer be called away by any thing but a noſegay. The ſight of a flower delights my imagination, and flatters my ſenſes to an inexpreſſible degree; it awakens me to a luxurious conſciouſneſs of my exiſtence. Under the tranquil ſhelter of my paternal roof, I was happy from my infancy with flowers and books: in the narrow confines of a priſon, amidſt the chains impoſed by the moſt ſhocking tyranny, I forget the injuſtice of men, their follies, and my misfortunes, with books and flowers.

It was too good an opportunity of making me acquainted with the Old and New Teſtaments, and with the Catechiſm, both great and ſmall, to be neglected. I learned every thing it was thought proper to give me, and ſhould have repeated the Koran had I been taught to read it. I remember a painter of the name of Guibol, who afterwards ſettled at Studgard, and whoſe panegyric on Pouſſin, which obtained the prize from the academy of Rouen, fell into my hands a few years ago. He uſed to come frequently to my father's, and was a merry fellow, who told me many extravagant tales, which I have not forgotten, and by which I was exceedingly amuſed; nor was he

leſs

leſs diverted with making me diſplay my ſlender ſtock of knowledge in my turn. I think I ſee him now, with a figure bordering on the groteſque, ſitting in an armed chair, taking me between his knees, on which I reſted my elbows, and making me repeat *St. Athanaſius's creed*; then rewarding my compliance with the ſtory of *Tanger*, whoſe noſe was ſo long, that he was obliged, when he walked, to twiſt it round his arm: this is not the moſt abſurd contraſt that might be exhibited.

When ſeven years old, I was ſent every Sunday to the pariſh-church to attend *catechiſm*, as it is called, in order to prepare me for confirmation. From the preſent courſe of things, it is poſſible that they who read this paſſage may aſk what I mean. I will inform them. In the corner of a church, chapel, or charnel-houſe, a few rows of chairs, or benches, extending to a certain length, were placed oppoſite to each other. A ſufficient opening was reſerved in the middle, in which was placed a ſeat ſomewhat higher than the reſt. This was the curule chair of the young prieſt, whoſe office it was to inſtruct the children that attended. They were made to repeat by heart the epiſtle and goſpel for the day, the collect, and ſuch a portion of the catechiſm as was appointed for their weekly taſk. When the children were numerous, the catechiſing prieſt had a little clerk, who heard them repeat their leſſons, while the maſter took upon himſelf to explain the queſtions eſſential to the ſubject. In ſome pariſhes the children of both

ſexes

ſexes attended together, and were only placed on ſeparate forms; but in general their hours of inſtruction were entirely diſtinct. The pious matrons to whom the children belonged, always greedy of the bread of the word, however coarſely prepared, were preſent at theſe lectures, ſeated according to their ages, as well as at the preparation for being confirmed, and receiving the firſt communion. The zealous paſtors alſo occaſionally made their appearance amidſt their young flock, who were taught to riſe reſpectfully at their approach. They put a few queſtions to the beſt dreſſed, in order to aſcertain the progreſs they had made. The mothers of thoſe who were interrogated, were puffed up with pride at the diſtinction, and the reverend paſtor withdrew in the midſt of their obeiſances. Mr. *Garat*, the rector of my pariſh, which was St. Bartholomew's, within the precinct of what was then called *the City*—a good ſort of man, ſaid to be very learned, though he could not deliver two words of common ſenſe from the pulpit, in which he had the rage of exhibiting himſelf, much in the ſame manner as Mr. *Garat*, miniſter of ſtate, is reputed a man of ability, though totally ignorant of his trade—Mr. Garat, my rector, came one day to the catechiſm; and, in order to ſound the depth of my theological erudition, and diſplay his own ſagacity, aſked me how many orders of ſpirits there were in the celeſtial hierarchy. From the ironical tone and air of triumph with which he put the queſtion, I was perſuaded

that

that he expected to puzzle me. I answered, with a smile, that, though many were enumerated in the preface to the Missal, I had found from other books that there were nine; and so I marshalled before him in their proper order, the whole host of *angels*, *archangels*, *thrones*, *dominions*, &c. Never was priest so satisfied with the knowledge of his neophyte: it was quite enough to establish my reputation among all the devout matrons; and, accordingly, I became a chosen vessel, as hereafter will appear. Some persons perhaps will say, that, with my mother's caution and good sense, it is astonishing that she should have sent me to these *catechisms*; but there is a reason for every thing. My mother had a younger brother, an ecclesiastic belonging to her parish, to whose care was committed the *catechism of confirmation*, to use the technical term The presence of his niece was an admirable example, calculated to induce those who were not of what is called the lower order of the people, to send their children also: a circumstance that could not fail to be pleasing to the rector.—Besides, I had a memory which was sure to secure me the first rank; and every thing else about me supporting this kind of superiority, my parents gratified their vanity, while appearing only to pursue the path of humility. It happened, that, in the distribution of prizes, which took place, with no small parade, at the end of the year, I obtained the first, without the least partiality being shown me: on this, all the grave churchwardens, and all the reverend

reverend clergy of the parish, congratulated my uncle; who, in consequence of my success, began to be more noticed, which was all that was necessary to prepossess every one in his favour. A handsome person, the greatest good-nature, an easy temper, the most gentle manners, and the utmost gaiety, attended him to these latter times, when he died a canon of Vincennes, just as the revolution was about to abolish all ecclesiastical dignities. It seemed to me, as if I had lost the last of my relations on the maternal side, nor can I recollect a single circumstance respecting him without emotion. My eagerness to learn, and quickness of apprehension, suggested to him the idea of teaching me Latin. I was delighted with it; for it was a feast to me to find a new subject of study. I had at home masters for writing, geography, dancing, and music; and my father had made me begin drawing: but in all this I was far from finding an excess of occupation. Rising at five in the morning, when every body in the house was asleep, I stole softly, in my bed-gown, regardless of shoes or stockings, to a corner of my mother's chamber, where was the table on which my books were laid; and there I copied or repeated my lessons with such assiduity, that my progress was astonishing. My masters became in consequence more affectionate; gave me long lessons; and took such an interest in my instruction, as called forth on my part additional attention. I had not a single master who did not appear as much

much flattered by teaching me, as I was grateful for being taught; nor one who, after attending me for a year or two, was not the firſt to ſay, that his inſtructions were no longer neceſſary, and that he ought no longer to be paid; but that he ſhould be glad of permiſſion to viſit my parents in order to converſe with me now and then. I ſhall ever honour the memory of the good Mr. *Marchand*, who, when I was five years old, taught me to write, and afterwards inſtructed me in geography and hiſtory. He was a diſcreet, patient, clear-headed, and methodical perſonage, to whom I gave the nickname of Mr. *Demure*. I ſaw him married to a worthy woman, a dependant of the family of Neſle; and went to viſit him in his laſt ſickneſs, when a fit of the gout, tranſlated to his cheſt by an injudicious bleeding, occaſioned his death at the age of fifty.—I was then eighteen.

I have not forgotten my muſic-maſter *Cajon*, a little, lively, talkative being, born at Macon, where he had been a ſinging-boy. He was afterwards by turns a ſoldier, a deſerter, a capuchin friar, a clerk in a counting-houſe, and laſtly a vagrant, arriving at Paris with his wife and children without a penny in his pocket; but he had a very pleaſing counter voice, rarely to be met with in men who have not undergone a certain operation, and admirably adapted to the teaching of young perſons to ſing. Introduced to my father, I know not by whom, he had me for his firſt ſcholar. He beſtowed on me conſiderable pains: frequently bor-

rowed money of my parents, which was ſoon ſpent; never returned me a collection of leſſons by Bordier, which he plundered with ſo much art, as to compile from it the *Elements of Muſic*, that he publiſhed in his own name; lived in great ſtyle without being rich, and, at the end of fifteen years, terminated his career by quitting Paris, where he had contracted heavy debts, and by repairing to Ruſſia, where I know not what became of him.

Of *Mozon*, the dancing-maſter, an honeſt Savoyard, frightfully ugly, whoſe wen I think I ſtill ſee embelliſhing his right cheek while he inclined his pock-fretted and flat-noſed viſage to the left on his inſtrument, I might relate ſome humorous anecdotes; as well as of poor *Mignard*, my maſter for the guitar, a ſort of Spaniſh Coloſſus, whoſe hands reſembled thoſe of Eſau, and who, in gravity, over-ſtrained politeneſs, and rodomontade, was inferior to none of his countrymen.

The timid *Wattin*, of fifty years of age, whoſe perriwig, ſpectacles, and carbuncled face, ſeemed all in commotion while he was placing the fingers of his little ſcholar on the violoncello, and teaching her to hold her bow, did not continue long with me: but, on the other hand, the reverend father *Colomb*, a Barnabite, formerly a miſſionary, ſuperior of his convent at the age of ſeventy-five, and my mother's confeſſor, ſent his baſs-viol to her houſe to conſole me for the deſertion of my maſter of the violoncello, and when he came to ſee us, accompanied me himſelf while I played on my guitar.

He

He was not a little aſtoniſhed, when one day, taking up his baſs, I played a few airs that I had ſtudied in private with tolerable execution. Had there been a double-baſs in the houſe, I ſhould have got up in a chair to try and make ſomething of it. To avoid anachroniſm, however, it muſt be obſerved, that I am here anticipating things, and that I am arrived in my narrative at the period only of ſeven years, to which I return.

I have advanced thus far without noticing my father's influence over my education. It was indeed trifling, for he interfered in it but little; but it may not be amiſs to relate an occurrence that induced him to interfere ſtill leſs.

I was extremely obſtinate; that is to ſay, I did not readily conſent to any thing of which I ſaw not the reaſon; and when the exerciſe of authority alone appeared, or I fancied that I perceived the dictates of caprice, I could not ſubmit. My mother, ſagacious and diſcreet, rightly judged that I muſt be governed by reaſon, or drawn by the cords of affection; and, treating me accordingly, experienced no oppoſition to her will. My father, haſty in his manner, iſſued his orders imperiouſly, and my compliance was either reluctant, or wholly withheld. If, deſpot-like, he attempted to puniſh me, his gentle little daughter was converted into a lion. On two or three occaſions while he was whipping me, I bit the thigh acroſs which I was laid, and proteſted againſt his injunctions. One day, when I was a little indiſpoſed, it was thought proper

that I ſhould take phyſic. The nauſeous draught was brought me; and I put it to my lips; but the ſmell alone made me reject it with abhorrence. My mother made uſe of all her influence to overcome my repugnance; ſhe inſpired me with the deſire of obeying her: and I ſincerely did my beſt; but every time the horrid potion approached my noſe, my ſenſes revolted, and made me turn aſide my head. My mother fatigued herſelf to no purpoſe; I wept both for her ſufferings and my own, and became ſtill leſs capable of complying with her will. My father came, put himſelf into a paſſion, and, aſcribing my reſiſtance to ſtubbornneſs, recurred to the remedy of the rod. From that inſtant all deſire of obedience vaniſhed, and I declared that I would not take the medicine at all. A violent uproar, repeated threats, and a ſecond whipping, followed. I was only the more indignant, uttering terrible cries, lifting up my eyes to heaven, and preparing to throw away the draught which they were about to preſent to me again. My geſtures betrayed me; and my father, in a rage, threatened to whip me a third time. I feel, while I write this, the revolution, and developement of fortitude, which took place in my mind. My tears ceaſed at once to flow, my ſobbings were at an end, and a ſudden calm concentrated my faculties into a ſingle reſolution. I raiſed myſelf, turned to the bed-ſide, leaned my head againſt the wall, lifted up my chemiſe, and expoſed myſelf to the rod in ſilence. My father might

might have killed me on the ſpot, without drawing from me a ſingle ſigh.

My mother, who was dreadfully agitated by the ſcene, and who ſtood in need of all her prudence not to increaſe my father's rage, at laſt got him out of the room: ſhe then put me to bed without ſaying a word; and, when I had reſted two hours, returned and conjured me, with tears in her eyes, to give her no farther vexation, but to take the medicine. I looked ſtedfaſtly in her face, took the glaſs and ſwallowed it at a draught. In a quarter of an hour, however, it was thrown up again; and I was ſeized with a violent paroxyſm of fever, which it was found neceſſary to cure by other means than by nauſeous drugs or by the rod. I was at that time little more than ſix years old.

All the circumſtances of this ſcene are as preſent to my mind, all the ſenſations I experienced as diſtinct to my imagination, as if they had recently occurred. It was the ſame inflexible firmneſs that I have ſince felt on great and trying occaſions; nor would it at this moment coſt me more to aſcend undauntedly the ſcaffold, than it did then to reſign myſelf to brutal treatment, which might have killed, but could not conquer me.

From that inſtant my father never laid his hand upon me, nor did he even undertake to reprimand me; but, on the contrary, careſſed me frequently, taught me to draw, took me out to walk, and treated me with a kindneſs that rendered him more reſpectable in my eyes, and inſured him my

entire ſubmiſſion. The ſeventh anniverſary of my birth was celebrated as the attainment of the age of reaſon, when it might be expected of me to follow its dictates. This was a politic ſort of plea for obſerving towards me a more reſpectful treatment, that ſhould give me confidence in myſelf, without exciting my vanity. My days flowed gently on in domeſtic quiet and in great activity of mind. My mother was almoſt always at home, and received little company. Two days in the week however we went abroad; once to viſit my father's relations, and once, which was on Sunday, to ſee my grandmother Bimont, to go to church, and to take a walk. The viſit to my grandmother always took place as ſoon as veſpers were over. She was a corpulent but handſome woman, who at an early age had ſuffered an attack of the palſy, from which her underſtanding had ſuſtained a permanent injury. From that time ſhe had gradually declined into a ſtate of dotage, ſpending her days in her eaſy chair, either at the window or the fireſide, according to the ſeaſon. An old ſervant, who had been forty years in the family, had the care of her. The ſervant, whoſe name was Mary, regularly upon my entrance, gave me my afternoon's repaſt. So far all went well; but when that was over, I grew dreadfully tired of the viſit. I ſought for books; could find none but the Pſalter; and, for want of better, have twenty times read over the French, and chanted the Latin. When I was gay, my grandmother would weep; if I fell down,

or got a blow, ſhe would burſt into a fit of laughter. That did not pleaſe me. It was in vain to tell me it was the effect of her diſeaſe: I did not find it on that account the leſs diſagreeable. I could have borne with her laughing at me, but ſhe never ſhed tears without their being accompanied by cries at once grievous and imbecile, which rent my heart and inſpired me with terror. In the mean time old Mary indulged herſelf to her heart's content in the garrulity of age, with my mother, who conſidered it as a ſacred duty to paſs two hours with hers, while complaiſantly liſtening to the ſervant's tales. This was no doubt a painful exerciſe of my patience; but I was forced to ſubmit; for one day, when I cried for vexation, and begged to go away, my mother, as a puniſhment, ſtaid the whole evening. Nor did ſhe fail, at proper times, to repreſent her aſſiduity as a ſtrict and becoming duty, in which it was honourable for me to participate. I know not how ſhe managed it, but my heart received the leſſon with emotion. When the Abbé Bimont could meet us at his mother's, my joy was inexpreſſible. That dear little uncle made me dance, and ſing, and play; but unfortunately it was ſeldom in his power, as he was maſter of the choriſters, and much confined to the houſe. This brings to my mind one of his pupils, a lad of a prepoſſeſſing countenance, whom he was fond of praiſing, becauſe he was the ſcholar that gave him the leaſt trouble. His promiſing diſpoſition obtained him, a few years after, an exhibition at ſome college, and he

is now no other than the Abbé *Noel*, known at firſt by ſome little productions, employed afterwards by the miniſter Le Brun in the diplomatic line, envoy laſt year at London, and now in Italy.

My ſtudies completely occupied my days, which ſeemed very ſhort; for I had never time to get through all that I was inclined to undertake. Together with the elementary books, with which care had been taken to ſupply me, I ſoon exhauſted all thoſe that the little family library contained. I devoured every volume, and began the ſame over again, when no new ones were to be got. I remember two folio lives of the ſaints, a bible of the ſame ſize in an old verſion, a tranſlation of Appian's civil wars, and a deſcription of Turkey written in a wretched ſtyle, all of which I read over and over again. I alſo found the Comical Romance of Scarron; ſome collections of pretended bon mots, on which I did not beſtow a ſecond peruſal; the memoirs of the brave De Pontis, which diverted me much; thoſe of Mademoiſelle de Montpenſier, whoſe pride did not diſpleaſe me; and ſeveral other antiquated works; the contents, binding, and ſpots of which I have ſtill before my eyes. The paſſion for learning poſſeſſed me indeed to ſuch a degree, that, having picked up a treatiſe on the art of heraldry, I ſet myſelf inſtantly to ſtudy it. It had coloured plates, with which I was diverted, and I was glad to know the names of all the little figures they contained. My father was aſtoniſhed when, ſoon after, I gave him a ſpecimen of my ſcience, by making ſome remarks on a ſeal that was not engraved

engraved agreeably to the rules of art. On this ſubject I became his oracle, nor did I ever miſlead him. A ſhort treatiſe on contracts fell into my hands; and this alſo I endeavoured to learn; for I read nothing which I was not deſirous of retaining: but it tired me ſo ſoon, that I did not get to the fourth chapter.

The Bible had peculiar attraction for me; and I returned frequently to its peruſal. In the old tranſlations it ſpeaks as plain a language as that of the ſons of Eſculapius: and certain crude and ſimple expreſſions ſtruck me ſo forcibly, that they have never ſince eſcaped my memory. Hence I derived information not uſually given to girls of my age; but I ſaw it in a light that was far from ſeducing. I had too much employment for my thoughts to dwell upon things of a mere material nature, that ſeemed to me to have nothing attractive about them. I could not however help laughing, when my grandmama talked to me of little children dug out of the parſley-bed; and I uſed to ſay, that my Ave-Maria informed me they came from another place, without troubling my head how they got there.

In rummaging the houſe I found a ſource of reading which I huſbanded for a conſiderable time. What my father called his work-ſhop was adjoining to the apartment where I uſually ſat, which was a handſome room, that might not improperly have been ſtyled a drawing-room, but which my mother modeſtly called a parlour, neatly furniſhed,

furniſhed, and ornamented with looking-glaſſes and a few pictures. It was here I received my leſſons. The receſs on one ſide of the fire-place was converted into a light cloſet, in which was placed a bed, ſo confined for want of room that I was obliged to get into it at the foot; a chair, a ſmall table, and a few ſhelves. That was my ſanctuary. On the oppoſite ſide was a large room, ſerving as a work-ſhop, my father having placed in it his bench, various pieces of ſculpture, and the different inſtruments of his art. Thither I uſed to ſteal in an evening, or at hours of the day when all were abſent. I had there remarked a receſs where one of the young men kept his books; a volume of which I carried off at a time, and haſtened to my little cloſet to devour it, taking great care to put it in its place again, without ſaying a word of the matter to any one. They were in general very good books. One day I perceived that my mother had made the ſame diſcovery as myſelf. Recogniſing a volume in her hands which had previouſly paſſed through mine, I no longer felt myſelf under any reſtraint; and, without telling a falſehood, but at the ſame time without ſaying a word concerning what had paſſed, I ſeemed to be only following her example. The young man, whoſe name was Courſon, to which he afterwards prefixed the *de**, when

* *De* before a name in France was generally the ſymbol of a noble family.—*Tranſ.*

when he contrived to get into place at Verſailles as teacher to the pages, did not at all reſemble his comrades: he was not deſtitute of politeneſs, was decent in his demeanour, and fond of ſtudy. He ſaid nothing of the occaſional diſappearance of his books; ſo that it ſeemed as if there were a tacit agreement between all the parties. In this way I read a great many volumes of travels, of which I was paſſionately fond; among others, thoſe of Renard, which were the firſt; ſome plays of ſecond-rate authors, and Dacier's Plutarch. This laſt work was more to my taſte than any thing I had yet ſeen, not excepting even pathetic ſtories, which however affected me much; as for inſtance, that of the unfortunate couple, by Labedoyère, which is ſtill preſent to my mind, although I have never read it ſince that early period. But Plutarch ſeemed to be exactly the intellectual food that ſuited me. I ſhall never forget the Lent of 1763, at which time I was nine years of age, when I carried it to church inſtead of the Exerciſes of the Holy Week. It is from that period that I may date the impreſſions and ideas which rendered me a republican, without my dreaming of ever becoming one.

Telemachus, and Jeruſalem Delivered, interfered a little with the current of theſe majeſtic thoughts. The tender Fenelon moved my heart, and Taſſo fired my imagination. Sometimes I read aloud at my mother's requeſt, of which I was by no means fond, as it diverted me from that cloſe attention which conſtituted my delight, and obliged me to proceed

proceed with leſs rapidity. But I would have plucked out my tongue rather than have read in that manner the epiſodes of the iſland of Calypſo, and a number of paſſages in Taſſo. My reſpiration quickened, a ſudden glow overſpread my countenance, and an agitation followed, which my faltering voice would have betrayed. With Telemachus I was Eucharis, and Herminia with Tancred. Completely transformed into theſe heroines, I thought not as yet of being ſomething myſelf with ſome other perſonage. None of my reflections came home to me. I look around me for nothing. I was the very characters themſelves, and ſaw only the objects which exiſted on their account. It was a kind of waking dream, that led to nothing more ſubſtantial. I recollect however having ſeen with conſiderable emotion a young painter of the name of *Taborel*, who came occaſionally to my father's houſe. He was about twenty, his voice was ſoft, his features languiſhing, and he bluſhed like a girl. When I heard him in the work-ſhop, I had always a crayon or ſomething elſe to ſeek; but as the ſight of him embarraſſed no leſs than it pleaſed me, I ran out again more ſpeedily than I entered, with a palpitation of my heart and a trembling of my limbs that I haſtened to conceal in my little cloſet. I can readily believe, that, with ſuch a diſpoſition, aſſiſted by leiſure and a certain kind of company, both my imagination and my perſon might have been greatly affected.

The works of which I have been ſpeaking gave place

place to others, which ſoftened the powerful impreſſions they had produced. Some of the writings of Voltaire ſerved to operate this diverſion. One day, when I was reading Candide, my mother having deſerted her party of piquet, the lady with whom ſhe was playing calling me from the corner in which I was ſitting, deſired to ſee the book I had in my hand; and on my mother's return expreſſed her aſtoniſhment at the nature of my ſtudies. My mother, without making any anſwer, contented herſelf with merely ordering me to carry it back to the place whence it came. I caſt an evil eye upon this woman, of forbidding countenance, monſtrous rotundity of waiſt, and affected importance; nor from that day forward did I ever beſtow a ſmile upon Madame Charbonné. My good mother, however, made no alteration in her truly unaccountable conduct, but permitted me to read all the books I could lay my hands on, without ſeeming to attend to them, though ſhe knew very well what they were. I muſt obſerve at the ſame time, that no immoral publication every came in my way; and even now I am only acquainted with the titles of two or three; the taſte I have acquired having ever prevented my feeling the ſmalleſt temptation to procure them. As I preferred books to every thing elſe, my father ſometimes made me preſents of that kind; but, piquing himſelf, as he did, on ſeconding my propenſity to ſerious ſtudies, his choice was whimſical; he gave me, for inſtance, Fenelon on female education, and Locke on that of children in general;

thus

thus putting into the hands of the pupil what were deſigned for the tutor. I am perſuaded, however, that the incongruity was not unproductive of benefit, and that chance perhaps ſerved me better than the uſual conſiderations of propriety would have done. I was very forward for my age; I loved to reflect; I thought ſeriouſly of improving myſelf; that is to ſay, I ſtudied the movements of my mind; I ſought to know myſelf; and I felt that I had a deſtination which it was requiſite I ſhould enable myſelf to fill. Religious notions began to ferment in my brain, and ſoon produced a violent exploſion. But before I deſcribe them, it may be proper for my reader to know what became of my Latin.

The firſt rudiments of grammar were well arranged in my head. I declined nouns and conjugated verbs, though it appeared to me tireſome enough; but the hope of being able on ſome future day to read in that language the admirable productions of which I heard ſo much, and of which my books afforded me ſome idea, gave me reſolution to get through the dry and difficult taſk. It was not thus with my little uncle, for ſo I called the Abbé Bimont. Young, good-humoured, indolent, and gay, giving not the ſmalleſt trouble to any body, caring little to give himſelf any for others, and heartily tired of his trade of pedagogue with the choriſters; he liked better to take a walk with me than to give me a leſſon, and to make me laugh and play, than to hear me repeat my rudiments. He was far from being punctual either as to the hour or the

day

day of coming to our houſe, and a thouſand circumſtances combined to procraſtinate his leſſons. I was deſirous however of learning, and loath to relinquiſh what I had once begun. It was therefore reſolved upon, that I ſhould go to him three mornings a week; but he was too giddy to keep himſelf at liberty to devote a few moments to my inſtruction. I was ſure to find him either buſied in pariſh affairs, diverting himſelf with his boys, or breakfaſting with a friend. I loſt my time, the winter ſeaſon came on, and my Latin was abandoned. From that attempt I have preſerved only a ſort of glimmering or inſtinct of knowledge, which, during the days of devotion, enabled me to repeat or chant the Pſalms without being abſolutely ignorant of what I was ſaying, and a conſiderable facility for the ſtudy of languages in general, particularly the Italian, which I learnt a few years after, without a maſter, and without difficulty.

My father took but little pains to forward me in drawing: he rather amuſed himſelf with my aptitude, than endeavoured to give me extraordinary talents. A few words that dropped in a converſation with my mother, gave me to underſtand that, from prudential motives, ſhe was not deſirous of my making any great proficiency in the art. 'I would not have her become a painter,' ſaid ſhe; 'it would require an intercommunity of ſtudies, and connexions that we can very well diſpenſe with.' I was alſo ſet to engrave; learnt to hold the graver, and got over the firſt difficulties in a

ſhort

ſhort time; for nothing came amiſs to me. On the birth-days of my good old relations, which were always religiouſly celebrated, I carried for my preſent, either a pretty head, which I had been at great pains to draw for the occaſion, or a neat little copper-plate, on which I had engraved a flower, with a compliment beneath, written with great care, and in verſes hammered out by *Mr. Demure*. In return I received almanacs *, which greatly amuſed me, and preſents of ſuch little articles as were adapted to my uſe, in general ornaments of dreſs, of which I was very fond. My mother took a pleaſure in ſeeing me fine. In her own dreſs ſhe was plain, and frequently even negligent; but her daughter was her doll, and from my early infancy I was dreſſed with a degree of elegance, and even richneſs, that ſeemed unſuitable to my condition. Young ladies at that time wore what was called a *corps-de-robe*, a dreſs reſembling court robes, and fitting very cloſely at the waiſt, of which it diſplayed the form to advantage, but full below, with a long train that ſwept the ground, adorned with different trimmings, according to the taſte of the wearer. Mine were of fine ſilk, of ſome ſimple pattern and modeſt colour, but in price and quality equal to my mother's beſt gala ſuits. My toilet was a grievous buſineſs to me, for my hair was

* French almanacs are very different from the Engliſh: moſt of them are without calendars, ſuch as l'Almanach Chantant, conſiſting entirely of ſongs, l'Almanach des Muſes, containing a mixture of fugitive pieces in proſe and verſe, &c.—*Tranſ.*

was frequently frizzed, papered, and tortured with hot irons, and all the other ridiculous and barbarous implements at that time in uſe. My head was ſo extremely tender, and the pulling I was obliged to undergo ſo painful, that, upon occaſions of full dreſs, my ſufferings always forced tears from my eyes, although I uttered no complaint,

Methinks I hear it aſked, For whoſe eyes, in the retired life I led, was all this finery intended? They who aſk the queſtion ought to recollect, that I went out two days in the week; and if they were acquainted with the manners of what was at that time called the *bourgeoiſie* of Paris, they muſt know there were thouſands of them whoſe expence in dreſs, by no means ſmall, had no other object, than an exhibition of a few hours on Sunday in the *Tuileries*; to which their wives joined the diſplay of their finery at church, and the pleaſure of parading their own quarter of the town, before their admiring neighbours. Add to this, family viſits on great feſtivals, new year's day, weddings and chriſtenings, and there will be found ſufficient opportunities for the gratification of vanity. By the way, more than one contraſt may be obſerved in my education. The young lady, exhibited on Sundays at church, and in the public walks, in an elegant dreſs, who you would have ſuppoſed to be juſt alighted from a carriage, and whoſe demeanour and language were perfectly conſonant to her appearance, would go nevertheleſs to market in the week with her mother, in a linen

frock, or would ſtep into the ſtreet alone, to buy a little parſley or ſalad, which the ſervant had forgotten. It muſt be confeſſed, I was not much pleaſed with it; but I ſhowed no ſigns of diſlike, and acquitted myſelf of my commiſſion in ſuch a way as to render it agreeable. I behaved with ſo much civility, and at the ſame time with ſo much dignity, that the fruiterer, or other ſhopkeeper, took a pleaſure in ſerving me firſt; and yet thoſe who came before me were never offended: I was ſure to pick up ſome compliment or other in the way, which only ſerved to make me more polite. The ſame child, who read ſyſtematic works, who could explain the circles of the celeſtial ſphere, handle the crayon and the graver, and who, at eight years of age, was the beſt dancer in the youthful parties that met occaſionally to aſſiſt at ſome little family feſtival, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, or ſkim the pot. That mixture of ſerious ſtudies, agreeable relaxations, and domeſtic cares, properly ordered, and rendered agreeable by my mother's good management, made me fit for every thing, ſeemed to forebode the viciſſitudes of my fortune, and enabled me to ſupport them. In every place I am at home: I can prepare my own dinner with as much addreſs as Philopœmen cut wood; but no one ſeeing me ſo engaged, would think it an office in which I ought to be employed.

It may be ſuppoſed, from what I have already related, that my mother did not neglect what is

called

called religion. She was pious without being a bigot; ſhe had faith, or endeavoured to have faith; and conformed her conduct to the rules of the church with the humility and regularity of a perſon who, finding it neceſſary for her peace of mind to adopt great principles, does not heſitate at trifling details. The reſpectful air with which the firſt notions of religion had been preſented to me, had diſpoſed me to receive them with attention. They were of a nature calculated to make conſiderable impreſſion on a lively imagination; and notwithſtanding the troubleſome doubts frequently excited by my infant reaſon, which regarded with ſurpriſe the transformation of the devil into a ſerpent, and thought it cruel in God to have permitted it, I at laſt believed and adored.

I had received confirmation with the deep attention of a mind that calculates the importance of its actions, and meditates on its duties. The preparing me for my firſt communion was talked of, and I felt a ſacred terror take poſſeſſion of my ſoul.

I read books of devotion; I was ſeized with an irreſiſtible deſire to employ my mind about the great objects of eternal miſery and happineſs; and, by inſenſible degrees, all my thoughts centred in thoſe points. Religious ideas gained a complete aſcendance over my heart, and concurred with my natural forwardneſs in bringing on the reign of ſentiment before its time. It began with the love of God, the ſublime raptures of which

rendered the firſt years of my adoleſcence ſafe and happy, reſigned the reſt to the care of philoſophy, and ſeemed likely to protect me for ever from the ſtorm of thoſe paſſions, from which, with a conſtitution as vigorous as that of a prize-fighter, it is with difficulty that I preſerve my riper age.

The fit of devotion which agitated me, produced an aſtoniſhing alteration in my mind. I became profoundly humble and inexpreſſibly timid. I looked upon men with a ſort of terror, which increaſed when any of them ſtruck me as amiable. I watched over my thoughts with extreme ſcrupuloſity; the leaſt profane image that offered itſelf to my mind, however confuſedly, ſeemed a crime. I contracted ſuch a habit of reſerve, that, peruſing Buffon's Natural Hiſtory at the age of ſixteen, when no longer a devotee, I ſkipped the article Man, and turned over the plates relating to it, with the ſpeed and terror of a perſon who ſees a precipice beneath his feet. In ſhort, I did not marry till I was twenty-five; and with a heart ſuch as may be imagined, ſenſes highly inflammable, and conſiderable information as to ſeveral points, I had ſo well avoided all knowledge concerning one circumſtance, that the conſequences of marriage were as ſurpriſing to me as they were unpleaſant.

My life, which every day grew more and more retired, appeared ſtill too worldly to admit of my preparing for my firſt communion. That important tranſaction, which was to have ſuch influence on my eternal ſalvation, occupied all my thoughts.

I acquired

I acquired a taſte for divine ſervice; I was ſtruck with its ſolemnity; I read with avidity the explanation of the church ceremonies, and treaſured up their myſtic ſignification in my mind. Every day I turned over my folio Lives of the Saints, and regretted thoſe happy days when the perſecuting fury of paganiſm conferred the crown of martyrdom upon courageous chriſtians. I began to think ſeriouſly of embracing a new kind of life, and, after profound meditations, fixed upon my plan. Until then, the idea of parting from my mother uſed to draw a flood of tears from my eyes; and whenever any of my friends wiſhed to divert themſelves with the ſudden clouds that ſenſibility ſpread over my expreſſive brow, they never failed to talk of convents, and of the propriety of ſending young women to inhabit them for a ſhort ſpace of time. But what ought we not to ſacrifice to the Lord? I had formed, of the ſolitude and ſilence of a cloiſter, thoſe grand or romantic ideas which an active imagination would naturally engender. The more ſolemn its abode, the better it ſuited the enthuſiaſtic diſpoſition of my mind. One evening, after ſupper, being alone with my parents, I fell at their feet, ſhedding at the ſame time a torrent of tears, which deprived me of utterance. Aſtoniſhed and uneaſy, they aſked the meaning of this ſtrange emotion. 'I beg of you,' ſaid I, ſobbing, 'to do a thing, which is moſt painful to my heart, but which is called for by my conſcience. Send me to a convent.' They raiſed me from the ground. My excellent mother

was affected, and no doubt would have been alarmed, if my having been conſtantly in her preſence for ſome time before, had not removed all grounds of fear: ſhe aſked me what it was that made me deſirous of leaving them, obſerving at the ſame time I had never been refuſed any reaſonable requeſt. I anſwered, it was my wiſh to receive the communion for the firſt time in a diſpoſition of mind ſuitable to the ſolemnity of the occaſion. My father commended my zeal, and expreſſed his readineſs to comply with my deſire. The next difficulty was, the making a choice among the different religious houſes, in none of which my parents had any connexions; but they recollected that my muſic-maſter had ſpoken of a convent in which he gave leſſons to ſeveral young ladies, and reſolved to make inquiry concerning it. They found it to be a reſpectable houſe, and of an order not very ſtrict. The nuns had conſequently the reputation of not practiſing thoſe extravagancies and mummeries for which nuns are generally remarkable: the education of youth was alſo their profeſſion. They kept a day-ſchool for children of the lower claſs, whom they taught *gratis*, in conformity with their vows, and who came from their own homes to a room ſet apart for them; the boarding ſchool for ſuch young women as were confided to their care, being entirely detached.

My mother took the neceſſary ſteps; and after carrying me to viſit all my relations of the ſuperior degree, and informing them of my reſolution, which

which was highly commended, conducted me to the ſiſterhood of the Congregation, in the Rue Neuve St. Etienne, Fauxbourg St. Marceau, very near the priſon in which I am now confined. While preſſing my dear mother in my arms at the moment of parting with her for the firſt time in my life, I thought my heart would have burſt; but I was acting in obedience to the voice of God, and paſſed the threſhold of the cloiſter, offering up to him, with tears, the greateſt ſacrifice I was capable of making. That was the ſeventh of May 1765, when I was *eleven years* and two months old.

In the gloom of a priſon, in the midſt of thoſe political commotions which ravage my country, and ſweep away all that is dear to me, how ſhall I recall to my mind, and how deſcribe, that period of rapture and tranquillity? What lively colours can expreſs the ſoft emotions of a young heart endued with tenderneſs and ſenſibility, greedy of happineſs, beginning to be alive to the feelings of nature, and perceiving the Deity alone? The firſt night that I ſpent at the convent was a night of agitation. I was no longer under the paternal roof. I was at a diſtance from that kind mother, who was doubtleſs thinking of me with affectionate emotion. A dim light diffuſed itſelf through the room in which I had been put to bed, with four children of my own age. I ſtole ſoftly from my couch, and drew near the window, the light of the moon enabling me to diſtinguiſh the garden, which it overlooked. The deepeſt ſilence prevailed

around, and I liſtened to it, if I may uſe the expreſſion, with a ſort of reſpect. Lofty trees caſt their gigantic ſhadows along the ground, and promiſed a ſecure aſylum to peaceful meditation. I lifted up my eyes to the heavens; they were unclouded and ſerene. I imagined that I felt the preſence of the Deity ſmiling on my ſacrifice, and already offering me a reward in the conſolatory peace of a celeſtial abode. Tears of delight flowed gently down my cheeks. I repeated my vows with holy ecſtacy, and went to bed again to taſte the ſlumber of the elect.

As it was evening when I came to the convent, I had not yet ſeen all my fellow-boarders. They were thirty-four in number, and were aſſembled in one ſchool-room, from the age of ſix to that of ſeventeen or eighteen, but were divided into two tables at meals, and as it were into two ſections in the courſe of the day, to perform their exerciſes. There was ſo much of the little woman about me that it was immediately judged proper to include me in the elder ſet. I accordingly became the twelfth at their table, and found myſelf the youngeſt of them all. The tone of politeneſs which my mother had rendered familiar, the ſedate air which was become habitual to me, and my courteous and correct mode of ſpeaking, in no way reſembled the noiſy and thoughtleſs mirth of my volatile companions. The children addreſſed themſelves to me with a ſort of confidence, becauſe I never gave them a rough

anſwer;

anſwer; and the elder girls treated me with a kind of reſpect, becauſe my reſerve did not render me the leſs obliging to them, while it procured particular attention from the nuns. Brought up as I had hitherto been, it was not ſurpriſing I ſhould be found better informed than moſt of my claſs, even than thoſe whoſe age the moſt exceeded mine. The nuns perceived they might derive honour from my education, merely from my being under their care, without being obliged to take any pains to continue it. I knew already, or very eaſily learnt, every thing they gave me to ſtudy; and became the favourite of the whole ſiſterhood: it was quite matter of contention who ſhould careſs and compliment me. She, whoſe buſineſs it was to teach the boarders to write, was ſeventy years of age, and had taken the veil at fifty, either out of chagrin at ſome diſappointment, or in conſequence of ſome misfortune. She had been well educated, and joined to that advantage all that could be derived from good breeding and a knowledge of the world. She valued herſelf on her ſkill in teaching, ſtill wrote a very fine hand, embroidered with elegance, gave excellent leſſons of orthography, and was by no means unacquainted with hiſtory. Her diminutive figure, her age itſelf, and ſome ſmall tincture of pedantry, occaſioned old ſiſter St. Sophia to be treated, by her giddy little pupils, with leſs reſpect than ſhe deſerved; and if I recollect aright, the jealouſy of the good nuns, who were fond of

expoſing

expoſing her defects becauſe they did not poſſeſs her talents, tended not a little to encourage their impertinence. This excellent woman ſoon became much attached to me on account of my ſtudious turn. After having given a leſſon to the whole claſs, ſhe would take me aſide, make me repeat my grammar, go over my maps, and extract paſſages from hiſtory. She even obtained permiſſion to take me to her cell, were I uſed to read to her.

Of my former tutors I had retained only one, and that was my muſic-maſter, of whom I received leſſons in the parlour, with two of my fellow-boarders, under the inſpection of a nun: and in order to keep up my drawing, I was attended by a female artiſt, who was admitted into the interior of the convent.

The regularity of a life filled up with ſuch a variety of ſtudies, was perfectly ſuitable to the activity of my mind, as well as to my natural taſte for method and application. I was one of the firſt at every thing; and ſtill I had leiſure, becauſe I was diligent, and did not loſe a moment of my time. In the hours ſet apart for walking and recreation, I felt no deſire to run and play with the crowd, but retired to ſome ſolitary ſpot to read and meditate. How delighted was I with the beauty of the foliage, the breath of the zephyrs, and the fragrance of the ſurrounding flowers! Everywhere I perceived the hand of the Deity; I was ſenſible of his beneficent care of his creatures; and I admired his wonderful works. Full of grati-

tude,

tude, I went to adore him in the church, where the majeſtic ſounds of the organ, accompanied by the captivating voices of the young nuns chanting their anthems, completed my ecſtacy. Independently of maſs, to which all the boarders were regularly conducted in the morning, half an hour in the afternoon of every working-day was conſecrated to meditation, to which thoſe only were admitted who appeared capable of it, or at leaſt of filling up that interval of time by the attentive reading of religious works. It was not even neceſſary for me to ſolicit this favour, which they were eager to confer upon me as a recompence for my zeal: but I earneſtly requeſted to be allowed to receive my firſt communion at the next great feſtival, which happened to be the Aſſumption. Though it followed ſoon after my entrance into the convent, my requeſt was granted with the unanimous conſent of the ſuperiors, and of the director. The latter was a man of good ſenſe, and a monk of the monaſtery of St. Victor, where he officiated as rector. He had undertaken the taſk of confeſſing the boarders of the Congregation, and was well fitted for it by his age, which was upwards of fifty, by the mildneſs of his temper, and by his great good ſenſe, which tempered the auſterity of his morals and demeanour. At the time I was confided to his care, Mr. *Garat*, the prieſt of my pariſh, had the condeſcenſion to come himſelf to the convent to depoſit his tender lamb in the hands of his ſpiritual brother. They had an interview

in

in the parlour in my preſence, and converſed in Latin, which I did not perfectly underſtand, but of which I comprehended a few words very much to my advantage. Theſe never eſcape the penetration of a female, whatever may be her age, or the language in which they are uttered. I gained conſiderably by the change. Garat was a mere pedant, in whom I ſhould have found all the ſternneſs of a ſpiritual judge: the monk of St. Victor was an upright and enlightened man, who directed my pious affections to all that is great and ſublime in morality; and who took a pleaſure in developing the germs of virtue, by the inſtrumentality of religion, without any abſurd mixture of its myſticiſm. I loved him as much as if he had been my father; and during the three years that he ſurvived, after my quitting the convent, went regularly from a conſiderable diſtance to St. Victor's, on the eve of great feſtivals, to confeſs myſelf to him.

It cannot be denied, that the catholic religion, though little ſuited to a ſound judgment and an enlightened mind, that ſubjects its faith to the rules of reaſon, is well calculated to captivate the imagination, which it lays hold of by means of the grand and the terrific, while at the ſame time it occupies the ſenſes by myſterious ceremonies, alternately ſoothing and melancholy. Eternity, always preſent to the mind of its ſectaries, calls them to contemplation. It renders them ſcrupulous appreciators of good and evil, while its daily practices

practices and awful rites ſerve both to keep up the attention, and offer the eaſy means of advancing towards the end propoſed. Women are wonderful adepts in giving a grace to thoſe practices, and in accompanying rites with whatever can add to their charms and ſplendour — an art in which nuns particularly excel. A novice took the veil ſoon after my arrival at the convent. The church and the altar were decorated with flowers, brilliant luſtres, ſilk curtains, and other rich ornaments. The aſſembly was numerous, and came crowding into the outer part of the church, with that feſtive air, which a family uſually affects on ſuch an occaſion, as if it were the wedding of one of the children. The young victim appeared at the grate in the moſt ſplendid dreſs, which however ſhe ſoon pulled off, to appear again covered with a white veil, and crowned with roſes. I ſtill feel the agitation which her ſlightly tremulous voice excited in my boſom, when ſhe melodiouſly chanted the cuſtomary verſe, *Elegit*, &c. *Here have I choſen my abode, and will eſtabliſh it for ever.* I have not forgotten the notes of this little paſſage; but can repeat them as accurately as if I had heard them only yeſterday; and happy ſhould I be if I could chant them in America! Great God! with what emphaſis ſhould I utter them now!—But when the novice, after pronouncing her vows, was covered, as ſhe lay proſtrate on the ground, with a pall, under which one might have ſuppoſed her to be buried, I trembled with horror.

To

To me it repreſented the image of an abſolute diſſolution of every earthly tie, and the renunciation of all that was dear to her. I was no longer myſelf: I was the very victim of the ſacrifice. I thought they were tearing me from my mother, and ſhed a torrent of tears. With ſenſibility like this, which renders impreſſions ſo profound, and occaſions ſo many things to ſtrike us, that paſs away like ſhadows before the eyes of the vulgar, our exiſtence never grows languid. Accordingly, I have reflected on mine from an early period, without having ever found it a burden, even in the midſt of the ſevereſt trials; and though not yet forty, I have lived to a prodigious age, if life be meaſured by the ſentiment which has marked every moment of its duration.

I ſhould have too many ſcenes of a ſimilar nature to recount, were I to go over all which the emotions of a tender piety have engraven on my heart. The charm and habit of theſe ſenſations made an impreſſion upon me which nothing can efface. Philoſophy has diſpelled the illuſions of an empty faith, but it has not annihilated the effect of certain objects on my ſenſes, or their aſſociation with the ideas and diſpoſition of mind which they were accuſtomed to excite. I can ſtill attend divine ſervice with pleaſure, if performed with ſolemnity. I forget the quackery of prieſts, their ridiculous fables and abſurd myſteries, and ſee nothing but weak mortals aſſembled together to implore the ſuccour of the Supreme Being.

The

The miſeries of mankind, and the conſolatory hope of an omnipotent remunerator, occupy my thoughts. Every extraneous idea is excluded; the paſſions ſubſide into tranquillity, and the ſenſe of my duties is quickened. If muſic form a part of the ceremony, I find myſelf tranſported to another world; and I come out with an amended heart from a place, to which the imbecile and ignorant crowd reſort, without reflection, to adore a morſel of bread. It is with religion as with many other human inſtitutions: it does not change the diſpoſition of an individual, but aſſimilates itſelf to his nature, and they are together exalted or enfeebled. The herd of mankind think but little, take every thing on hearſay, and act from inſtinct; ſo that there prevails a perpetual contradiction between the principles they admit, and the conduct they purſue. Strong minds proceed upon a different plan; they require conſiſtency, and their actions are a faithful tranſcript of their faith. In my infancy, I neceſſarily embraced the creed that was offered me: it was mine, until my mind was ſufficiently enlightened to examine it; but even then all my actions were in ſtrict conformity with its precepts. I was aſtoniſhed at the levity of thoſe, who, profeſſing a ſimilar faith, acted in a contrary way; in like manner as I am now indignant at the cowardice of men, who would wiſh to ſee their country free, and yet ſet a value upon life when an opportunity offers of riſking it for the public weal.

Though

Though wiſhing to avoid repetitions upon the ſame ſubject, I will nevertheleſs relate an incident that marks the ſituation of my mind at the moment of my firſt communion. Prepared by all the means cuſtomary in convents, by retirement, long prayers, ſilence, and meditation, I conſidered it as a ſolemn engagement, and the pledge of eternal felicity. This idea engroſſed the whole of my attention. It ſo inflamed my imagination, and ſoftened my heart to ſuch a degree, that, bathed in tears, and enraptured with divine love, I was incapable of walking to the altar without the aſſiſtance of a nun, who came and took me under both arms, and helped me to advance to the ſacred table. Theſe demonſtrations, which were by no means affected, but the natural conſequence of a ſentiment I could not repreſs, obtained me great conſideration, and all the good old women I met upon my way were ſure to recommend themſelves to my prayers.

Methinks I hear my reader aſk, if this heart ſo tender, this extreme ſenſibility, were not at length exerciſed on more ſubſtantial objects; and whether theſe early dreams of bliſs were not afterwards realiſed by a paſſion, of which ſome happy individual ſhared the fruits?

To all this my anſwer is, let us not anticipate. Dwell with me awhile upon thoſe peaceful days of holy deluſion. Think you that, in an age ſo corrupt, and in a ſocial order ſo perverſe, it is poſſible to taſte the delights of nature and innocence? Vulgar ſouls indeed may find pleaſure in

 ſuch

ſuch an age; but as to thoſe for whom pleaſure alone would be too little, impelled on the one hand by paſſions that promiſe them more, and reſtrained on the other by duties which they are bound to reſpect, however abſurd and ſevere, their enjoyments conſiſt of little elſe but the dear-bought glory of ſacrificing the feelings of nature to the tyrannical inſtitutions of mankind. Let us then, for the preſent, ſeek repoſe of ſpirit in the pure joys of friendſhip, which came to offer me its comforts, and to which I have been indebted for ſo many happy days.

Some months had elapſed ſince my arrival at the convent, where I ſpent my time in the way deſcribed above. Once a week I was viſited by my parents, who took me out on Sundays, after divine ſervice, to walk in the *Jardin du Roi*, now called *le Jardin des Plantes*. I never quitted them without ſhedding tears, which proceeded from affection to their perſons, and not from diſlike to my ſituation; for I returned with pleaſure to the ſilent cloiſters, and walked through them with meaſured ſteps, the better to enjoy their ſolitude. Sometimes I would ſtop at a tomb, on which the eulogy of a pious maiden was engraved. 'She is happy!' ſaid I to myſelf, with a ſigh: and then a melancholy, which was not without its charms, would take poſſeſſion of my ſoul, and make me long to be received into the boſom of the Deity, where I hoped to find that perfect felicity of which I felt the want.

The arrival of new boarders was an event which put all our youthful ſpirits on the wing, the curioſity of girls in a convent being ſtronger upon ſuch occaſions than can well be imagined. Young ladies from Amiens had been announced. It was on a ſummer's evening, and we were walking down an avenue of trees, when the exclamation, 'There they are! there they are!' paſſed ſuddenly from mouth to mouth. The principal miſtreſs committed the ſtrangers to the care of the nun whoſe buſineſs at that time it happened to be to ſuperintend the boarders. The crowd gathered round them, walked away, returned again, fell at length into regular order, and paraded up and down the ſame walk in parties to examine the Miſs Cannets. They were two ſiſters. The eldeſt was about eighteen, of a fine ſhape, a forward air, and eaſy carriage, and was rendered remarkable by ſomething about her which indicated at the ſame time ſenſibility, pride, and diſcontent. The youngeſt was not more than fourteen: a veil of white gauze covered her charming countenance, and ill concealed the tears in which it was bathed. I felt a liking for her at firſt ſight, ſtopped to get a better view of her perſon, and then mixed with the talkers to inquire what they knew of her.

She was the favourite, they ſaid, of her mother, whom ſhe tenderly loved, and with whom ſhe was ſo loth to part, that her ſiſter had been ſent with her in order to enable her the better to bear the ſeparation. Both were ſeated at ſupper at the ſame

table with me. Sophia ate but little. Her mute grief was no way repulsive, and could not fail to inspire every body with concern. Her sister appeared less occupied in consoling her, than dissatisfied with sharing her lot. Nor was she altogether in the wrong. A girl of eighteen, torn from the world, to which she had been restored, in order to return to a convent as her sister's companion, might naturally enough consider herself as sacrificed by her mother; who in fact had nothing in view but to curb an impetuous temper, which she found herself unable to govern. It was not necessary to be long in the company of the lively Henrietta to discover these things. Frank even to rudeness, impatient even to irascibility, and gay even to folly, she had all the spirit of her age without having any of its reason. Capricious, flighty, sometimes charming, and often insupportable, her bursts of passion were succeeded by the most affectionate atonements. She joined to extreme sensibility the utmost extravagance of imagination. You could not avoid loving, even while you scolded her; and yet it was difficult to live with her upon terms of endearment. Poor Sophia had much to suffer from the disposition of her sister, irritated against her from feelings of jealousy, too just at the same time not to esteem her as she deserved, and consequently finding in their intercourse every thing that could tend to provoke that unevenness of temper, which she herself was the first to lament. The sedateness of premature reason was Sophia's principal characteristic. Her

feelings were not very acute, becauſe her head was cool and compoſed: but ſhe loved to reaſon and reflect. Gentle, without being forward in her demonſtrations of kindneſs, ſhe courted nobody's good-will, but obliged every body when an opportunity occurred, never anticipating nor ever oppoſing the wiſh of other people. She was fond both of working and reading. Her ſorrows had affected me; I was pleaſed with her demeanour; I felt that I had met with a companion; and we became inſeparable. I attached myſelf to her with that unreſerve which is ſo natural when we are in want of an object on which to place our affections, and meet with a perſon who ſeems fit to fill up the vacancy in our heart. Working, reading, walking, all my occupations and amuſements were ſhared with Sophia. She was of a religious turn, ſomewhat leſs tender than I, but equally ſincere; and that reſemblance between us contributed not a little to our intimacy. It was, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, under the wing of Providence, and in the tranſports of a common zeal, that our friendſhip was cultivated: we wiſhed reciprocally to ſupport and forward each other in the road to perfection. Sophia was an unmerciful reaſoner: ſhe wanted to analyſe, to diſcuſs, to know every thing. I talked much leſs, and laid little ſtreſs upon any thing but reſults. She took a pleaſure in converſing with me, for I was an adept at liſtening; and when I differed from her in opinion, my oppoſition was ſo gentle, for fear of offending her, that

not

not one of all our arguments ever produced the ſmalleſt diſſenſion between us. Her ſociety was extremely dear to me, for I wiſhed to confide to a perſon who could underſtand me, the ſentiments which I felt, and which ſeemed to be heightened by participation. About three years older than myſelf, and a little leſs baſhful, ſhe had a ſort of external advantage which I did not envy her. She prattled prettily and fluently, while I knew only how to anſwer. True it is, that people took a particular pleaſure in queſtioning me; but that was a taſk every one was not equal to. To my dear friend alone was I truly communicative; others had only, as it were, a glimpſe of me, unleſs, indeed, it were a perſon ſufficiently ſkilful to lift up the veil, which, without intending to hide, I naturally threw over myſelf.

Henrietta was ſometimes, but not often, of our party. She had formed a more *congenial* connection with a Mademoiſelle de Cornillon, a girl of eighteen years of age, who was as ugly as ſin, and as full of wit and miſchief as the devil; a proper hobgoblin in ſhort to frighten children, but who would not have choſen to enter the liſts either againſt Sophia's ſober reaſon or mine.

I cannot paſs over in ſilence the tender marks of affection that were ſhewn me from my firſt arrival by an excellent girl, whoſe unalterable attachment has afforded me conſolation on more occaſions than one. Angelica Boufflers, born to no inheritance, had taken the veil at the age of ſeventeen. She

was ſtill ignorant of her own diſpoſition. Nature had formed her of the moſt combuſtible materials; and the compreſſion ſuffered by her energies had exalted the ſenſibility of her heart, and the vivacity of her mind, to the higheſt poſſible degree. The want of fortune had aſſigned her a place among the lay ſiſters, with whom ſhe had nothing in common but the ſervility of their functions. There are minds which ſtand in no need of cultivation. St. Agatha, (for that was the name ſhe had aſſumed upon taking the veil), without having much education to boaſt of, was ſuperior not only to her companions in ſervitude. but to moſt of the ladies* of the choir. Her worth was known; and though, according to the uſage of thoſe ſocieties, where the majority are always ungrateful, exceſſive labour was impoſed upon her active diſpoſition, ſhe enjoyed, nevertheleſs, the reſpect that was her due. She was appointed, at that time, to wait upon the boarders; and though ſhe had nobody to aſſiſt her, and was entruſted with the care of many things beſide, ſhe found means to get through her buſineſs with equal cheerfulneſs and diſpatch. She had ſcarcely attracted my notice, when I had already obtained a diſtinguiſhed ſhare of hers: her kindneſs prevented my wiſhes, and made me remark her. At table ſhe ſtudied my taſte unknown to me, and endeavoured to gratify it; in my chamber, ſhe ſeemed to take a pleaſure

* In many of the convents, that were not of the mendicant orders, the nuns were all of noble birth.—*Tranſ.*

pleaſure in making my bed, and never let an opportunity eſcape of ſaying a civil thing. If I met her, ſhe embraced me with tenderneſs; and ſometimes would take me to her cell, where ſhe had a beautiful canary-bird, which ſhe had tamed, and taught to ſpeak. She even gave me ſecretly a key to her apartment, that I might have acceſs to it in her abſence; and there I read the books that compoſed her little library—the poems of Father du Cerceau, and myſtical works in abundance. When her avocations prevented her from ſpending a few minutes with me, or were likely to prevent her, I was ſure to find a tender billet, which I never failed to anſwer; and theſe anſwers ſhe treaſured up like ſo many jewels, and ſhewed me them afterwards carefully locked up in her deſk. The attachment of ſiſter Agatha to little Mademoiſelle Phlipon ſoon became the talk of the whole convent; but any one would have ſuppoſed that it was natural it ſhould be ſo; for my fellow-boarders never appeared hurt at the preference. When any of the nuns ſpoke of her partiality, ſhe would aſk, with her natural frankneſs, whether, in her place, they would not do the ſame? and when ſome peeviſh ſiſter of fourſcore, mother Gertrude for inſtance, told her, that ſhe loved me too well, ſhe replied, that ſhe only thought ſo becauſe incapable of feeling the like affection; 'and you yourſelf,' added ſhe, 'do you not ſtop her whenever ſhe comes in your way?' Mo-

ther Gertrude uſed to turn away, muttering ſomething between her teeth; but if ſhe met me only half an hour afterwards, ſhe was ſure to put ſome ſweetmeats in my hand. When the Miſs Cannets arrived, and I attached myſelf to Sophy, Agatha appeared a little jealous, and the nuns took a pleaſure in tormenting her; but her generous affection did not diminiſh. It ſeemed as if ſhe was ſatisfied with my ſuffering myſelf to be loved, and that ſhe enjoyed the pleaſure I derived from an intimacy with a perſon whoſe age was nearer to my own, and whoſe ſociety I could command every hour of the day. Agatha was at that time four-and-twenty. Her ſweet diſpoſition and her affection have inſpired me with the ſincereſt regard for her, which I have ever taken a pride in teſtifying. During the laſt years that convents exiſted, ſhe was the only one that I viſited in hers. Now turned out of it, when her age and infirmities rendered ſuch an aſylum neceſſary, and forced to live upon the ſcanty penſion allotted her, ſhe vegetates at no great diſtance from the place of our ancient abode, or from that in which I am confined; and in the midſt of the evils attendant on penury, only laments the captivity of her daughter: for thus has ſhe always called me. O my kind friends, you will ſometimes ceaſe to pity me, when you conſider the bleſſings which heaven has left me ſtill. In the midſt of their power, my perſecutors have not the advantage of

of being beloved by an Agatha, to whom misfortune only renders the objects of her attachment more dear.

The winter had paſſed away. During that ſeaſon, I had ſeen my mother leſs frequently; but my father would never let a Sunday paſs without viſiting me, and taking me to walk in the *Jardin du Roi*, if the weather were any way tolerable; and there we uſed to brave the ſeverity of the cold, and trip it gaily over the ſnow. Delightful walks! the remembrance of which was revived, twenty years after, upon reading thoſe lines of Thomſon, which I never repeat without emotion:

> Pleas'd was I, in my cheerful morn of life,
> When nurs'd by careleſs ſolitude I liv'd,
> And ſung of nature with unceaſing joy;
> Pleas'd was I, wand'ring through your rough domain,
> Through the pure virgin ſnows, myſelf as pure.

It had been reſolved upon at my entrance into the convent, that I ſhould remain there only a year. This I had deſired myſelf, as I wiſhed to ſee bounds ſet to the ſacrifice I was about to make by ſeparating myſelf from my mother. The nuns, on their part, when they conſented to my receiving my firſt communion in the fourth month of my reſidence among them, had taken great care to ſtipulate that I ſhould not leave them the ſooner on that account, and that I ſhould complete the period agreed upon. The year having revolved, I had left the convent. My mother informed me that my grandmother Phlipon, who

who was extremely fond of me, wiſhed me much to remain with her ſome time, and that my mother had conſented to my going, conceiving it could not be diſagreeable to me, as ſhe ſhould be able to ſee me there more frequently than at the convent: that arrangement, beſide, was perfectly ſuitable to circumſtances. My father had been choſen into ſome office of his pariſh, and on that account was forced to be frequently from home. I readily underſtood that my mother, being obliged at preſent to direct her attention to the work entruſted to the young men, about whom ſhe had hitherto given herſelf no concern, had loſt a portion of her liberty, which ſhe would have wiſhed to preſerve entire, in order to beſtow her whole time upon me.

The ſituation ſhe propoſed to me was indeed a gentle tranſition from the abſence I had lately experienced to a complete return to her, and I accepted it the more readily, as I had a great liking for my grandmother. She was a graceful, good-humoured little woman, whoſe agreeable manners, poliſhed language, gracious ſmile, and ſignificant looks, ſtill announced ſome pretenſions to pleaſe, or at leaſt to remind us that ſhe had once been a pleaſing object. She was ſixty-five or ſixty-ſix years of age, and ſtill paid attention to her dreſs, taking care, however, to ſuit it to her years; for ſhe prided herſelf above all things on the ſtudy and obſervance of decorum. Conſiderable corpulence, a light

ſtep,

ſtep, an upright carriage, handſome little hands, of which the fingers were gracefully diſplayed, and a ſentimental ſtyle of converſation, intermingled with ſallies of dignified mirth, took away from her every appearance of age. She was a delightful companion for young women, whoſe ſociety pleaſed her, and of whoſe attentions ſhe was proud. Becoming a widow immediately upon the termination of the firſt year of her marriage, my father, born after the death of her huſband, was her only child. Misfortunes in trade having reduced her to diſtreſs, ſhe had been obliged to have recourſe to ſome diſtant relations, who were living in opulence, and who employed her, in preference to any body elſe, in the education of their children. Thus, for inſtance, at Madame Boiſmorel's ſhe brought up both her ſon Roberge, of whom I ſhall ſpeak in the ſequel, and her daughter, afterwards Madame de Favieres. A little eſtate, which devolved to her by inheritance, having rendered her independent, ſhe retired to the iſland of St. Louis, where ſhe occupied a decent apartment with her ſiſter, Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet, whom ſhe called Angelica. This worthy maiden, aſthmatic and devout, as virtuous as an angel, and as ſimple as a child, was entirely devoted to her elder ſiſter. The affairs of the little houſehold devolved entirely on her. A charwoman, who attended twice a day, performed the more menial offices; but every thing elſe was done by Angelica, who dreſſed her ſiſter with the moſt reverend care. She naturally became my governante,

nanté, at the ſame time that Madame Phlipon undertook to be my teacher. Behold me, then, in their hands, after having quitted the houſe of God, regretted, beloved, and embraced by the whole ſiſterhood of nuns, wept over by my Agatha and my Sophia, lamenting my ſeparation from them, and promiſing to mitigate its pains by the frequency of my viſits.

This engagement was too dear to my heart not to be ſcrupulouſly fulfilled. My walks were frequently directed towards the Congregation, my aunt Angelica and my father taking a pleaſure in accompanying me thither. The news of my arrival in the parlour uſed to run like lightning through the convent; and in the courſe of an hour I had interviews with twenty different perſons. But thoſe viſits, after all, were poor ſubſtitutes for the daily and confidential intercourſe of friendſhip. They became leſs frequent, and I filled up the intervals with an epiſtolary correſpondence, in which my Sophy bore the greateſt part. That was the origin of my fondneſs for compoſition, and one of the cauſes that, by giving me a greater habit of writing, gave me alſo a greater facility.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS.

SECTION II.

Aug. 28.

I FEEL the reſolution of continuing my undertaking grow weaker. The miſeries of my country torment me; the loſs of my friends affects my ſpirits; an involuntary ſadneſs benumbs my ſenſes, overclouds my imagination, and weighs heavy on my heart. France is become a vaſt amphitheatre of carnage, a bloody arena, on which her own children are tearing one another to pieces.

The enemy, favoured by her inteſtine diſſenſions, advances in every quarter; the cities of the North fall into their hands; Flanders and Alſace are about to become their prey; the Spaniard is ravaging Rouſſillon; the Savoyards reject an alliance, which anarchy renders hateful; they return to their old maſter, whoſe troops invade our frontiers; the rebels of la Vendée continue to lay waſte a large extent of territory; the Lyonneſe, indiſcreetly provoked, burſt into open reſiſtance; Marſeilles prepares

pares for their ſuccour; the neighbouring departments take arms: and in this univerſal agitation, and in the midſt of theſe multiplied diſorders, there is nothing uniform but the meaſures of the foreign powers, whoſe conſpiracy againſt freedom and mankind our exceſſes have ſanctified. Our government is a ſpecies of monſter, of which the form and the actions are equally odious; it deſtroys whatever it touches, and devours its very ſelf: this laſt effort of its rage is the only conſolation of its numerous victims.

The armies, ill conducted, and worſe provided, fight and fly alternately with deſperate energy. The moſt able commanders are accuſed of treaſon, becauſe certain repreſentatives, utterly ignorant of war, blame what they do not comprehend, and ſtigmatize as ariſtocrats all thoſe who are more enlightened than themſelves. A legiſlative body, characterized by debility from the moment of its exiſtence, preſented us at firſt with animated debates, which laſted as long as there exiſted among the members ſufficient wiſdom to foreſee dangers, and courage enough to announce them. The juſt and generous ſpirits, who had nothing in view but the welfare of their country, and dared attempt to eſtabliſh it, after being impudently repreſented under the moſt odious colours, and in forms the moſt contradictory, were at laſt ſacrificed by ignorance and fear to intrigue and peculation; chaſed from that body of which they were the ſoul, they

they left behind them an extravagant and corrupt minority, who exercise despotic sway, and who, by their follies and their crimes, are digging their own grave: but it is, alas! in consummating the ruin of the republic! The nation, spiritless and ill-informed—because the love of selfish enjoyments makes men indolent, and indolence makes them blind—has accepted a constitution essentially vicious, which, even if unexceptionable, should have been rejected with indignation, because nothing can be accepted from the hands of villainy without degradation to the receiver. They still talk of security and freedom, though they see them both violated with impunity in the persons of their representatives! They can only change their tyrants; they are already under a rod of iron, and every change appears to them a blessing; but incapable of effecting it themselves, they expect it from the first master who shall chuse to assume the sovereign command. O Brutus! thou, whose daring hand emancipated the depraved Romans, we have erred in vain, like thee! Those just and enlightened men, whose ardent spirits longed for liberty, and who had prepared themselves for it by the tranquil studies, and in the silent retreats of philosophy, flattered themselves, like thee, that the subversion of despotism would establish the throne of justice and peace. Alas! it has only served as the signal for the most hateful passions, and the most execrable vice! After the proscriptions

tions of the triumvirs, thou ſaidſt, thou were more aſhamed of that which had cauſed Cicero's death, than ſorry for the melancholy event; thou blamedſt thy friends at Rome for *having become ſlaves rather by their own fault than that of their tyrants*, and for being *daſtards* enough to ſee and ſuffer things, the bare recital of which was inſupportable, and ought to have filled them with horror. In like manner do I feel indignant in the depth of my dungeon. But the hour of indignation is paſt; it is too evident that we have no longer a right to hope for any thing good, or to be aſtoniſhed at any ſpecies of evil. Will hiſtory ever paint theſe dreadful times, or the abominable monſters who fill them with their barbarities? They ſurpaſs the cruelties of Marius, and the ſanguinary achievements of Sylla. The latter, when he ſhut up and ſlaughtered ſix thouſand men, who had ſurrendered to him, in the neighbourhood of the ſenate, which he encouraged to proceed in the debate amid their dreadful cries, acted like a tyrant, abuſing the power he had uſurped: but to what can we compare the domination of thoſe hypocrites, who, always wearing the maſk of juſtice, and ſpeaking the language of the law, have created a tribunal to ſerve as the engine of their perſonal vengeance, and ſend to the ſcaffold, with formalities inſultingly judicial, every individual, whoſe virtues offend them, whoſe talents excite their jealouſy, or whoſe opulence calls forth their luſt of wealth? What Babylon

ever

ever preſented a prototype of Paris, polluted with debauchery and blood, and governed by magiſtrates whoſe profeſſion it is to circulate falſehoods, to ſell calumny, and to panegyrize aſſaſſination? What people ever depraved their morals and their nature to ſuch a degree, as to contract an appetite for blood, to foam with fury when an execution is delayed, and to be ever ready to exerciſe their ferocity on all who attempt to calm or mitigate their rage? The days of September were the ſole work of a ſmall number of inebriated tygers; on the 31ſt of May and the 2d of June the triumph of guilt was confirmed by the apathy of the Pariſians, and their tame acquieſcence in ſlavery. Since that epoch the progreſſion has been ſudden and dreadful; the faction of the Convention called the *Mountain*, offers nothing to the eye but a band of robbers, clothed and ſwearing like watermen, preaching maſſacre, and ſetting the example of rapine. Crowds of people ſurround the courts of juſtice, and vociferate their threats againſt the judges, who are thought too tardy in the condemnation of innocence. The priſons are gorged with public functionaries, with generals, and private individuals, of characters that graced and ennobled humanity: a zeal to accuſe is received as a proof of civiſm, and the ſearch and detention of perſons of merit and property comprehend all the duties of an ignorant and unprincipled magiſtracy.

The victims of Orleans are fallen. *Charlotte Corday* has not produced the ſmalleſt movement in a city which did not deſerve to be delivered from a monſter. *Briſſot**, *Genſonné*, and a multitude of other members, ſtill remain under impeachment; proofs are wanting, but the fury of their enemies knows no bounds; and for want of reaſons to condemn them, an appeal is made to the perverted will of the ſovereign people, who impatiently expect their heads as a wild beaſt awaits his prey. *Cuſtine*† is no more; *Robeſpierre* triumphs; *Hebert* marks the victims; *Chabot* counts them; the tribunal is in haſte to condemn, while the populace is preparing to accelerate and generalize the work of

* Some women who belong to a club that meets in the church of St. Euſtatius, ſaid one day, ſetting up a howl, that they muſt have the head of Briſſot, without permitting the judges to proceed upon his trial with the ſame tedious formalities they had obſerved upon that of Cuſtine. Two thouſand perſons ſurrounded the court the day that judgment was pronounced on that general, trembled for fear he ſhould eſcape, and declared aloud, that if he were whitewaſhed, he muſt be treated like Montmorin, and with him, all the villains in the priſons.

† His property is confiſcated. His daughter-in-law, a young and charming woman, at that time pregnant, who divided her days between her father-in-law, dragged to the tribunal, and her huſband confined at the *Force*, was impriſoned immediately after the execution of the former. She miſcarried;—but what does that ſignify to theſe monſters? The public accuſer had received of her 200,000 livres to ſave innocence: he returned them; but he had her arreſted for fear ſhe ſhould denounce his infamous behaviour.

of death. In the mean time famine invades the land; pernicious laws put an end to all induſtry, ſtop the circulation of commodities, and annihilate commerce; the public money is ſquandered; diſorganization becomes general; and in this total overthrow of the public fortune, men, devoid of ſhame, wallow in ill-acquired wealth, ſet a price upon all their actions, and draw up a bill of rates for the life and death of their fellow-citizens.

Dillon and *Caſtellane* obtain their releaſe: the one from the Magdellonettes, the other from St. Pélagie, by the payment of thirty thouſand livres to Chabot. *Sillery* gets his friends to cheapen his liberty, which he is rich enough to purchaſe, and two hundred bottles of his excellent champaign are the overplus of the bargain, driven with the *ſtrumpets* of the committee*. Roland's wife, recalled from time to time by the kind care of the Père Duchêne to the recollection of the populace, awaits the laſt effort of their rage in the ſame priſon, from which a kept girl departs in peace, after paying for her deliverance, and for the impunity of

* The money and wine were given and received; Sillery obtained only the liberty of ſeeing and diſcourſing with whom he pleaſed. With this mitigation of his impriſonment he is ſtill confined in the Luxembourg. Three or four abandoned women, belonging to the infamous wretches of the committees of public and general ſafety, form a trading company, in which the pecuniary means of ſalvation of every remarkable individual are aſſeſſed.

of her accomplice, a fabricator of forged aſſignats. Henriot, the commandant of the national guards, firſt a lackey, then a cuſtom-houſe officer, and afterwards a ringleader at the maſſacre at St. Firmin, breaks ſeals, empties cellars, and removes furniture, without feeling the ſmalleſt compunction: charged with the care of the deputies confined in the Luxembourg, he preſumes to intrude into their preſence purpoſely to inſult them, deprives them by open force of pens, books, and papers, and adds menaces to outrage. The ſubordination of authorities is a chimera, to which no one is permitted to appeal without incurring the accuſation of *inciviſm*, and being ſuppoſed to entertain counter-revolutionary deſigns. Have the fugitive members at length eſcaped from this inhoſpitable land, which devours the virtuous, and drenches itſelf with their blood? O my friends! may propitious fate debark you ſafe in the United States, the only aſylum of liberty! My beſt wiſhes attend you! nor am I without hopes that the winds are now wafting you to that happy land. But *my* doom, alas! is irrevocable! I ſhall never behold you more; and in your departure, ſo much deſired for your own ſakes, I ſee with ſorrow our eternal ſeparation. And you, my much revered huſband, grown weak and weary of the world, and ſunk into a premature old age, which you preſerve by painful efforts from the purſuit of the aſſaſſin—ſhall I ever be permitted to ſee you again,

and

and to pour the balm of conſolation into your heart, ſorely bruiſed by the hard hand of misfortune?—— How many days longer am I deſtined to remain a witneſs of the deſolation of my native land, and of the degradation of my countrymen? Aſſailed by theſe afflicting images, I find it impracticable to ſteel my heart againſt affliction; a few ſcalding tears ſtart from my heavy eyes; and I ſuffer the rapid pen to lie idle, that paſſed ſo lightly over my youthful days.

I will again attempt to recal them to my mind, and to purſue their courſe. In future times perhaps my ingenuous recitals will cheer the gloomy moments of ſome unfortunate captive, and make him forget his own calamities while pitying mine: or perhaps ſome poet or philoſopher, deſirous of weaving the paſſions of the human heart into the progreſs of a romance, or the action of a drama, will find in my ſtory the materials of his work.

Probably not many days will elapſe before the want of proviſions, exaſperating the impatient populace, will urge them to tumults, which their ringleaders will take care to render deſtructive. The 10th of Auguſt was intended to be a commemoration of the ides of September. The day before yeſterday their renewal was threatened without reſerve in caſe Cuſtine ſhould be acquitted. The *Cordeliers* already proclaim the neceſſity of getting rid of all ſuſpected perſons, and puniſh-

ments are ordained for ſuch as have ſpoken ill of thoſe glorious days. Is not this providing beforehand the juſtification of their return? The perſons conſigned to the revolutionary tribunal are not criminals ſent thither to be judged, but victims which it is ordered to immolate. Thoſe who are impriſoned for any thing elſe than crimes, are not under the protection of the law; but, left at the mercy of ſuſpicion and calumny, it is impoſſible for them to conceive themſelves ſafe from the fury of a deluded populace. Let us turn from this lamentable era, to which the reign of Tiberius can alone be compared, and call back again the peaceful and delightful days of youth.

I had completed my twelfth year, and the thirteenth was paſſing away under the care of my grandmother. The quiet of her houſe, and the piety of my aunt Angelica, accorded admirably with the tender and contemplative diſpoſition I had brought with me from the convent. Every morning Angelica accompanied me to church to hear maſs, where I was ſoon remarked by thoſe monopolizers of conſciences, who make a merit with God of peopling the cloiſters. The reverend Abbé Géry, with his wry neck and downcaſt eye, accoſted the perſon whom he took for my governante, to congratulate her on the edification produced by the example of her pupil, and to teſtify the ſtrong deſire he felt to be her guide in the ways of the Lord. He learned with regret, that the grand ceremonies

were already over, and that I had put my conſcience into other hands. He then deſired to know from my own mouth, whether I had not begun to think of my future deſtination, and of bidding farewell to the vanities of the world. I anſwered, that I was too young yet to know my vocation. Monſieur Géry ſighed, ſaid ſeveral fine things to me, and did not fail to place himſelf in my way out, in order to bow to me devoutly. The piety of my young heart did not go ſo far as to be gratified with jeſuitical affectations; it was too ſincere to join hands with the abſurdities of bigotry, and the wry neck of Monſieur Géry was not at all to my taſte. I had nevertheleſs a ſecret deſign of devoting myſelf to the monaſtic life. St. Francis de Sales, one of the moſt amiable ſaints in Paradiſe, had made a conqueſt of my heart, and the ladies of the Viſitation, of which he was the founder, were already my adoptive ſiſters. But I was well ſatisfied, that, being an only child, I ſhould not obtain my parents' conſent to take the veil during my minority, and was unwilling to give them unneceſſary concern by any premature diſcloſure of my ſentiments. Beſides, ſhould my reſolution fail during the days of probation, it would only be furniſhing the ungodly with arms. I reſolved, therefore, to conceal the intention, and to purſue my plan in ſilence. I laid my grandmother's little library under contribution; and the *Philotée* of St. Francis de Sales,

and the Manual of St. Auguſtin, became my favourite ſources of meditation. What doctrines of ſpiritual love! what delicious aliment for the innocence of a fervent ſoul abandoned to celeſtial illuſions! Some controverſial writings of Boſſuet furniſhed me with freſh food for my mind: favourable as they were to the cauſe which they defended, they ſometimes let me into the ſecret of objections that might be made to it, and ſet me on ſcrutinizing my articles of faith. That was my firſt ſtep; but it was infinitely remote from the ſcepticiſm, at which in a courſe of years I was deſtined to arrive, after having been ſucceſſively Janſeniſt, Carteſian, Stoic, and Deiſt. What a route, to terminate at laſt in patriotiſm, which has conducted me to a dungeon! In the midſt of all this, ſome old books of travels, and mythology in abundance, amuſed my imagination, while the letters of Madam de Sevigné fixed my taſte. Her delightful eaſe, her elegance, her vivacity, her tenderneſs, made me enter into her intimacy. I became acquainted with her ſociety; I was as much familiarized with her manners and the circumſtances of her ſituation, as if I had paſſed my life with her. My grandmother ſaw little company, and ſeldom went out; but her agreeable pleaſantry animated the converſation, while I was ſitting by her ſide, buſied about the different kinds of needle-work which ſhe took a pleaſure in teaching me. Madam Beſnard, the ſame great aunt who had paid ſo much

atten-

attention to me while I was at nurſe, came every afternoon to paſs an hour or two with her ſiſter. Her auſtere diſpoſition was always accompanied by a ſolemn ſort of formality, and an air of ceremony, upon which Madam Phlipon would ſometimes rally her, but ſo tenderly as not to give offence to her ſiſter, who, after all, generally contributed her ſhare to the converſation, by producing ſome wholeſome truth, delivered in a manner ſomewhat harſh and abrupt, but which was readily forgiven, on account of the well-known goodneſs of her heart. My grandmother, who ſet the higheſt value on the graces, and every thing elſe that embelliſhes ſocial life, was extremely ſenſible of the complaiſance which my gentle temper, the deſire of pleaſing every body about me, and her own amiable manners inſpired me with towards her. She would ſometimes pay me a compliment; and when, as was generally the caſe, I replied, with readineſs and propriety, ſhe could not conceal her exultation, but would caſt a triumphant look upon Madam Beſnard, who, elevating her ſhoulders, ſeized the firſt moment of my removal to another part of the room, to ſay, in a low voice, which I heard very diſtinctly, 'You are really inſupportable: ſhe will be ſpoiled; what a pity!' My grandmother on this aſſumed a more ſtately poſture than before, aſſuring her ſiſter, with an air of ſuperiority, that ſhe knew very well what ſhe was about; while the worthy Angelica, with her pale face,

face, her prominent chin, her ſpectacles on her noſe, and her knitting-needle in her hand, would tell them both, there was no danger to be apprehended, nothing that would be ſaid could do me any harm, and that I had quite ſenſe enough to be left to my own guidance. This aunt Beſnard, ſo rigid in her manners, and ſo fearful of the bad effects of flattery, was very uneaſy at my lying on a hard bed; and if my finger chanced to ache, never failed to call twice a day to inquire concerning it. What ſincere inquietude, what anxious cares did ſhe not diſplay on theſe occaſions! And how delightful was their contraſt with her uſual ſeverity and reſerve! I verily believe that heaven placed me in the midſt of people of kind hearts, on purpoſe to make mine the moſt affectionate poſſible.

My grandmother one day took it into her head to pay a viſit to Madam de Boiſmorel, either for the pleaſure of ſeeing her, or for that of exhibiting her grand-daughter. Great were the preparations in conſequence, and tedious my dreſſing, which began at break of day: at length off we ſet with my aunt Angelica, for the *Rue St. Louis au Marais*, and reached it about noon. On entering the hotel, all the ſervants, beginning with the porter, ſaluted Madam Phlipon with an air of reſpect and affection, emulous who ſhould treat her with the greateſt civility. She anſwered every body in the kindeſt but at the ſame time in the moſt dignified manner; and ſo far all went well. But her grand-

daughter

daughter was perceived; for she could not deny herself the pleasure of pointing her out to observation, and the *servants* must needs pay fine compliments to the young lady. I had a sort of uncomfortable feeling, for which I could not account, but which I perceived nevertheless to proceed in part from the idea that servants might look at and admire me, but that it was not their business to pay me compliments. We passed on; were announced by a tall footman, and walked into the parlour, where we found Madam de Boismorel seated upon what was then called not an *ottomane*, but a *canapé*, and embroidering with great gravity. Madam de Boismorel was of the same age, stature, and corpulence as my grandmother; but her dress bespoke less taste than desire to display her opulence and indicate her rank; while her countenance, far from expressing a wish to please, announced her claims to respect, and the consciousness of her merit. A rich lace, puckered into the shape of a little cap, with wings pointed at the ends like the ears of a hare, was placed upon the top of her head, and allowed her hair to be seen, which was probably not of her own growth, and was dressed with that affected discretion which it is very necessary to assume at sixty years of age; while rouge, an inch thick, gave her unmeaning eyes a much more unfeeling look than was necessary, to make me fix mine upon the ground.—'Ah! Mademoiselle Rotisset, good morning to you!

you! cried Madam de Boiſmorel in a loud and frigid tone, while riſing to receive us. (Mademoiſelle?—So my grandmother is mademoiſelle in this houſe.) 'I am very glad to ſee you indeed. And whō is this fine girl?—Your grand-daughter I ſuppoſe?—She promiſes to make a pretty woman! Come here, my dear, and ſit down by my ſide. She is a little baſhful. How old is your grand-daughter, Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet? She is a little brown to be ſure, but her ſkin is clear, and will grow fairer a year or two hence—ſhe is quite the woman already! I will lay my life that hand muſt be a lucky one. 'Did you never venture in the lottery?'—'Never, Madam; I am not fond of gaming.'—'I dare ſay not: at your age children are apt to think their game a ſure one. What an admirable voice!—ſo ſweet, and yet ſo full-toned.—But how grave ſhe is! Pray, my dear, are you not a little of the devotee?'—'I know my duty to God, and I endeavour to fulfil it.'—'That is a good girl! You wiſh to take the veil, don't you?'—'I know not what may be my deſtination, nor do I ſeek as yet to divine it.'—'Very ſententious, indeed! Your grand-daughter reads a great deal, does not ſhe, Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet?'—'Reading, Madam, is her greateſt delight; ſhe always devotes to it ſome part of the day.'—'Ay, ay, I ſee how it is: but have a care ſhe do not turn author; that would be a pity

a pity indeed.' The converſation between the two ladies next turned upon the family and friends of the miſtreſs of the houſe, my grandmother inquiring very reſpectfully after the uncle, and the couſin, and the daughter-in-law, and the ſon-in-law, and the Abbé Langlois, and the Marchioneſs of Levi, and the Counſellor Brion, and Mr. Parent, the rector: they talked of their health, of their family connections, and of their follies; as for inſtance of thoſe of Madam Rondé, who, notwithſtanding her great age, ſtill pretended to have a fine boſom, and made a great diſplay of it, except when getting in or out of a carriage, for then ſhe hid it with an ample handkerchief which ſhe always carried in her pocket for that purpoſe, becauſe, as ſhe ſaid, ſuch a ſight ought not to be thrown away upon footmen. During this dialogue, Madam de Boiſmorel made a few ſtitches in her work, or elſe patted her little dog, keeping her eyes almoſt conſtantly fixed upon me. I was careful not to encounter looks I did not like: but took a ſurvey of the apartment, the decorations of which appeared far more agreeable to me than the lady to whom they belonged. In the mean time my blood circulated with more than uſual rapidity, my cheeks glowed, and my little heart was all in a flutter. I did not as yet aſk myſelf, why my grandmother was not ſitting upon the *canapé*, and why Madam de Boiſmorel was not playing the humble part of *Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet*; but I had the feeling

feeling which naturally leads to that reflection, and ſaw an end put to the viſit with as much joy as if relieved from ſome grievous ſuffering. 'Mind now, don't you forget to buy me a ticket in the lottery, and let your grand-daughter chuſe the number, do you hear, Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet? I am determined to try her hand. Come, give me a kiſs: and you, my little dear, don't look ſo much upon the ground. You have very good eyes; and even your confeſſor will not blame you for opening them.—Yes, yes, Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet, many a fine bow will come to your ſhare, take my word for it; and that before you are much older. Good morning to you, ladies.' Thereupon Madam de Boiſmorel rang her bell, ordered Lafleur to call in a day or two at Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet's for a lottery ticket, chid her dog for barking, and had already reſumed her ſeat upon the *canapé* before we were well out of the room.

Our walk home was a ſilent one, and I haſtened to return to books that might make me forget Madam de Boiſmorel, whoſe compliments were no more to my taſte than thoſe of her ſervants. My grandmother, not very well ſatisfied herſelf, mentioned her ſometimes, and talked of her peculiarities; of her conſummate ſelfiſhneſs, which made her ſay that children were but ſecondary conſiderations, when Madam Phlipon took the liberty of reminding her of the intereſt of her family, in order to check her prodigal expence: ſhe ſpoke

alſo

alſo of that freedom of manners, ſo common among women of faſhion, in conſequence of which ſhe received her confeſſor, and other perſons, at her toilet, and changed her linen in their preſence. This ſort of behaviour ſtruck me as very ſtrange: and my curioſity induced me to ſet my grandmother talking about all theſe matters; but I kept the impreſſions they made on my mind to myſelf; not thinking them exactly ſuch as I could make known to her with propriety.

A fortnight after our viſit, we received one from Madam de Boiſmorel's ſon, who was not at home when we called upon his mother. He was a man verging upon forty; his aſpect was grave but gentle; and his behaviour equally decent and dignified. His eyes, which were large, and even a little too full, ſent forth frequent flaſhes of lightning; and his bold and manly voice, ſoftened by reſpect, ſpoke the language of the ſoul in tones expreſſive of a gracious kind of politeneſs that ſeemed to flow directly from the heart. He addreſſed himſelf reſpectfully to my grandmother, calling her his good old friend, and bowed to me with that ſort of reverence which men of ſuſceptible minds take a pride in ſhewing to young women. Our converſation was at once guarded and familiar: M. de Boiſmorel took care not to let ſlip the opportunity of making handſome mention of the obligations he owed to my grandmother's care; and I eaſily underſtood that he was hinting to her

in

in an obſcure but delicate manner that providence had rewarded her generous attention to other people's children, by giving her ſo promiſing a grandchild of her own.

I thought M. de Boiſmorel infinitely more amiable than his mother, and was delighted whenever he called upon us, which was generally once in two or three months. He had married, at an early age, a very charming woman, and had a ſon by her, whoſe education occupied a conſiderable portion of his thoughts. He had undertaken it himſelf, and was deſirous of directing it by philoſophical views, in which he was not a little thwarted by the prejudices of his mother, and the enthuſiaſtic devotion of his wife. He was accuſed of ſingularity; and as his nerves had been affected in conſequence of a dreadful inflammatory diſorder, the old counteſſes, the ſolemn lawyers, and the ſpruce abbés of his family, or of his mother's acquaintance, aſcribed to a derangement of the brain, reſulting from diſeaſe, the conduct he purſued in bringing up his boy. Theſe circumſtances, when they came to my knowledge, excited much of my attention: it appeared to me that every thing which this ſingular man ſaid was very much to the purpoſe, and I began to ſuſpect there were two ſorts of reaſon, if I may ſay ſo, one for the cloſet and another for the world; a morality of principle, and a morality of practice, from the contradiction of which reſulted ſo many abſurdities, ſome of which

which did not altogether eſcape my obſervation; in ſhort, that perſons of the gay world called every body inſane, who was not affected with the common inſanity: and thus did materials for reflection inſenſibly accumulate in my active brain.

My grandmother ſometimes compared the ſentiments and behaviour of Mr. de Boiſmorel with thoſe of his ſiſter, Madam de Favières, of whom ſhe had ſome reaſon to complain; whoſe brother had found it neceſſary to remind her that Mademoiſelle Rotiſſet was their own relation (a circumſtance, ſaid I to myſelf, that their mother appears either not to know, or not inclined to acknowledge), and to whom ſhe had no deſire to introduce me, any more than I to be introduced — which indeed ſhe was ſo well aware of, that ſhe never even propoſed a ſecond viſit to Madam de Boiſmorel.

My father had vacated his office; the year to be ſpent with my grandmother had elapſed; and I returned to the arms of my indulgent mother. But it was not without regret that I left the handſome ſtreets of the *Iſle St. Louis*, the pleaſant quays, and the tranquil banks of the Seine, where I was accuſtomed to take the air with my aunt Angelica, in the ſerene ſummer evenings, contemplating the winding courſe of the river, and the extenſive landſcape beyond it — quays, along which I uſed to paſs, without meeting in my ſolitary way with any object to interrupt my meditations, when in the fervency of my zeal I was repairing to the temple

in order to pour out my whole ſoul at the foot of the altar. My grandmother's gaiety gave charms to her habitation, in which I had ſpent many pleaſant and peaceful days. I took leave of her with a flood of tears; notwithſtanding my attachment to my mother, whoſe merit, of a more ſolid kind, was accompanied by a reſerve, with which I had not till then made any compariſon that could make it appear leſs attractive, as at that moment it ſtruck me in a confuſed manner. Child of the Seine, it was ſtill upon its banks that I was going to reſide; but the ſituation of my father's houſe was not quiet and ſolitary like that of my grandmother. The moving picture of the *Pont-Neuf* varied the ſcene every moment, and I entered literally as well as figuratively into the world, when I returned under my paternal roof. A free air, however, and an unconfined ſpace, ſtill gave ſcope to my romantic and wandering imagination. How many times from my window, which fronted the north, have I contemplated, with emotion, the vaſt expanſe of heaven, and its azure dome, deſigned with ſo much grandeur, and ſtretching from the grey eaſt beyond the *Pont-au-Change* to the trees of the mall, and the houſes of Chaillot, reſplendent with the ruddy beams of the ſetting ſun! Never did I fail to employ a few moments in this way at the cloſe of every fine day, and often have tears of delight ſtolen down my cheeks in ſilence, while my heart, dilated by a ſentiment not to be deſcribed,

and

and happy in the idea and conſciouſneſs of exiſtence, was offering to the Supreme Being a pure homage of gratitude worthy of his acceptance. I know not if ſenſibility give a more vivid hue to every object, or if certain ſituations, which do not appear very remarkable, contribute powerfully to develope it, or if both be not reciprocally cauſe and effect: but when I review the events of my life, I find it difficult to aſſign to circumſtances, or to my diſpoſition, that variety and that plenitude of affection which have marked ſo ſtrongly every point of its duration, and left me ſo clear a remembrance of every place at which I have been.

Cajou had ſtill continued to teach me muſic. He was fond of making me talk over the theory, or rather the mechaniſm of his art; for, though ſomething of a compoſer, he underſtood little of mathematics, and of metaphyſics leſs: but he was ambitious of communicating to me all he knew. He was almoſt as much afflicted at my want of expreſſion in ſinging, as aſtoniſhed at the eaſe with which I purſued a chain of reaſoning. 'Put ſoul into it!' he would continually exclaim: 'You ſing an air as nuns chant an anthem.' The poor man did not perceive that I had too much ſoul to be able to put it in a ſong: and indeed I was as much embarraſſed to give the proper expreſſion to a tender paſſage of muſic, as I ſhould formerly have been in reading aloud the epiſode of Eucharis or Erminia. Being ſuddenly transformed into the perſonage ſuppoſed to be

ſpeaking, I was no longer capable of imitation; I experienced the ſentiment to be deſcribed; my breathing grew ſhort; my voice faltered: and difficulties reſulted thence, which I could not overcome in a flat and ſerious ſtile of ſinging; for I could not prevail upon myſelf to act the impaſſioned lover.

Mignard, whoſe Spaniſh politeneſs gained him the eſteem of my grandmother, had begun, while I was with her, to teach me the guitar, and continued to give me leſſons when I returned to my father's. The common accompaniments did not coſt me many months to execute; and *Mignard* afterwards took a pleaſure in forwarding my improvement, till in the end I ſurpaſſed my maſter. *Mozon* was recalled to perfect my dancing, as was *Mr. Demure*, to keep up my arithmetic, geography, writing, and hiſtory. My father made me reſume the graver, confining me to the moſt trifling branch of the art, to which he thought to attach me by the tie of intereſt; for having taught me enough to make me of ſome uſe, he gave me little jobs to do, of which he ſhared the profit with me at the end of the week, according to a book which he deſired me to keep. But I ſoon became weary of this; nothing was ſo inſipid to me, as to engrave the edge of a watch-caſe, or to ornament a bauble: I liked much better to read a good author, than to buy a riband. I did not conceal my diſguſt; and as no conſtraint was laid upon me, I threw aſide the graver, and have never touched it ſince. I went out every morning

morning with my mother to hear maſs: after which we ſometimes made our little purchaſes. When the time required for theſe purpoſes, and the hours devoted to the leſſons of my different maſters, were over, I retired to my cloſet to read, to write, and to meditate. The long evenings made me return to my needle-works, during which my mother had the complaiſance to read to me for hours together. Theſe readings gave me great pleaſure; but as they did not permit me to digeſt things to my entire ſatisfaction, I conceived the idea of making extracts. Accordingly, my firſt employment in the morning was to conſign to paper what had ſtruck me moſt forcibly the preceding evening; and this done, I returned to the book to recover the connexion, or to copy a paſſage, that I was deſirous of having entire. This grew into a habit, a paſſion, a perfect rage. My father having only the little library, which I had formerly exhauſted, I borrowed and hired books, and could not bear the idea of returning them till I had made what I conceived the beſt part of their contents my own. In this manner I demoliſhed *Pluche*, *Rollin*, *Crevier*, the *Père d'Orleans*, *St. Real*, the *Abbé de Vertot*, and *Mezeray*, who ſo little reſembles the latter; Mezeray, the drieſt of all poſſible writers, but the hiſtorian of my country, with the annals of which I wiſhed to be acquainted.

My grandmother Bimont was dead. My little uncle ſettled at St. Bartholomew's, in a better place

than that of maſter of the choir, boarded with the firſt vicar, the Abbé le Jay, who kept a very tolerable houſe, where we uſed to go and paſs the evening on Sundays and holidays, after divine ſervice.

The Abbé le Jay was a good old man, clumſy both in body and mind, a wretched preacher, an unmerciful confeſſor, a caſuiſt, and the Lord knows what beſide. But he was by no means blind to his own intereſt: he had found means to help on his two brothers, and to get them eſtabliſhed as notaries at Paris, where they made a figure in their profeſſion, at that time both reputable and lucrative. His own houſe was kept by one of his relations, a Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches, tall, dry, and ſallow, with a ſhrill voice, proud of her deſcent, and tiring every body with her economical arrangements and her pedigree. She was a woman however, and that always enlivens the houſe of a prieſt; beſides, ſhe contrived to keep a neat and plentiful table for her couſin, who was a great *amateur* of good eating. The Abbé found it extremely agreeable to have a boarder in his houſe of the amiable diſpoſition of my uncle Bimont: his table was more cheerful, Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches better tempered, and his party of tric-trac* never failed: my mother and the couſin were partners; and as to me, who ſeemed thus to be deſerted, I was not at all diſpleaſed

* A game reſembling backgammon, but ſometimes played by four perſons.—*Tranſ.*

pleaſed at my four friends amuſing themſelves in that way; for the Abbé le Jay received company in a large library, which I laid under contribution without mercy. That was a ſource which I recurred to as long as he lived; ſomething leſs than three years. One of his brothers having ruined himſelf, the Abbé loſt his ſenſes, languiſhed for ſix weeks, threw himſelf out of a window, and died of his fall. Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches, then at law for the inheritance of her uncle, *the captain*, was accommodated in my mother's houſe, and reſided with us a year and a half. During that period I was her ſecretary: I wrote her letters, copied her dear genealogy, drew up petitions which ſhe preſented to the preſident and attorney-general of the parliament of Paris, who were left truſtees of the annuities bequeathed by a Mr. de St. Vallier to poor gentlewomen; and ſometimes accompanied her when ſhe went to make intereſt with various perſons of conſequence. I eaſily perceived that, notwithſtanding her ignorance, her ſtiff demeanour, her bad way of expreſſing herſelf, her old-faſhioned dreſs, and her other abſurdities, reſpect was paid to her origin. The names of her anceſtors, which ſhe never failed to repeat, were attended to, and great pains were taken to obtain for her what ſhe deſired. I compared the honourable reception ſhe met with, with that given me by Madam de Boiſmorel, which had left a deep impreſſion on my mind; I could not help feeling my ſuperiority over

Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches, who with her genealogy, and at the age of forty, was unable to write a line of common ſenſe, or a legible hand; and it appeared to me that the world was extremely unjuſt, and the inſtitutions of ſociety highly abſurd.

But let us ſee for a moment what was become of my friends at the convent. My Agatha now and then wrote me letters in the ſtyle of tenderneſs peculiar to thoſe plaintive doves, who dared not indulge in any thing farther than friendſhip; a ſtyle rendered ſtill more affectionate by her ardent ſoul. Little boxes, pincuſhions, and ſweetmeats, accompanied them, whenever ſuch preſents were within her reach. I went occaſionally to ſee her; and was even admitted into the interior of the convent at a feſtival given in honour of the ſuperior; a privilege they had taken care to inſure me, by obtaining unknown to me a licence from the archbiſhop, which was afterwards preſented to me as a ſpecial favour, and received by me as ſuch. Every thing was in motion, the young ladies were well dreſſed, the hall was adorned with flowers, and the refectory ſtuffed full of dainty cates. It muſt be confeſſed, that in theſe entertainments of poor ſecluded virgins, in which no doubt ſomething childiſh may be found, there is alſo ſomething amiable, ingenuous, and graceful, which belongs only to the gentleneſs of women, to their lively imagination, and innocent playfulneſs, when they make merry among themſelves at a diſtance from a ſex, that always

always renders them more ſerious, when it does not completely turn their brain. A ſhort drama, rather dull, but enlivened by the voices of little girls ſinging a few ſtanzas in chorus, was the firſt rallying point: ſportive dances ſucceeded; at one time ſome excellent joke, and at another an arch laugh, the more humorous, becauſe making a greater contraſt with their habitual gravity, gave a true Saturnalian character to the ſports of the good ſiſters and their pupils.

The phyſician coming by chance to the infirmary to viſit his patients, it was impoſſible to do otherwiſe than invite him to a ſight of the entertainment. He was accordingly conducted under a cloiſter hung with feſtoons of flowers, where a ſort of fair was eſtabliſhed. There young novices were ſelling ballads, others were diſtributing cakes, one was drawing a lottery, and another telling fortunes, while the little girls were loaded with baſkets of fruit, and a concert was performing on the oppoſite ſide. At the ſight of the doctor's wig, the novices pulled their veils over their faces; the elder boarders looked at their dreſs, to ſee whether it was in diſorder; the younger girls aſſumed a graver air; and I held my guitar in a leſs negligent manner. It was ſuſpended before me by a riband paſſed over my ſhoulder. The nuns had inſiſted upon hearing me ſing, and the occaſion had inſpired me with two ſtanzas indifferent in themſelves, but ſo well timed as to be received with unbounded

bounded applauſe. Even Cajou would have been ſatisfied with the manner in which I ſung them; for having no ſentiments to expreſs but ſuch as I could indulge, my accents were perfectly unreſtrained. I was deſired to repeat them before the phyſician: but that was a very different affair; my voice faltered, and my expreſſion became obſcure. An old nun remarked it, and ſaid with an arch look, that it only made my countenance ſo much the more intereſting. At length the doctor withdrew, every body being glad he was gone, though nobody would have wiſhed him not to have been there.

Sophia had returned to her family at Amiens: but previouſly to her departure we had prevailed upon our mothers to ſee one another. They had in a manner conſecrated our connexion, had reciprocally applauded their daughters' choice, and ſmiled at our promiſes, of never forgetting each other, which we called upon them to witneſs. Thoſe promiſes, however, were better kept than they imagined, notwithſtanding certain modifications of which my readers hereafter will be able to judge. My correſpondence with my friend was regularly carried on. I wrote to her always once a week, and generally twice.—'And what,' methinks I hear it aſked, 'could you have to relate?'—Every thing I ſaw, thought, felt, or perceived: ſurely then I could not be in want of ſomething to ſay! Our correſpondence gave facility to itſelf, and furniſhed its own

own materials. By communicating my reflections, I learned the better to reflect; I ſtudied with more ardour, becauſe I took a pleaſure in ſharing what I acquired; and I made my obſervations with the greater care, becauſe I found entertainment in committing them to paper. Sophia's letters were leſs frequent: a numerous family, a crowded houſe, the forms of ſociety, and the very nature of a provincial life, occupied by trifles, by unmeaning viſits, and of which a part is neceſſarily devoted to cards, left her neither the leiſure to write, nor the means of collecting ſuch abundant materials. For that reaſon perhaps ſhe ſet the greater value on the letters ſhe received from me, and preſſed me more earneſtly to write.

The death of the Abbé le Jay having deprived me of the uſe of his library, in which I had found hiſtorians, mythologiſts, fathers of the church, and literati:—*Cotrou* and *Rouillé*, for inſtance, who call Horatius Cocles a *one-eyed worthy*; *Maimbourg*, of a taſte equally elevated; *Burruyere*, who wrote the hiſtory of the people of God in the ſtyle wherein *Bitaubé* has compoſed his poem called Joſeph; the chevalier *de Folard*, of a very different caſt, whoſe military details appeared to me much more rational than the reflections of the Jeſuits; the Abbé *Banier*, who amuſed me a great deal more than the Abbé *Fleury*; *Condillac*, and father *André*, whoſe metaphyſics, applied to eloquence, and to the *beautiful* of every kind, gave me ſingular de-

light;

light; ſome poems by *Voltaire*; the moral eſſays of *Nicole*; the lives of the *Fathers in the Wilderneſs*, and that of *Deſcartes* by *André Baillet*; *Boſſuet*'s Univerſal Hiſtory; the letters of *St. Jerôme*, and the romance of *Don Quixote*, with a thouſand others equally congruous: — this library failing me, I was forced to have recourſe to the bookſellers. My father being ill qualified to ſelect, aſked for whatever I pointed out, my choice generally falling on the works of which I had been enabled to form ſome idea by the quotations and extracts I had found in thoſe I had already read. In that way tranſlations of Diodorous Siculus, and other ancient hiſtorians, attracted my notice. I was alſo deſirous of reading the hiſtory of my own country in ſome other writer beſides Mezeray, and accordingly pitched upon the Abbé *Velly*, and his continuators far leſs intereſting than himſelf, in periods, where, with his talents, they might have been more ſo. *Paſcal*, *Monteſquieu*, *Locke*, *Burlamaqui*, and the principal French dramatiſts, next engaged my attention. I had no plan, nor any end in view, but to improve myſelf and acquire knowledge. I felt a ſort of neceſſity of exerciſing the activity of my mind, and of gratifying my ſerious propenſities. I panted after happineſs, and could find it only in a powerful exertion of my faculties. I know not what I might have become, if placed in the hands of a ſkilful preceptor: it is probable that by applying ſolely or principally to a particular ſtudy, I might

might have extended ſome branch of ſcience, or have acquired talents of a ſuperior kind. But ſhould I have been better or more uſeful? That is a queſtion which I leave others to reſolve: certain it is, that I could not have been more happy. I know nothing comparable to that plenitude of life, of peace, of ſatisfaction, to thoſe days of innocence and ſtudy. They were not, however, unmixed with trouble, from which the life of man upon earth is never exempt.

I had generally ſeveral books on hand at a time, ſome ſerving for ſtudy, others ſtanding me in the ſtead of recreation. Hiſtorical works of length, as I have already obſerved, were read aloud in the evening, which was almoſt the only time I ſpent with my mother. The whole of the day I paſſed in the ſolitude of the cloſet, in making extracts, or in meditation. As long as the fine weather laſted, we went on holidays to the public walks; and my father regularly carried me beſides to all the exhibitions either of pictures or other works of art, ſo frequent at Paris in thoſe days of luxury, and of proſperity, as it was then called. He enjoyed himſelf much on theſe occaſions, when he had it in his power to make an agreeable diſplay of his ſuperiority, by pointing out to my obſervation what he underſtood better than I; and was proud of the taſte I diſcovered as of his own work. That was our point of contact: in thoſe caſes we were truly in uniſon. My father never loſt an opportunity of ſhewing himſelf

ſelf to advantage; and it was evident that he was fond of being ſeen in public, giving his arm to a well-dreſſed young woman, whoſe blooming appearance frequently produced a murmur of admiration grateful to his ears. If any one accoſted him, doubtful of the relation in which we ſtood to each other, he would ſay, 'My daughter,' with an air of modeſt triumph, which I was not the laſt to perceive, and which affected me without making me vain, for I aſcribed it entirely to parental affection. If I chanced to ſpeak, he might be ſeen examining, in thoſe around, the effect of my voice, or of the good ſenſe I might have uttered, and aſking them by his looks, if he had not reaſon to be proud. I was ſenſible of theſe things; and they ſometimes made me more timid, without producing any awkward feeling, it ſeemed incumbent upon me to make amends by my modeſty for my father's pride. In the mean time, how did theſe worldly amuſements, theſe arts, the images they call up, and the deſire to pleaſe, ſo natural and ſo ſtrong in womankind, agree with my devotion, my ſtudies, my ſober reaſon, and my faith? That was preciſely the origin of the trouble of which I have been ſpeaking, and of which the progreſs and effects are well worthy of an explanation rather difficult to give.

With the bulk of mankind, formed rather to feel than to think, the paſſions give the firſt ſhock to their creed, when that creed has been imbibed from

from education. What but paſſion produces ſuch contradictions between the principles that have been adopted, the deſires that thoſe principles cannot extinguiſh, and the inſtitutions of a government ill calculated to reconcile them? But in a young mind accuſtomed to reflect, and placed out of the reach of the ſeductions of the world, it is reaſon which firſt gives the alarm, and urges us to examine, before we have any intereſt to doubt. If my inquietude, however, had no ſelfiſh conſiderations in view, it was not, on that account, independent of my ſenſibility: I thought through the medium of my heart; while my reaſon, though obſerving a ſtrict impartiality, was by no means unconcerned in the operations of the mind.

The firſt thing that ſhocked me in that religion, which I profeſſed with the ſerioufneſs of a ſolid and conſiſtent mind, was the univerſal damnation of all thoſe by whom it is denied, or to whom it has remained unknown. When, inſtructed by hiſtory, I had well conſidered the extent of the earth, the ſucceſſion of ages, the progreſs of empires, the virtues and the errors of ſo many nations, I perceived weakneſs, abſurdity, and impiety, in the idea of a creator, who devotes to eternal torments thoſe innumerable beings, the frail works of his hands, caſt on the earth in the midſt of ſo many perils, and loſt in a night of ignorance, from which they have already had ſo much to ſuffer. 'I am deceived in

this

this article of my creed, it is evident; am I not equally wrong in ſome other? Let me examine.'—From the moment a Catholic has arrived at this ſtage of reaſoning, he is loſt for ever to the church. I eaſily conceive why prieſts require a blind ſubmiſſion, and preach up ſo ſtrenuouſly that religious faith, which adopts without examination, and adores without murmuring; this is the baſis of their empire, which is deſtroyed as ſoon as we begin to inveſtigate. Next to the cruelty of damnation, the abſurdity of infallibility ſtruck me the moſt; and very ſoon it was rejected likewiſe. 'What truth is there then remaining?'—That became the object of a reſearch continued, during a number of years, with an activity, and ſometimes an anxiety, of mind, difficult to deſcribe. Critical, moral, philoſophical, and metaphyſical writers became my favourite ſtudy. I was on the hunt after whatever could point them out to me; and their analyſis and compariſon became my principal employ. I had loſt my confeſſor, the monk of St. Victor's: the good M. Lallement was dead, to whoſe worth and diſcretion I am happy to have an opportunity of bearing witneſs. Being under the neceſſity of making choice of ſome perſon to ſucceed him, I caſt my eyes upon the Abbé Morel, who belonged to our pariſh, and whom I had ſeen at my uncle's: he was a little man, by no means wanting in underſtanding, and profeſſing the greateſt auſterity of principles, which was the motive

that

that determined me in my choice. When my faith wavered, he was ſure to be the firſt informed of it; for I never could tell any thing but the truth. He was eager to put into my hands the apologiſts and champions of Chriſtianity. Behold me then cloſetted with the Abbé *Gauchat*, the Abbé *Bergier*, *Abbadie*, *Holland*, *Clarke*, and the reſt of the reverend phalanx.—I peruſed them with critical ſeverity, and ſometimes made notes, which I left in the book when I returned it to the Abbé Morel, who aſked with aſtoniſhment if I had written and conceived them. The moſt whimſical part of the ſtory is, that it was from theſe works that I firſt got an idea of thoſe which they pretended to refute, and noted down their titles in order to procure them: In this way did the treatiſe on *Toleration*, the *Dictionnaire Philoſophique*, *Queſtions concerning the Encyclopedie*, the *Bon Sens* of the Marquis d'Argens, the *Jewiſh Letters*, the *Turkiſh Spy*, *les Mœurs*, *l'Eſprit*, *Diderot*, *d'Alembert*, *Raynal*, and the *Syſteme de la Nature*, paſs ſucceſſively through my hands.

The progreſs of my mind was not going on alone. Nature was making hers in every way. Although my mother had never preciſely told me what I had to expect, ſhe had occaſionally ſaid enough on the ſubject in my preſence, and my grandmother in particular had amuſed herſelf too much by certain predictions, to leave any room for aſtoniſhment at the event.

I remarked it with a ſort of joy, as an initiation into the claſs of grown perſons, and I announced it to my mother, who embraced me tenderly, delighted at the idea of my having paſſed ſo happily through a period, during which ſhe had been alarmed for my health. Previouſly to this occurrence I had been ſometimes rouſed in a ſurpriſing manner from the moſt profound ſleep. My imagination had no concern in the buſineſs: it was too much occupied with ſerious ſubjects, and my timorous conſcience guarded it too ſcrupulouſly againſt amuſing itſelf with others, for it to be poſſible that it ſhould preſent to me what I had never allowed myſelf to try to comprehend. But an extraordinary ebullition irritated my ſenſes during the hours of repoſe, and operated of itſelf, by the mere force of an excellent conſtitution, an effect which was as perfectly unknown to me as the cauſe. The firſt ſentiment that reſulted from it was an unaccountable ſort of terror. I had read in my *Philotée*, that we are not permitted to derive any pleaſure from our bodies unleſs in lawful marriage. This precept recurred to my mind. What I had experienced might be called a pleaſure: I was therefore culpable; and in a way too that might occaſion me the greateſt ſhame and ſorrow, ſince it was preciſely the offence moſt diſpleaſing to the Lamb without ſpot. Great was the agitation in my poor heart, fervent were my prayers, and my mortifications

tions ſevere! How was a ſimilar event to be avoided in future? for after all I had not foreſeen it. True; but I had not taken pains to prevent it, at the inſtant it was coming on. My vigilance accordingly became extreme. I perceived that one poſition expoſed me more to it than another; and carefully avoided it. My uneaſineſs was ſo great, that it uſed afterwards to wake me before the cataſtrophe. When I had been unable to prevent it, I leaped out of bed, and ſtanding in the midſt of winter, with my naked feet on the bare pavement*, I ſupplicated the Lord, with folded arms, to preſerve me from the temptations of the devil. I loſt no time in putting myſelf upon low diet; and it has happened to me to practiſe literally what the royal prophet has perhaps only given us, as an oriental figure of ſpeech; I mixed aſhes with my bread, and moiſtened it with my tears. I have made more than one breakfaſt on toaſt ſprinkled with aſhes inſtead of ſalt, by way of penance. Theſe repaſts did me no more harm than the nocturnal accidents, for the reparation of which, I put myſelf upon ſo ſtrange a regimen. At laſt I conceived that they might be trials which heaven permitted in order to keep us in humble diſtruſt of ourſelves; and I called to mind the complaints of St. Paul, and his prayers to be delivered from '*the thorn in the fleſh, the meſſenger of Satan that*

* In France the bed-rooms are generally paved with hexagonal tiles.—*Tranſ.*

that was given to buffet him.' I fancied that it was on this account, that St. Bernard uſed to throw himſelf in the ſnow; that St. Jerome covered his body with ſackcloth; and that abſtinence was ſo ſtrenuouſly recommended to thoſe who aſpire to perfection. How humble and fervent was my devotion whenever ſuch an accident had happened to me! How much muſt my earneſt voice, my humble attitude, the extraordinary glow of my complexion, and my bright and humid eyes, have added to the expreſſion of a countenance full of candour and ſenſibility! What a mixture of innocence, of premature ſentiment, of good ſenſe, and of ſimplicity! In truth, I almoſt conſider myſelf as fortunate in being ſent to priſon, in order to call to mind theſe intereſting peculiarities, which never before came into my head, and by which I am highly affected.

I already ſee the curious at a loſs to know what I could ſay on this ſubject to my confeſſor: but moſt aſſuredly the difficulty they may find in conceiving it, is not greater than the embarraſſment I underwent. It was in vain that the moſt ſcrupulous examination quieted my conſcience as to my will: I always returned to the principle of the *Philotée*, and the argument thence to be inferred; and, in ſhort, if it were only a trial, it ought ſtill to be laid before my confeſſor. How ſhall I attempt it? What name ſhall I give it? What ſhall I deſcribe? or how expreſs myſelf?——' Father, I accuſe

cuſe myſelf.'—'Well, child!' What could I ſay next? My heart began to beat, the blood ruſhed into my face, and a dewy moiſture diffuſed itſelf over my whole frame. 'I accuſe myſelf—of having had emotions contrary to the chaſtity of a chriſtian.' Oh! what an excellent phraſe! Santeuil was not more delighted at finding his rhime, nor Archimedes with the ſolution of his problem, than I was pleaſed with the expreſſion. But if he ſhould queſtion me further? Nay, but I have told all I can; it is his buſineſs to know the reſt. I trembled that day much more than uſual in kneeling before the holy tribunal; and my veil was pulled down to my chin. I was anxious, however, to eaſe my heart of the heavieſt of my accuſations. 'Have you at all contributed thereto?'—'I do not know, but my will was not concerned.'—'Have you read no bad books?'—'Never.'—'Entertained no improper thoughts?'—'Oh no! I abhor them.'—'Hem! go on.' I know not whether the Abbé Morel had any bad thoughts to combat at that moment, but his prudent reſerve not ſuffering him to add any thing more, I looked upon his *Hem! go on*, as tantamount to the order of the day, and concluded, that I was not ſo criminal as I had ſuppoſed. He took care, however, in his final exhortation, to recommend to me to be watchful, and to remind me, that angelic purity was the virtue moſt agreeable in the eyes of the Lord, with other common-place maxims which I

read every day. I was confirmed in my idea that it was a trial, and that I was right in my applications of St. Paul and other holy writers. My conſcience was delivered from a very painful ſcruple, and I became in future free from agitation. It is inconceivable what good effects this habit of reſtraint has produced on the whole courſe of my life, notwithſtanding the way in which it was contracted. It has gained ſuch an aſcendancy over me, that I have maintained, from delicacy and a ſenſe of rectitude, the ſeverity that firſt ſprung from devotion. I became miſtreſs of my imagination by dint of curbing it; I took a ſort of diſlike to every brutal and ſolitary gratification; and in dangerous ſituations have found a pleaſure in remaining prudent, when ſeduction would have led me to forget my reaſon and my principles. Pleaſure, like happineſs, I can ſee only in the union of what charms the heart as well as the ſenſes, and leaves behind it no regret. With ſuch ſentiments, it is difficult to forget, and impoſſible to degrade, one's ſelf, at the ſame time that they do not exempt us from what is properly called a tender paſſion; on the contrary, they perhaps increaſe the quantity of fuel by which it is fed. I might add here, as in geometry, Q. E. D. But have a little patience! we have plenty of time to come at the proof.

To the newly acquired ſenſations of a well organized frame, were inſenſibly joined all the modifications of the deſire to pleaſe. I was fond of *look-*

ing well, I was pleaſed at hearing it ſaid, and willingly employed myſelf in whatever ſeemed likely to procure me that ſatisfaction. This, perhaps, is the place to draw my portrait, and it will be quite as well to inſert it here as elſewhere. At fourteen years old, having already attained my full height, my ſtature was, as now, about five feet *; my leg was well made; my foot well ſet on; my hips high and prominent; my cheſt broad, and nobly decorated; my ſhoulders flat; my carriage firm and graceful; and my walk light and quick:—ſuch was the firſt *coup d'œil*. My face had nothing ſtriking in it, except a great deal of colour, and much ſoftneſs and expreſſion. On examining each feature, 'Where,' it might be ſaid, 'is the beauty?' Not a ſingle one is regular, and yet all pleaſe. My mouth is a little wide; you may ſee prettier every day; but you will ſee none with a ſmile more tender or engaging. My eyes, on the contrary, are not very large, and the colour of the iris is hazel; but they are ſufficiently prominent, and are crowned with well arched eye-brows, which, like my hair, are of a dark brown. My look is open, frank, lively, and tender, varying in its expreſſion like the affectionate heart of which it indicates the movements: ſerious and lofty, it ſometimes aſtoniſhes; but it charms much more, and never fails to keep attention awake. My noſe gave me ſome uneaſineſs; I thought it a little too full at the end;

* Near five feet four inches Engliſh meaſure.—*Tranſ.*

but taken with the reſt, eſpecially in profile, its effect is not amiſs. My forehead, broad, high, with the hair retiring, at that early age, ſupported by a very elevated orbit of the eye, and marked by veins in the form of a Y, that dilated on the ſlighteſt emotion, was far from making ſuch an inſignificant figure as it does in many faces. As to my chin, which turns up a little at the end, it has preciſely the marks attributed by phyſiognomiſts to the voluptuary. Indeed, when I combine all the peculiarities of my character, I doubt if ever an individual ſo well formed for pleaſure, taſted it ſo little. A complexion clear rather than fair, a freſh colour, frequently heightened by the ſudden fluſh of a rapid circulation excited by the moſt irritable nerves; a ſmooth ſkin, a well-turned arm, a hand, which, without being ſmall, is elegant, becauſe its long and taper fingers give it grace, and indicate addreſs; teeth white and regular; and the plumpneſs of perfect health; ſuch are the gifts with which nature had endowed me. I have loſt many of them, particularly the fulneſs of my form, and the bloom and ruddineſs of my complexion; but thoſe which remain ſtill hide five or ſix years of my age, without any aſſiſtance of art, ſo that the perſons who are in the daily habit of ſeeing me, will hardly believe me to be more than two or three and thirty. It is only ſince my beauty has begun to fade, that I know what was its extent; while in its bloom I was unconſcious of its value, which was probably augmented by my ignorance.

I do

I do not regret its loſs, becauſe I have never abuſed it; but I certainly ſhould not be ſorry, provided my duty could be reconciled with my inclination to turn the portion that remains to better account. My portrait has frequently been drawn, painted, and engraved, but none of theſe imitations gives an idea of my perſon*: my likeneſs is very hard to hit, becauſe the expreſſion of my ſoul is more ſtrongly marked than the lines of my countenance. This an artiſt of common abilities cannot repreſent; poſſibly he does not even ſee it. My face takes animation in proportion to the intereſt with which I am inſpired, in the ſame manner as my mind is developed in proportion to the mind with which I communicate. I feel myſelf ſo ſtupid with many people, that upon perceiving my readineſs with perſons of wit, I have thought in the ſimplicity of my heart that I was indebted for it to their cleverneſs. I generally pleaſe, becauſe I am fearful of offending; but it is not given to all to find me handſome, or to diſcover what I am worth. I can ſuppoſe that an old coxcomb, enamoured of himſelf, and vain of diſplaying the ſlender ſtock of ſcience he has been ſo long in acquiring, might be in the habit of ſeeing me for ten years together without ſuſpecting I could do more than caſt up a bill, or cut out a ſhirt. It was not without reaſon that Camille Deſmoulins was aſtoniſhed

* The cameo of Langlois is the leaſt defective.

aſtoniſhed that '*at my age, and with ſo little beauty,*' I had ſtill what he calls adorers. I never ſpoke to him in my life, but it is probable that with a perſonage of his ſtamp I ſhould be cold and ſilent, if not abſolutely repulſive. He was not right in ſuppoſing me to hold a court. I hate gallants as much as I deſpiſe ſlaves, and know perfectly well how to get rid of a flatterer. What I want is eſteem and goodwill; admire me afterwards if you pleaſe; but eſteem and affection I muſt have at any rate: this ſeldom fails with thoſe who ſee me often, and who poſſeſs, at the ſame time, a ſound underſtanding and a heart.

That deſire to pleaſe, which animates a youthful breaſt, and excites ſo delicious an emotion when we perceive the flattering looks of which we are the object, was curiouſly combined with my virgin baſhfulneſs, and the auſterity of my principles, and diffuſed a peculiar charm over my perſon and my dreſs. Nothing could be more decent than my garb, nor any thing more modeſt than my deportment: though wiſhing them to beſpeak reſerve, and aſpiring only to neatneſs, the greateſt commendations were beſtowed upon my taſte. Meanwhile, that renunciation of the world, that contempt of its pomps and vanities, ſo ſtrongly recommended by chriſtian morality, accorded ill with the ſuggeſtions of nature. Their contradictions at firſt tormented me, but my reaſoning neceſſarily extended to rules of conduct, as well as to articles of faith. I applied

plied myſelf with equal attention to the inveſtigation of what I ought to do, and the examination of what it was poſſible for me to believe: the ſtudy of philoſophy, conſidered as the moral ſcience, and the baſis of happineſs, became my only one, and I referred to it all my reading and obſervation.

The ſame thing happened to me in metaphyſics and morality, that I had experienced in reading poetry: I fancied myſelf transformed into the perſonage of the drama that had moſt analogy with myſelf, or that I moſt eſteemed; and adopted the propoſitions, with the novelty or brilliancy of which I had been ſtruck: they remained my own, till ſome newer or more profound diſcuſſion came in my way. Thus, in the controverſial claſs, I ſided with the authors of Port Royal; their logic and their auſterity agreed with my temper of mind, while I felt an inſtinctive averſion to the ſophiſtical, evaſive, and flexible faith of the Jeſuits. When I became acquainted with the ancient ſects of philoſophers, I gave the palm to the ſtoics; and endeavoured, like them, to maintain that pain was no evil. That folly could not laſt, but I perſiſted in determining at leaſt not to be overcome by it; and my little experiments convinced me that I could endure the greateſt torments without uttering a cry. The night of my marriage deſtroyed the confidence I had till then preſerved: it is true, ſurpriſe had ſome ſhare in the buſineſs, and a novice of that rigid order may be expected to bear

bear an evil foreſeen, better than one that came unawares, when the very contrary was looked for.

During two months that I ſtudied Deſcartes and Malebranche, I conſidered my kitten, when ſhe mewed, merely as a piece of mechaniſm performing its movements; but in thus ſeparating ſentiment from its ſigns, it ſeemed to me that I was diſſecting nature, and robbing it of all its charms. I thought it infinitely more agreeable to give every thing a ſoul; and ſhould have adopted that of Spinoſa, rather than go without one. Helvetius hurt me: he annihilated the moſt raviſhing illuſions; and ſhewed me everywhere a mean and revolting ſelf-intereſt: yet what ſagacity! what happy ideas! I perſuaded myſelf that Helvetius delineated mankind in the ſtate to which they had been reduced by the corruption of ſociety: I thought it right to ſtudy him, in order to frequent what is called the world, without being its dupe; but I took good care not to adopt his principles for the purpoſe of eſtimating man in his unadulterated ſtate, or appreciating my own actions. I felt myſelf poſſeſſed of a generoſity of ſoul, of which he denied the exiſtence. With what delight did I oppoſe to his ſyſtem the ſublime traits of hiſtory, and the virtues of the heroes it has celebrated! I never read the recital of a glorious deed without ſaying to myſelf, 'It is thus that I ſhould have acted.' I became a paſſionate admirer of republics,

lics, becauſe it was there that I found the moſt virtues to awaken my admiration, and the men beſt deſerving of my eſteem. I was perſuaded, that their form of polity was the only one calculated to produce both: I felt myſelf not unequal to the former; I rejected with diſdain the idea of uniting myſelf with a man inferior to the latter; and I aſked, with a ſigh, why I was not born a republican.

My mother, my amiable little uncle, Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches, and myſelf, made a journey to Verſailles, which was ſolely intended to ſhew me the court, and the place it inhabited, and to amuſe me with its pageantry. We lodged in the palace. Madam le Grand, the Dauphineſs's woman, well known to the Abbé Bimont, by means of her ſon, who was his ſchool-fellow, and of whom I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak hereafter, not being in waiting, lent us her apartment. It was a garret, in the ſame corridor with that of the Archbiſhop of Paris, and ſo cloſely adjoining, that it was neceſſary for the prelate to ſpeak in a low tone of voice, to avoid being overheard: the ſame precaution was neceſſary on our part. Two rooms indifferently furniſhed, over one of which it was contrived to lodge a valet, and to which the avenue was dark, and rendered inſupportable by the ſtench of the privies—ſuch was the habitation which a duke and peer of France did not diſdain to occupy, that he might be more at hand to go creeping every morning to their majeſties levee: this prelate, however,

was

was no other than the rigid Beaumont. For one entire week we were conſtant ſpectators of the public and private dinners *(les petits et grand couverts)* of all the royal family, whether aſſembled in one party, or divided into ſeveral, and attended them at maſs, in their walks, at their card parties, and in the drawing-room.

The different acquaintances of Madam le Grand facilitated our admiſſion; while Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches thruſt herſelf forward with the greateſt aſſurance upon every occaſion, ready to throw her name in any one's face who ſhould dare to oppoſe her paſſage, and taking it for granted, that they muſt needs read in her groteſque countenance ſix hundred years of well-aſcertained nobility. She recollected two or three of the king's guards, whoſe pedigrees ſhe recited with the greateſt accuracy, taking care to prove herſelf preciſely the relation of him whoſe name was the moſt ancient, and who appeared to me nevertheleſs to be a very inſignificant perſonage at court. The handſome face of a ſpruce young clergyman, like my uncle Bimont, and the imbecile hauteur of the ugly d'Hannaches, were not wholly out of place at Verſailles; but the cheeks of my reſpectable mother, unplaſtered with rouge, and the plainneſs of my apparel, beſpoke us citizens; and if my youth or my eyes drew forth a word or two, they were modulated with a tone of condeſcenſion that gave me little leſs offence than the compliments of Madam Boiſmorel. Philoſo-

phy,

phy, imagination, ſentiment, and calculation, were all buſy upon this occaſion. I was not inſenſible to the effect of a great diſplay of magnificence, but I felt indignant at its being intended to ſet off a few certain individuals, already too powerful, though in themſelves deſerving little regard. I liked better to look at the ſtatues in the gardens than at the great perſonages in the palace; and when my mother aſked me if I were pleaſed with my excurſion, 'Yes,' ſaid I, 'if it terminate ſpeedily: if we ſtay but a few days longer, I ſhall ſo perfectly deteſt the people I ſee, that I ſhall not know what to do with my hatred.'—'Why, what harm do they do you?'—'They give me the feeling of injuſtice, and oblige me every moment to contemplate abſurdity.' I ſighed at the recollection of Athens, where I could have equally admired the fine arts, without being annoyed with the ſpectacle of deſpotiſm. Fancy tranſported me all over Greece; I aſſiſted at the Olympic games, and was out of all patience at being a Frenchwoman. Enchanted with what I had ſeen in the golden period of the republic, I paſſed over the ſtorms by which it had been agitated: I forgot the exile of Ariſtides, the death of Socrates, and the condemnation of Phocion. I little thought that heaven reſerved me to be witneſs of errors, ſimilar to thoſe of which *they* were the victims, and to participate in the glory of the ſame perſecution, after having profeſſed the ſame principles. Heaven knows that the

the misfortunes which affect only myself have extorted from me neither ſighs nor complaints: I only feel thoſe which afflict my country. At the time of the diſſenſion between the court and the parliament in 1771, my diſpoſition and opinions attached me to the party of the latter? I procured all their remonſtrances, and was moſt pleaſed with thoſe which contained the ſtrongeſt things expreſſed in the boldeſt ſtyle. The ſphere of my ideas continually enlarged. My own happineſs, and the duties to the performance of which it might be attached, occupied my mind at a very early period; the love of knowledge made me afterwards ſtudy hiſtory, and turn my thoughts to every thing about me; the relation of our ſpecies to the divinity ſo variouſly repreſented, caricatured, and disfigured, attracted my attention; and at length the welfare of man in ſociety fixed it to a determinate point.

In the midſt of doubts, uncertainty, and inveſtigation, relative to theſe important matters, I readily concluded, that the unity of the individual, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, that is to ſay, the moſt entire harmony between his opinions and actions, was neceſſary to his perſonal happineſs. Accordingly, we ought to examine well what is right, and when we have found it, we ſhould practiſe it rigorouſly. There is a kind of juſtice due to a man's ſelf, even were he living in the world alone: it is incumbent on him ſo to regulate all his affections and habits, that he may be the ſlave of none. A being

being is *good* in itſelf, when all its parts concur to its preſervation, its maintenance, or its perfection: this is not leſs true in the moral, than in the phyſical world. Juſtneſs of organization, and an equipoiſe of humours, conſtitute health: wholeſome aliments, and moderate exerciſe, preſerve it. The due proportion of our deſires, and the harmony of the paſſions, form the moral conſtitution, of which wiſdom alone can ſecure the excellence and duration. Its firſt principles originate in the intereſt of the individual; and in this reſpect it may be truly ſaid, that virtue is nothing more than good ſenſe applied to moral purpoſes. But virtue, properly ſo called, can only ſpring from the relations of a being with his fellow-creatures: a man is prudent as far as ſelf is concerned, virtuous in regard to other people. In ſociety every thing is relative: there is no independent happineſs: we are obliged to ſacrifice a part of what we might enjoy, in order to run no riſk of loſing the whole, and to keep a portion out of the reach of accident. Even here the balance is in favour of reaſon. However laborious may be the life of the honeſt, that of the vicious muſt be ſtill more ſo. That man can ſeldom be tranquil, who ſtands in oppoſition to the intereſt of the majority; it is impoſſible for him not to feel that he is ſurrounded by enemies, or by individuals about to become ſo; and this ſituation is always painful, however flattering may be its appearances. Let us add to theſe conſiderations the ſublime

inſtinct, which corruption may miſlead, but which no falſe philoſophy can ever annihilate; which impels us to admire and love wiſdom and generoſity of conduct, as we do grandeur and ſymmetry in nature and the arts—and we ſhall have the ſource of human virtue independent of every religious ſyſtem, of the idle fancies of metaphyſics, and of the impoſture of prieſts. As ſoon as I had combined and demonſtrated theſe truths, my heart expanded with joy; they offered me a port in the ſtorm, and I could now examine with leſs anxiety the errors of national creeds and ſocial inſtitutions. Can the ſublime idea of a divine Creator, whoſe providence watches over the world, the immateriality of the ſoul, and its immortality, that conſolatory hope of perſecuted virtue, be nothing more than amiable and ſplendid chimeras? But in how much obſcurity are theſe difficult problems involved? What accumulated objections ariſe when we wiſh to examine them with mathematical rigour! No; it is not given to the human mind to behold theſe truths in the full day of perfect evidence: but why ſhould the man of ſenſibility repine at not being able to demonſtrate what he feels to be true?

In the ſilence of the cloſet, and the dryneſs of diſcuſſion, I can agree with the atheiſt or the materialiſt, as to the inſolubility of certain queſtions; but when in the country, and contemplating nature, my ſoul, full of emotion, ſoars aloft to the vivifying

principle

principle that animates them, to the almighty intellect that pervades them, and to the goodneſs that makes the ſcene ſo delightful to my ſenſes. Now, when immenſe walls ſeparate me from all I love, and when all the evils of ſociety fall upon us together, as if to puniſh us for having deſired its greateſt bleſſings, I ſee beyond the limits of life the reward of our ſacrifices.

How? In what manner?—I cannot ſay; I only feel that ſo it ought to be*.

The atheiſt is not, in my eyes, an evil-minded man: I can live with him as well, nay better than with the devotee; for he reaſons more; but he wants a certain ſenſe that I poſſeſs, and my mind does not perfectly harmonize with his: he is unmoved at the moſt enchanting ſpectacle, and is ſeeking for a ſyllogiſm, while I am offering up my thankſgivings.

It was not all at once that I fixed myſelf in this firm and peaceful ſeat, in which, enjoying the truths that are demonſtrated to me, and giving

* I write this on the 4th of September, at eleven at night, the apartment next to me reſounding with peals of laughter. The actreſſes of the *Theatre Français* were arreſted yeſterday, and conducted to St. Pélagie. To-day they were taken to their own apartments, to witneſs the ceremony of the taking off the ſeals, and are now returned to the priſon, where the peace-officer is ſupping, and amuſing himſelf in their company. The repaſt is noiſy and frolicſome; I catch the ſound of coarſe jeſts, while foreign wines ſparkle in the goblet. The place, the object, the perſons, and my occupation, form a contraſt not a little curious.

way without ſcruple to feelings ſo full of delight, I am content to remain ignorant of what cannot be known, and give myſelf no diſturbance about the opinions of others. I have here ſet down in a few words the reſult of ſeveral years of meditation and ſtudy, in the courſe of which I have ſometimes ſhared in the ſentiments of the deiſt, in the atheiſt's incredulity, and in the ſceptic's indifference. But always ſincere, becauſe I had no inducement to change my faith in order to relax my morals, which were fixed upon principles that no prejudices could affect, I ſometimes felt the agitation of doubt, but never the torment of fear. I conformed to the eſtabliſhed worſhip, becauſe my age, my ſex, and my ſituation, made it my duty ſo to do; but, incapable of deceiving any one, I uſed to ſay to the Abbé Morel, 'I come to confeſſion for the edification of my neighbour, and to preſerve my mother's peace of mind: but I ſcarcely know of what to accuſe myſelf; I lead ſo quiet a life, and my deſires are ſo moderate, that my conſcience has nothing to reproach me with, at the ſame time that I have no great merit in behaving with propriety. I am ſometimes, however, too much taken up with the deſire of pleaſing, and give way to too great violence of temper, when any thing goes wrong. I am alſo too ſevere perhaps in my judgment of others; and, without ſuffering it to manifeſt itſelf, I conceive too haſty an averſion to thoſe who appear to be ſtupid or dull; but in this I will be careful to

correct

correct myself. In the last place, I am too absent and too careless while attending divine service; for I acknowledge that we ought to be attentive to whatever we think it requisite to perform, be the motive what it may.' The worthy priest, who had exhausted his library and his rhetoric to keep me in the path of belief, had the good sense to be pleased at finding me so reasonable: he exhorted me, however, to distrust the spirit of pride; represented to me the advantages of religion in the best way he was able; thought proper to give me absolution; and was tolerably well satisfied with my attending at the holy table three or four times a year, out of philosophical toleration, since it was no longer the work of faith. When I went to receive the divine aliment, I could not help thinking on the words of Cicero, who said, that, to complete the follies of men, with respect to the Deity, it only remained for them to transform him into food, and then to eat him. My mother's devotion growing greater every day, I became less able to deviate from the ordinary practices of religion; for there was nothing that I dreaded so much as to afflict her.

The Abbé le Grand, my uncle Bimont's friend, sometimes visited us. He was a man of great good sense, who had nothing of his profession about him but his gown, in which he felt himself not a little awkward. His family had made him a priest, because one out of three sons must necessarily enter into holy orders. Appointed chaplain to the

prince of Lamhalle, and penſioned after the death of his patron by Penthièvre, he had ſettled himſelf in a pariſh merely that he might have a fixed reſidence, and had choſen it near his friend, in order to enjoy his ſociety. Affected with great weakneſs of ſight, he became blind at a very early age; and this accident, by foſtering his taſte for reflection, had given him a very meditative turn. He was fond of chatting with me, and often brought me books, generally works of philoſophy, on the principles of which he ſpoke with great freedom. My mother hardly ever bearing a part in the diſcuſſion, I was afraid of carrying things to any great length: ſhe did not, however, hinder me from reading, nor did ſhe blame the choice of my ſubjects. A Geneveſe watchmaker, connected in buſineſs with my father, a worthy man, who always kept a book among his tools, and had a tolerable library, with which he was better acquainted than many great lords are with theirs; offered me the uſe of a treaſure ſo ſuited to my taſte, and I availed myſelf of his kindneſs. That kind M. Morè was a man of good ſenſe, and could reaſon, not only concerning his art, but concerning morals and politics alſo; and though he expreſſed himſelf with a difficulty and tardineſs, that my patience found it hard to ſupport, he ſhared with moſt of his countrymen that ſolidity of intellect which makes amends for a want of the graces. From him I procured *Buffon*, and many other works. I mention this author by way of referring

to

to what I have ſaid in a former part of my memoirs, of the diſcretion with which I read him. Philoſophy, in calling forth the energies of my ſoul, and giving firmneſs to my mind, did not diminiſh the ſcruples of ſentiment, or the ſuſceptibility of my imagination, againſt which I had reaſon to be ſo much upon my guard. Natural philoſophy firſt, and then mathematics, exerciſed my activity for a time. *Nollet*, *Réaumur*, and *Bonnet*, who indulges his fancy upon what others deſcribe, amuſed me in their turns; as did *Maupertuis*, who enters into woeful lamentations while particularizing the pleaſures of ſnails. At length *Rivard* inſpired me with the deſire of becoming a geometrician. Guéring, a ſtone-maſon and ſurveyor, who with all his ſimplicity was a man of great good ſenſe and good nature, coming one day to talk with my father, found me ſo cloſely rivetted to Rivard's quarto, that I did not perceive his arrival. He entered into converſation with me, obſerved that *Clairaut*'s Elements would much better anſwer the purpoſe I had in view; and the next day brought me the copy he had in his poſſeſſion. I found it to contain a ſimple reduction of the firſt principles of the ſcience, and recollecting at once that the work might be uſeful to me, and that I could not with decency detain it from the proprietor ſo long as I ſhould like to keep it, I came to a reſolution to copy it from the beginning to the end, including ſix plates of diagrams. I cannot help laughing at this operation

whenever it recurs to my mind; any body but myſelf would have determined to buy the book, but the thought never came into my head, while the idea of copying it occurred as naturally as that of pricking a pattern for a ruffle, and was almoſt as ſoon effected; for the work was but a ſmall octavo. This curious manuſcript is ſtill, I believe, among my papers. I was amuſed with geometry as long as there was no need of algebra, with the dryneſs of which I was diſguſted as ſoon as I had got through ſimple equations. I accordingly gave to the winds the multiplicity of fractions, and thought it better to feaſt upon a good poem, than to ſtarve myſelf with *roots*. In vain, ſome years after, did M. Roland, while paying his addreſſes, endeavour to recal my former taſte; we made, indeed a great many figures; but the ſcience of reaſoning by X and Y was never ſufficiently attractive to obtain much of my attenton.

Sept. 5. I cut the ſheet to incloſe what I have written in the little box; for when I ſee a revolutionary army decreed, new tribunals formed for ſhedding innocent blood, famine impending, and the tyrants at bay, I augur that they muſt have new victims, and conclude that no one is ſure of living another day.

My correſpondence with Sophia was ſtill one of my greateſt pleaſures, the bonds of our friendſhip having been drawn cloſer by ſeveral journies which ſhe had made to Paris. My ſuſceptible heart ſtood in need, I will not ſay of a chimera, but of a principal object for its affections, eſpecially for confidence and communication. Friendſhip offered them, and I cultivated it with delight. The footing I lived upon with my mother, agreeable as it was, would not have ſupplied the place of this affection; it had too much of the gravity reſulting from reſpect on the one part, and of authority on the other. My mother might know every thing; I had nothing to conceal from her; but I could not tell her every thing: to a parent we may addreſs confeſſions; but it is to an equal alone that we entruſt the ſecrets of the heart.

Accordingly, without aſking to read the letters I wrote to Sophia, my mother was deſirous that I ſhould let her ſee them; and our arrangement in this reſpect had ſomething whimſical in it. We had underſtood one another without a word on the ſubject. When I heard from my friend, which I did regularly every week, I read to her a few ſentences of the letter, but did not communicate the whole. When I had written an anſwer, I left it for a day, made up and directed, upon my table, but unſealed; my mother ſcarcely ever failed to run it over, though ſeldom in my preſence, or if it ſo happened, I always found ſome pretence

pretence for retiring. Whether ſhe ſaw it or not, the period ſuppoſed neceſſary for her doing ſo being elapſed, I ſealed my letter, but not always without adding a poſtſcript. It never happened to her to make any mention of what ſhe had read; but I did not fail to inform her by this means of all that I wiſhed her to know of my diſpoſition, my taſte, and my opinions; and I ſet them forth with a freedom which I ſhould not have dared to take with her in perſon. My frankneſs had its full ſcope, for I felt that I had a right to exerciſe it without any one's having a right to take it amiſs. I have often thought ſince, that, had I been in my mother's place, I ſhould have wiſhed to become my daughter's friend in the fulleſt ſenſe of the word; and if I have any regret at preſent, it is that mine is not what I was at that time: we ſhould then be companions, and I ſhould be happy. But my mother, though her heart was excellent, had ſomething cold in her manner: ſhe had more prudence than ſenſibility, and was rather reſerved than affectionate. Perhaps too, perceiving an ardour in me that would have hurried me to greater lengths than herſelf, ſhe ſo conducted herſelf, as to let me go on without reſtraint, but without familiarity. She was ſparing of careſſes, although her eyes beamed with tenderneſs and love, and were generally fixed upon me. I was ſenſible of the kindneſs of her heart, and my own returned the vibrations of affection; but the reſerve that hung

hung about her, called forth a circumſpection on my part, from which I ſhould otherwiſe have been free. Any one would have ſuppoſed that the diſtance between us had increaſed when I was no longer a child. There was a dignity about my mother, of a gentle kind it is true, but it was dignity ſtill. The tranſports of my ardent ſoul were repreſſed by it, and I only knew the full extent of my attachment to her, by the deſpair and delirium that I fell into at her death. My days paſſed away in delightful tranquillity. I ſpent the greater part in ſolitary ſtudies, tranſported by my imagination to the remote ages of antiquity, of which I reviewed the hiſtory and the arts, and examined the precepts and opinions. Maſs in the morning, a few hours that we ſpent in reading together, our repaſts and our viſits, made up the only portion of time that I paſſed in my mother's company. We went abroad but ſeldom, and when viſitors came who were not to my liking, I contrived to remain in my cloſet, which my mother was too kind to oblige me to quit. Sundays and holidays were devoted to our walks: ſometimes we extended them to a conſiderable diſtance, and at laſt got into the habit of doing ſo, in conſequence of the preference I gave to the country over the formal gardens of the metropolis. I was, however, by no means inſenſible to the pleaſure of appearing occaſionally in the public walks. They afforded, at that period, a very brilliant ſpectacle, in which the youth of both ſexes always

always had an agreeable part to play. Perſonal graces conſtantly obtained there the homage of admiration, which modeſty cannot but perceive, and of which the heart of a young girl is always covetous. But it did not ſatisfy mine: I experienced after theſe walks, during which my vanity, powerfully excited, was upon the watch for whatever could ſhew me off to advantage, and prove to me that I had not loſt my time, an inſupportable vacuity, an uneaſineſs and diſguſt, which made the pleaſures of vanity too dear a purchaſe. Accuſtomed to reflect, and to render an account of my ſenſations to myſelf, I made a ſtrict inquiry into the cauſe of this inquietude, and found ſufficient room to exerciſe my philoſophy.

'Is it then,' ſaid I to myſelf, 'to pleaſe the eye, like the flowers of a parterre, and to receive a few evaneſcent praiſes, that perſons of my ſex are brought up in the practice of virtue, and enriched with talents? What means this intenſe deſire of pleaſure which preys upon me, and which does not make me happy, even when it ſhould ſeem that it ought to be moſt gratified? What are to me the admiring eyes, and ſoftly murmured compliments, of a crowd, of which I have no knowledge, and which is compoſed of perſons, whom, did I know them, I ſhould probably deſpiſe? Did I come into the world to waſte my exiſtence in frivolous cares and tumultuous ſenſations?—No: I have doubtleſs a nobler deſtination! The admiration which I ſo

ardently feel for whatever is virtuous, wiſe, exalted, and generous, tells me that I am called to practiſe theſe things. The ſublime and rapturous duties of a wife and a mother will on ſome future day be mine; it is in rendering myſelf capable of fulfilling them, that my early years ought to be employed; I ought to ſtudy their importance, and to learn, by keeping my own inclinations within bounds, how to direct hereafter thoſe of my children; by the habit of governing my paſſions, and by the care of cultivating my mind, I ought to ſecure to myſelf the means of giving happineſs to the moſt delightful of ſocieties, of providing a never-failing ſource of felicity for the man who ſhall deſerve my heart, and of communicating to all about us, a portion of the bliſs with which I ſhall crown his wiſhes, and which ought to be the entire work of my own hands.'

Such were the thoughts that agitated my boſom. Overcome with emotion, I ſhed a flood of tears, while my heart exalted itſelf to that ſupreme intelligence, that firſt cauſe, that gracious providence, that principle of thought and of ſentiment, which it felt the neceſſity of believing and acknowledging. ' O thou who haſt placed me on the earth, enable me to fulfil my deſtination in the manner moſt conformable to thy divine will, and moſt beneficial to the welfare of my fellow-creatures.'

This unaffected prayer, as ſimple as the heart that dictated it, is become my only one; never have the

the doubts of philoſophy, nor any ſpecies of diſſipation, been able to dry up its ſource. In the midſt of the tumult of the world, and in the depth of a dungeon, I have pronounced it with equal fervour. I pronounced it with tranſport in the moſt brilliant circumſtances of my life; I repeat it in fetters with reſignation; anxious in the former to guard againſt every affection unworthy of my ſituation; careful in the latter to preſerve the neceſſary fortitude for ſupporting me in the trials to which I am expoſed; perſuaded that, in the courſe of things, there are events which human wiſdom cannot prevent; and convinced that the moſt calamitous ones cannot overpower a firm mind; and that peace at home, and ſubmiſſion to neceſſity, are the elements of happineſs, and conſtitute the true independence of the ſage and of the hero.

The country preſented objects more analogous to my habits of meditation, to my ſerious, tender, and penſive diſpoſition, fortified by reflection and the developement of a feeling heart. We often went to Meudon: it was my favourite walk. I preferred its wild woods, its ſolitary ponds, its avenues of pines, and its towering trees, to the frequented paths and uniform coppices of the *Bois de Boulogne*, to the ornamented gardens of Belle-vue, or the clipt and right-lined viſtas of St. Cloud.—'Where ſhall we go to-morrow, if the weather be fine?' ſaid my father on the Saturday evenings during ſummer—He then looked at me with a ſmile—

'ſhall

' ſhall we go to St. Cloud? The water-works are to play: there will be a world of company.'—' Ah papa! if you would go to Meudon I ſhould be much better pleaſed.' By five o'clock on Sunday morning every body was ſtirring; a light, neat, and ſimple dreſs, a few flowers, and a gauze veil, announced the project of the day. The odes of Rouſſeau, a volume of Corneille, or of ſome other author, were the only baggage I took with me. We ſet off all three, and embarked at the Pont-royal, which I could ſee from my window, on board of a little boat, that, in the ſilence of a ſmooth and rapid navigation, conducted us to the ſhores of Belle-vue, not far from the glaſs-houſe, of which the black column of ſmoke is viſible at a conſiderable diſtance. Thence by a ſteep aſcent we proceeded to the avenue of Meudon, about the middle of which ſtood a little cottage on the right, that became one of our reſting-places. It was the abode of a milk-woman, a widow, who lived there, having two cows and ſome poultry. As it was adviſeable to make the moſt of day-light for our excurſion, it was agreed it ſhould ſerve us as a halting-place on our return, and that the good woman ſhould furniſh us with a bowl of milk from the cow. That was ſo regular a thing, that in walking up the avenue we never failed to call at the milk-woman's to tell her we ſhould be with her in the evening or the next morning, and not to forget the bowl of milk. The good woman received

ceived us with much kindneſs; and our repaſt, ſeaſoned with a little brown bread and a great deal of good humour, had the appearance of a little feaſt, of which ſome memorial was ſure to remain in the milk-woman's pocket. We took our dinner at the lodge of one of the porters belonging to the park: but the deſire I had of ſtriking into a ſolitary path, led us to the diſcovery of a retreat very much to my taſte. One day, after having wandered a long time in an unfrequented part of the wood, we came to an open and ſolitary ſpot, at the end of an avenue of lofty trees, under which a paſſenger was ſeldom ſeen. A few other trees ſcattered over a charming lawn, ſerved to maſk a neat little cottage two ſtories high. 'Ah! what have we here?'—Two fine children were playing before the door, which was ſtanding wide open. They had neither the appearance of children of the town, nor thoſe enſigns of wretchedneſs ſo common in the country. We drew near; and perceived upon the left a kitchen garden, where an old man was at work. To walk in, and enter into converſation with him, was the buſineſs of a moment. We learned that the name of the place was *Ville-bonne*; that its inhabitant was the water-bailiff of the *Moulin Rouge*, whoſe office it was to ſee that the canals conveying water to different parts of the park were kept in repair; that the ſlender ſalary of that place helped to ſupport a young couple, the parents of the children whom we had ſeen, and of whom

whom the old man was the grandfather; and that the wife employed herſelf in the cares of the houſehold, while he cultivated the garden, the produce of which, the ſon carried to town to ſell at his leiſure. The garden was a long ſquare, divided into four parts, round each of which was a walk of ſufficient width; in the centre a baſon of water, which facilitated the buſineſs of watering; and at the farther end an arbour of yews incloſing a ſtone bench, affording at once both ſhelter and repoſe. Flowers interſperſed among the culinary herbs gave the garden a gay and agreeable appearance; while the robuſt and contented gardener, who converſed with equal good humour and good ſenſe, reminded me of the old man of the banks of the Galeſus, whom Virgil has ſung. A taſte for ſimplicity would alone have made ſuch an encounter agreeable; but my fancy did not fail to inveſt it with a thouſand imaginary charms. We aſked whether they were in the habit of affording entertainment to ſtrangers?—'Very few come here,' ſaid the old man; 'the place is little known; but when they do we willingly ſerve up to them the produce of our farm-yard and our garden.' We begged to have ſomething for dinner, and were furniſhed with new-laid eggs, vegetables, and a ſalad, in a delightful arbour of honeyſuckle behind the houſe. I never made ſo agreeable a repaſt: my heart dilated in contemplating the tranquillity and innocence of ſo charming a ſitua-

tion. I fondled the little children, and expreſſed great veneration for the old man. The young woman ſeemed delighted at having us in the houſe. We were told that they had two rooms which they ſhould have no objection to let to any body that would take them for three months, and we had ſome idea of taking them. But that agreeable project was never realized; nor have I ever been at Ville-bonne ſince*; for Meudon had been our place of reſort long before we made that diſcovery, and we had fixed upon a little inn in the village for our lodging whenever two holydays coming together permitted us to prolong our abſence. It was at that inn, the ſign of which I think was the Queen of France, we met with a laughable adventure. We were put into a room with two beds, in the largeſt of which I ſlept with my mother; the other in a corner ſerved for my father alone. One night, juſt after he had got into bed, the fancy took him of drawing his curtains perfectly cloſe, and he pulled them ſo ſtrongly that the teſter fell upon him and covered him up completely. After a moment of alarm, we all began to laugh very heartily at the accident: the teſter having fallen exactly in ſuch a way as to incloſe my father without hurting him. We called for aſſiſtance to ſet him at liberty; the good woman of the houſe came; was aſtoniſhed to ſee her bed decapitated; and exclaimed, with the utmoſt

* There is ſome inaccuracy here, as a ſecond viſit to Ville-bonne is mentioned in a ſubſequent part of the narrative.

moſt ſimplicity, ' My God ! how could this happen ? it is ſeventeen years ſince the bed was put up; and in all that time it has never budged an inch.' The logic of the hoſteſs made me laugh more than the fall of the teſter. I often found an occaſion to apply it, or rather to compare it with the arguments I heard in company; and uſed to ſay to my mother in a whiſper, This is quite as good as the ſeventeen years to prove that the bed ought not to have given way.

Delightful Meudon ! how often beneath thy refreſhing ſhade have I bleſſed the great Author of my exiſtence, deſiring what might at ſome future time render it complete; but it was that charming ſentiment of deſire without impatience, which only ſerves to gild the clouds of futurity with the rays of hope. How often in thy cool retreats have I gathered the variegated fern, and the brilliant flowers of the orchis ! How did I love to reſt myſelf under the lofty trees bordering the glades, through which I uſed to ſee the ſwift and timorous doe go bounding along ! I recollect the more *ſombre* ſpots, whither we retired during the heat of the day. There, while my father, ſtretched upon the greenſward, and my mother, ſoftly reclined on a heap of leaves which I had collected for the purpoſe, enjoyed their afternoon's nap, did I contemplate the majeſty of thy ſilent groves, admire the beauty of nature, and adore the Providence whoſe benefits I felt ! The glow of ſentiment heightened the colour of my

humid cheeks, and my heart enjoyed all the delight of the terreſtrial paradiſe. An account of my excurſions, and of the pleaſure they afforded me, found its way into my correſpondence with Sophia: ſometimes my proſe was intermingled with verſe, the irregular, but eaſy, and ſometimes happy effuſions of a mind to which all was picture, life, and felicity.

Sophia, as I have already obſerved, found herſelf thrown into a ſociety, where ſhe had none of the comforts which ſhe knew me to enjoy in my ſolitude. I was acquainted with ſeveral of her family, and learned from their company to rate my retirement at a higher price.

In her journies to Paris with her mother ſhe uſed to alight at the houſe of two couſins, whoſe names were *De Lamotte*. They were old maidens, one of whom, a ſour devotee, never ſtirred from her chamber, where ſhe ſaid her prayers, ſcolded the ſervants, knitted ſtockings, and reaſoned with tolerable acuteneſs about her perſonal intereſts: the other, a good ſort of woman, ſat in the parlour, did the honours of the houſe, read the pſalms, and took a hand of cards. Both of them were very proud of their noble birth, and could ſcarcely conceive it poſſible to keep company with perſons whoſe father at leaſt had not been ennobled; and, without daring to wear it, carefully preſerved the *ſack* of which their mother had had the train borne after her to church, as a mark of family

conſequence. They had taken under their care a young woman, their relation, whoſe ſlender fortune they purpoſed augmenting, provided ſhe could find a gentleman to marry her. The young woman, Mademoiſelle *d'Hangard*, was a tall, luſty brunette, of a ruddy complexion, and enjoying a ſtate of health ſo vigorous as almoſt to alarm, whoſe ruſticity of appearance ill concealed a petulant temper and a narrow mind. But the moſt curious piece of houſehold goods was counſellor *Perdu*, a widower, who had conſumed his eſtate in doing nothing, and who had been put to board with his couſins by his ſiſter (my Sophia's mother), that he might paſs the laſt years of his worthleſs exiſtence in a decent way. Mr. Perdu, who was wonderfully plump and ſleek, devoted the greater part of the morning to the care of his perſon, dined with an excellent appetite while curſing the diſhes, and paſſed in diſſertations at the Luxemburg *, ſeveral hours of every day, which was ſure to cloſe with a game of piquet. He was ſtill prouder of his gentility than his old couſins, and piqued himſelf upon having all the airs and principles of a man of noble birth. When ſpeaking to Sophia of her uncle, I always called him *the commandant*, ſo ſtrongly did he reſemble *the commandant* in Crebillon's *Père de Famille*. The *commandant* then always aſſumed a great air of ſuperiority with his nieces, affecting to temper it with the condeſcen-

* A public garden at Paris.—*Tranſ.*

ſions of politeneſs; but there was ſomething whimſical in his behaviour to Mademoiſelle d' Hangard, whoſe freſh complexion and continual preſence, inflaming his imagination, inſpired him with ſenſations which he dared not betray, and which ſometimes put him out of humour with his nephew.

The nephew, who took the name of *Selincour* *, was a tall young man, with a gentle look and a ſoft voice, notunlike his ſiſter Sophia, ſenſible in his converſation, and agreeable in his manners, to which a ſort of baſhfulneſs was no diſadvantage; ſuch at leaſt was my opinion, even when it became more than uſually perceptible in his intercourſe with me. Probabilities, and the wiſhes of the family, appeared to point him out as a proper ſuitor for Mademoiſelle d' Hangard.

As to Meſdemoiſelles Lamotte's ſociety, it was compoſed of a *Count d' Eſſales*, created a Chevalier of St. Louis in Canada, where he had married the governor's daughter; taking care to keep at a reſpectful diſtance from great guns, ignorant, overbearing, and garrulous, he came to play a party of piquet with the marchioneſs de *Cailiavelle*, an antiquated dowager, with whom he had more than one game going on, which the good old damſels did not perceive. Madam *Bernier*, a rigid Janſeniſt, but otherwiſe a ſenſible woman, whoſe huſ-

* In France it is cuſtomary for the ſons to aſſume the names of the different eſtates, and ſometimes ſuch as are merely dictated by fancy.—*Tranſ.*

band

band had quitted the parliament of Brittany after the affair of la Chalotais, uſed to come alſo, but leſs frequently, with her two daughters, the one a ſcholar, the other a devotee. The tender heart of the latter would have gained my affection; but her wry neck ſupported with difficulty a head ſo crammed with religion, that there was no room for any thing like reaſon. The ſcholar, with rather too much loquacity, was poſſeſſed of judgment and taſte enough juſt to render a repulſive figure ſupportable. But *M. de Vouglans* ſoared above them all. A delineation of his character would be ſuperfluous to thoſe who have read the book entitled *Reaſons for my Faith in Jeſus Chriſt, by a Magiſtrate*, and his *Collection of Penal Laws*, an elaborate compilation, in which equal induſtry, fanaticiſm, and atrocity were diſplayed. I never met with a man by whoſe ſanguinary intolerance I was ſo much ſhocked. He took particular pleaſure in converſing with father Romain Joly, a little old monk, Meſdemoiſelle Lamotte's confeſſor, who made verſes againſt Voltaire, in which he compared him to the devil, and who was for ever quoting in the pulpit the *Capitularies* of Charlemagne, and the edicts of our monarchs. I have had the good fortune to dine with him at the table of the Lamottes, to hear him preach at my own pariſh church, and to read his *Phaeton*; and he would afford me an excellent caricature, if I had courage enough to ſhake folly, hypocriſy, and the moſt puerile learning, out of his gown. Sophia's friend

made a curious figure in this ſociety, of which the members lamented when her back was turned, that ſo well diſpoſed a young woman was not of noble birth. I do not even doubt but that the commandant had, in his great wiſdom, deliberated whether ſuch a connexion were proper for his niece. But *the young woman* was well bred, and behaved with a decorum which the old maids highly approved; and unleſs when expreſſions eſcaped her, which *favoured of wit*, and which he was ſure to animadvert upon to his nieces, the *commandant* himſelf could not altogether withhold his praiſe. He would even take charge of Sophia's letters, and bring them to my mother's; a thing that Selincour would have done more readily, if his ſiſter had conſented to entruſt them to his care.

The inſignificance and oddities of theſe perſonages, to whom, no doubt, many people of the great world bore a reſemblance, made me reflect on the inanity of faſhionable circles, and the advantage of not being obliged to frequent them. Sophia enumerated all the perſons with whom ſhe aſſociated at Amiens, and gave me a ſketch of their characters, which enabled me to judge of the inſignificance of moſt of them; ſo that when the balance was ſtruck, it appeared that at the end of the year, I had ſeen in my ſolitude more people of merit, than ſhe had perceived in her round of routs and aſſemblies. This may eaſily be conceived, when it is remembered that my father's buſineſs connected him with none but artiſts, many of whom came occaſionally to the

houſe,

houſe, though none were regular viſitors. Thoſe who inhabit the capital, even if not of the firſt rank, acquire a fund of information, and a kind of urbanity, which moſt aſſuredly is neither to be found among the little provincial gentry, nor among mercantile people in haſte to make a fortune that may ſerve as the means of ennobling their family. The converſation of the worthy *Jollain*, a painter of the academy, of the honeſt *l'Epine*, a pupil of Pigal, of *Deſmarteau*, who profeſſed the ſame art as my father, of *Falconet*'s ſon, of *d'Hauterne*, whom his talents would have borne on rapid wings to the academy, if his quality of Proteſtant had not been an excluſion, and of the Geneveſe watch-makers *Ballaxſerd* and *Moré*, the former of whom has written upon Phyſical Education, was certainly far preferable to that of the opulent *Cannet*, who upon ſeeing the ſucceſs of a tragedy written by his kinſman Belloy, and calculating the profits, exclaimed in ſober ſadneſs, 'Why did not my father teach me to compoſe tragedies? I could have worked upon them on Sundays and holydays.'—And yet theſe wealthy blockheads, theſe pitiful poſſeſſors of purchaſed nobility, theſe impertinent ſoldiers like d'Eſſales, and theſe wretched magiſtrates like Vouglans, conſidered themſelves as the props of civil ſociety, and actually enjoyed privileges which merit could not obtain. I compared theſe abſurdities of human arrogance with the pictures of Pope, tracing its effects in the ſatisfaction of the artiſan, who is as proud of

his

his leather apron as the king of his crown. I endeavoured to think with him that every thing was right; but my pride told me that things were ordered better in a republic.

There is no doubt that our ſituation in life has a conſiderable influence on our characters and opinions: but, in the education I received, in the ideas I acquired, whether by ſtudy or by obſervation of the world, every thing may be ſaid to have concurred in inſpiring me with republican enthuſiaſm, by making me perceive the folly, or feel the injuſtice, of a multitude of privileges and diſtinctions. Accordingly, in all my readings, I took the ſide of the champions of equality; I was Agis and Cleomenes at Sparta; the Gracchi at Rome; and, like Cornelia, I ſhould have reproached my ſons with being called nothing but the mother-in-law of Scipio. I retired with the plebeians to the Aventine hill; and gave my vote to the tribunes. Now that experience has taught me to appreciate every thing with impartiality, I ſee in the enterpriſe of the Gracchi, and in the conduct of the tribunes, crimes and miſchiefs, of which I was not at that time ſufficiently aware.

When I happened to be preſent at any of that ſort of ſights which the capital ſo frequently afforded, ſuch as the *entry* of the queen or princeſſes, *thankſgiving* after a lying-in, &c. I compared with grief, this Aſiatic luxury and inſolent pomp, with the abject miſery of the *brutified* populace, who

who proſtrated themſelves before idols of their own making, and fooliſhly applauded the oſtentatious magnificence which they paid for by depriving themſelves of the neceſſaries of life. The diſſolute conduct of the court during the laſt years of Lewis XV. that contempt of morality, which pervaded all ranks of the nation, and thoſe exceſſes, which were the ſubject of all private converſation, filled me with aſtoniſhment and indignation. Not perceiving as yet the germs of a revolution, I inquired with ſurpriſe, how things could ſubſiſt in ſuch a ſtate? Obſerving in hiſtory, the invariable decline and ſubverſion of empires when arrived at this pitch of corruption, and hearing the French nation ſinging and laughing at its own misfortunes, I felt that our neighbours, the Engliſh, were right in regarding us as children. I attached myſelf to thoſe neighbours; the work of De Lolme had familiariſed me with their conſtitution; I ſought an acquaintance with their writers, and ſtudied their literature, but as yet only through the medium of tranſlations.

The arguments of Ballexſerd not having been able to overcome my parents' repugnance to having me inoculated, I caught the ſmall-pox when eighteen years of age. The era has left deep impreſſions on my mind; not from any apprehenſions on account of the diſorder, for I had already too much philoſophy not to ſupport ſuch a trial with fortitude; but from my mother's incredible and affectin-

affecting ſolicitude. What ſorrow, and yet what activity! In what agitation was ſhe kept by her uneaſineſs! and what tenderneſs was diſplayed in all her attentions! Even during the night, when I thought I was taking ſomething from the nurſe, I felt my mother's hand, and heard her voice while getting out of her bed every moment to come to the ſide of mine; her anxious eyes devoured the looks, and, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, the words of my phyſician; and in ſpite of her reſolution to ſuppreſs them, the tears ſtole from her eyes, when looking at me, while I endeavoured, in vain, by a cheerful aſpect, to pacify her feelings. Neither ſhe nor my father had ever had the ſmall-pox, and yet neither of them would ſuffer a day to paſs without kiſſing the diſfigured cheek, which I ſtrove in vain to keep out of their way, for fear the contact ſhould be followed by fatal effects. My Agatha, grieved at being confined to her cloiſter, ſent me one of her relations, the amiable mother of four children, whom ſhe had inſpired with a portion of her attachment to me, and who obſtinately perſiſted in ſeeing and embracing me without conſideration for herſelf. It was thought proper to conceal from Sophia, who was then at Paris, the condition of her friend. I was ſuppoſed to have ſet off ſuddenly for the country, that the period of contagion might elapſe without our meeting; but Selincour called every day on the part of his mother to inquire after my health; and I heard from my chamber his mournful

ful exclamation when he was told, that a complication of the putrid fever and ſmall-pox was feared. I had the miliary fever; the eruption peculiar to which, checking the other, the puſtules of ſmall-pox were few, and though large, ſubſided without ſuppuration, and left only a dry ſkin, that fell off of itſelf. It is the kind of ſmall-pox, ſaid Dr. Miſſa, that the Italians call *ravaglioni*, puſtules of falſe ſuppuration, which leave no veſtiges behind; and in reality not even the poliſh of the ſkin was impaired: but the ravages made by the variolous humour threw me into a ſtate of langour and debility, from which it was four or five months before I was completely recovered. Sedate in health, too tender to be gay, but patient under affliction, my ſole object in ſickneſs is to divert my attention from my ſufferings, and to render agreeable the troubleſome attentions I require from thoſe about me. Indulging my imagination in the moſt fanciful flights, I ſay extravagant things: it is the ſick perſon that furniſhes thoſe in health with amuſement.

Dr. Miſſa was a ſenſible man, whom I was very much pleaſed with. As he was ſufficiently advanced in years to relieve me from the conſtraint that I was kept in by younger men, we converſed freely in his viſits, which he willingly prolonged; and conceived a friendſhip for each other. One or other of us, ſaid he, one day, has been much in the wrong. Either I am come too ſoon, or you too late. Though Miſſa's good ſenſe had diſpoſed me

favour-

favourably towards him, his age had prevented me from perceiving that I had been in the wrong to come later than he: I made him no other anſwer than a ſmile. He was bringing up nieces, with whom he wiſhed me to be acquainted, and we ſometimes viſited; but as they never went out without their governeſs, any more than I without my mother, and as the uncle's profeſſion did not leave him leiſure to keep up the connexion between us, it came to nothing in conſequence of our diſtant abodes and ſedentary habits. Miſſa ſcolded me very much one day upon finding Malebranche's *Recherche de la Verité* lying on my bed. 'Why, my God!' ſaid I, 'if all your patients were to amuſe themſelves in the ſame way, inſtead of getting angry with their diſeaſes and their doctor, you would have a great deal leſs to do.'—The perſons who chanced to be then in my room, were talking of ſome loan or other, of which the edict of creation had juſt made its appearance, and to which all Paris was running in crowds. 'The French,' ſaid Miſſa, 'take all upon *truſt*.'—'Say rather,' anſwered I, 'upon *appearances*.'—'True,' replied he; 'the expreſſion is juſt and profound.—'Don't ſcold me then for reading Malebranche,' ſaid I eagerly; 'you ſee that my time is not thrown away.'

Miſſa was at that time accompanied in his viſits by a young phyſician, who had recently taken his degree, and whom he ſometimes diſpatched before him to wait his arrival. This youthful graduate, to borrow

borrow Miſſa's expreſſion, could not be reproached with coming too ſoon into the world; but though he had a tolerably handſome face, there was a ſelf-ſufficiency about him that I did not like. I have naturally ſo decided an averſion to affectation and airs of conſequence, that I always conſider them as a ſign of an indifferent underſtanding, if not of abſolute imbecility; though it is certain that, under the old government, they were ſometimes no more than the follies of youth. In ſhort, ſo far from pleaſing me, they put me out of humour, and always make me conceive an ill opinion of the perſon by whom they are diſplayed. Theſe are the only traces left in my memory by the young doctor, whom I have never ſeen ſince, and whom I ſhall probably never ſee again.

An excurſion to the country being neceſſary for the perfect re-eſtabliſhment of my health, we went to breathe its ſalutary air at the houſe of M. and Madam Beſnard, with whom two years before my mother and I had ſpent almoſt the whole month of September. Their ſituation was admirably calculated to feed my philoſophy, and to fix my meditations upon the vices of ſocial life.

Madam Beſnard, upon the reverſe of fortune which ſhe had experienced in common with her ſiſters, had entered into the family of a *fermier-general*, whoſe houſe ſhe ſuperintended: it was that of old Haudry. There ſhe had married the ſteward, M. Beſnard, with whom ſhe had long ſince retired from

from the world, and was living in peace and happineſs, though in an humble way.

The ill-placed pride of Madam Phlipon had led her ſometimes to expreſs, in my preſence, and in the privacy of the family, how much this marriage had diſpleaſed her; but, as far as I can judge, ſhe was certainly offended without cauſe. M. Beſnard was a man of integrity and good moral character, each of which was the more praiſe-worthy in proportion as it was difficult to meet with among men in the ſame line of life. The whole of his conduct to his wife exhibited the greateſt delicacy of ſentiment. It is impoſſible to carry veneration, tenderneſs, and attachment, to a greater length. Enjoying the ſweets of a perfect union, they ſtill prolong a career, in which, like Baucis and Philemon, they attract the reſpect of all who witneſs their ſimplicity of life, and their virtues. I eſteem it an honour to be related to them; and ſhould do ſo ſtill, if, with the ſame character and conduct, M. Beſnard had been a footman.

Old Haudry, who owed his fortune to his own exertions, was dead; and had left a large fortune to a ſon, who, being born in opulence, was likely to ſquander it away. That ſon, who had already loſt a charming wife, lived at a great expence; and, according to the cuſtom of the rich, ſpent a ſmall part of the year at the chateau of Soucy, whither he was much more apt to carry the manners of the town, than to adopt thoſe that were ſuitable

to

to the country. He had ſeveral contiguous eſtates, of which that neareſt to Soucy (Fontenay) had an old manſion belonging to it that he was fond of filling with inhabitants. He had given a lodging there to a notary and an overſeer, and requeſted M. Beſnard to take an apartment, which might ſerve him as a reſidence during part of the ſummer. This was no bad way of keeping his eſtate in good order, at the ſame time that it gave him an air of magnificence. M. and Madam Beſnard were well accommodated, and enjoyed the pleaſure of walking in a park, the wilderneſs of which made an agreeable contraſt with the gardens of Soucy, and pleaſed me more than the luxury that diſtinguiſhed the *farmer-general*'s abode. As ſoon as we arrived at Madam Beſnard's, ſhe requeſted us to go and pay a viſit to Soucy, where Haudry's ſiſter-in-law and ſtep-mother reſided with him, and did the honours of his houſe. The viſit was modeſtly paid before dinner. I walked without the ſmalleſt pleaſurable ſenſation into the drawing-room, where Madam Penault and her daughter received us with great politeneſs, it is true, but it was a politeneſs that favoured a little of ſuperiority. My mother's manner, however, and ſomething which appeared in me alſo, in ſpite of that timidity which proceeds from a conſciouſneſs of our worth, and a doubt of its being perceived by others, ſcarcely allowed them to aſſume any conſequence. I received compliments which gave me little pleaſure, and

which I was anſwering with ſome degree of ingenuity, when certain paraſites, of the order of St. Lewis, who always haunt the manſions of opulence, as ghoſts reſort to the banks of the Acheron, thought proper to interrupt me with exaggerated praiſe.

The ladies did not fail, a few days after, to return our viſit. They were attended by the company that happened to be at the chateau, the viſit to Fontenay ſerving them for a walk. Upon that occaſion, I was more engaging than before, and contrived to put into my ſhare of the reception, ſuch a portion of modeſt and dignified politeneſs, as re-eſtabliſhed the equilibrium between us. It once happened to us to be invited to dinner by Madam Penault; but never was aſtoniſhment equal to mine, when I learned that we were not to dine at her table, but with the upper ſervants in the hall. I was ſenſible however, that, as M. Beſnard had formerly played a part there, I ought not, out of reſpect to him, to appear diſſatisfied at appearing in ſuch a character; but I was of opinion that Madam Penault might have ordered things otherwiſe, and have ſpared us the contemptuous civility. My great aunt ſaw it in the ſame light; but to avoid giving offence, we accepted the invitation. It was ſomething new to me to mix with thoſe deities of the ſecond order; nor had I the leaſt idea of what chambermaids were when giving themſelves airs of conſequence. They were prepared to receive us; and, indeed, played the doubles

doubles of their ſuperiors admirably well. Dreſs, geſture, affectation, graces, nothing was forgotten. Their miſtreſſes caſt-off clothes, which were hardly ſoiled, gave a richneſs to their appearance, that decent perſons in trade would have thought out of character. The caricature of faſhionable manners ſuperadded a ſort of elegance, not leſs foreign to mercantile ſimplicity than to the taſte of an artiſt, though there is no doubt but their flippancy of ſpeech, and finery, might have impoſed on country ladies. It was ſtill worſe with the men. The ſword of Mr. ſteward, the attentions of Mr. cook, and the politeneſs and gaudy clothes of the valet-de-chambre, could not atone for the awkwardneſs of their manners, and the blunders in their language, when they wiſhed it to be elegant, nor the vulgarity of their expreſſions, when they forgot their parts. The converſation was full of marquiſes, counts, and financiers, whoſe titles, fortunes, and alliances, ſeemed to confer grandeur, riches, and importance, upon thoſe who were talking of them. The ſuperfluities of the firſt table were ſpread upon the ſecond with a neatneſs and order which gave them the air of a firſt appearance, and in ſuch abundance as afterwards to ſuffice for the third table, that of the *domeſtics*, properly ſo called; for the perſons who ſat at the ſecond were called *officers*. Play followed the repaſt: the ſtake was high: it was what the *ladies* were accuſtomed to play for, and they played

every day. I was introduced to a new world, in which were exhibited the prejudices, the vices, and the follies of a world, very little better, in ſpite of its greater ſhow. I had heard a thouſand times of the origin of old Haudry, who came to Paris from his village; found means to rake thouſands together at the expence of the public; married his daughter to Montulé, and his grand-daughters to the Marquis Duchillau and Count Turpin, and left his ſon heir to an immenſe eſtate. I recollected Monteſquieu's expreſſion, who ſays, that financiers ſupport the ſtate as the cord ſupports the criminal; nor could I help thinking that tax-gatherers who contrive to amaſs ſuch enormous ſums, and then to make their opulence ſerve as the means of an alliance with families, which the policy of courts affects to conſider as neceſſary to a kingdom's ſplendour and defence, muſt needs belong to a deteſtable government, and to a nation highly corrupt. I little thought there was a government ſtill more horrible, and a degree of corruption ſtill more to be deplored. Who, indeed, could have imagined it? All the philoſophers of the age have been deceived as well as I.—I allude to the government and corruption of the preſent time.

Every Sunday there was a dance at Soucy in the open air, under no other ſhelter than the trees. Gaiety, on theſe occaſions, obliterated diſtinctions in a great degree; and as ſoon as perſonal

ſonal merit was attended to, I had little fear of miſſing the place that might chance to ſuit me beſt. The new comers uſed to aſk, in a whiſper, who I was? but I took care to give nobody a ſurfeit of my company; and, after an hour's recreation, withdrew with my relations for a walk, of which I would not have exchanged the tranquil enjoyments for all the empty and noiſy pleaſures that attend any kind of parade.

I ſometimes ſaw Haudry, who was then young, acting the great man, gratifying all his fancies, and wiſhing to appear generous and noble. His family began to be uneaſy at his extravagance with the courtezan La Guerre, by which he was already laying the foundation of his future ruin. He was pitied as imprudent, rather than blamed as vicious; he was a ſpoiled child of fortune, who, had he been born in moderate circumſtances, would certainly have turned out a better man. With a dark complexion, an erect carriage, the airs of a great man, and courteous manners, he was perhaps amiable among thoſe whom he eſteemed his equals: but I hated to come in his way, and never failed, when in his preſence, to aſſume an air of dignified reſerve.

Laſt year, coming out of that magnificent dining-room which the elegant Calonne had fitted up in the controller-general's hotel, ſince occupied by the miniſter of the interior, I found in my way through the ſecond antichamber, a tall grey-headed old man, of decent appearance, who accoſted me

reſpectfully: 'I ſhould be very glad, Madam, to ſpeak with the miniſter, when his dinner is over; I have ſomething to communicate to him.'—'Sir, you will ſee him in an inſtant: he has been detained in the next room, but will be here immediately.' I made my curteſy, and proceeded to my own apartment, where Roland ſoon after joined me. I enquired if he had ſeen a perſon, whom I deſcribed, and who appeared apprehenſive of not meeting him?—'Yes, it was M. Haudry.'—'What, the quondam *farmer-general*, who ſquandered an immenſe fortune?'—'The ſame.'—'And what has he to do with the miniſter of the interior?'—'Our buſineſs relates to the manufactory at Sévres, at the head of which he has been placed.' What a theme for meditation do theſe ſports of fortune furniſh! I had already found one when I entered for the firſt time into the apartments occupied by Madam Necker in the days of her glory. I occupy them a ſecond time, and they do but the more ſtrongly atteſt the inſtability of the things of this world; but I will at leaſt take care, that no reverſe of fortune ſhall find me unprepared. Such were my reflections in October 1792, when Danton was conferring ſome celebrity upon me, by detracting from my huſband's merit, and was ſilently preparing the calumnies, by which he meant to aſſail both. I was ignorant of his proceedings, but I had obſerved the courſe of things in revolutions. I was only

only ambitious of preſerving my mind uncontaminated, and of ſeeing my huſband's reputation free from ſtain. I well knew this kind of ambition ſeldom leads to any other ſpecies of ſucceſs. My wiſh is accompliſhed: Roland, perſecuted and proſcribed, will not be forgotten by poſterity. I am a captive, and ſhall probably be ſacrificed; but my conſcience ſtands in the ſtead of every thing. It will happen to me as it did to Solomon, who aſked only for wiſdom, and obtained other advantages: I wiſhed only for the peace of the righteous, and *I alſo* ſhall have ſome exiſtence in future times.—But in the mean while let us return to Fontenay.

The little library of my relations afforded ſome employment to my mind. I found there the whole of *Puffendorf*, tedious perhaps in his univerſal hiſtory, and more intereſting to me in his *Duties of the Man and the Citizen*; the *Maiſon Ruſtique*, and a variety of works on agriculture and economy, which I ſtudied for want of others, becauſe it was neceſſary that I ſhould always be learning ſomething; the agreeable trifles which *Bernis* wrote in verſe, when he was unfettered by the *Roman purple*; a life of *Cromwell*; and a curious medley of other productions.

Here I cannot help remarking, that, in the multitude of books which chance or other circumſtances had thrown in my way, and of which I mention looſely, ſuch as places and perſons recal

to my memory, nothing by Rouſſeau has yet been noticed: the truth is, I read him very late; and it was well for me I did: he would have turned my brain, and I ſhould have read nothing elſe. Perhaps as it is, he has but too much ſtrengthened my weak ſide, if I may be allowed to make uſe of ſuch an expreſſion.

I have reaſon to believe that my mother had taken ſome care to keep him out of my way; but his name not being unknown to me, I had ſought after his works, and was already acquainted with his Letters from the Mountain, and his Letter to Chriſtopher de Beaumont, when I loſt her, having then read the whole of Voltaire and Boulanger, the Marquis d'Argens and Helvetius, and many other philoſophers and critics. Probably my mother, who ſaw plainly that my mind muſt needs be employed, was not much averſe to my making a ſerious ſtudy of philoſophy at the riſk even of a little incredulity; but ſhe was of opinion, no doubt, that no ſtimulants were wanting for my ſuſceptible heart, already too obedient to the impulſe of the paſſions.—Good heavens! how vain are all our endeavours to eſcape from our deſtiny! The ſame idea influenced her, when ſhe prevented me from ſtudying painting, and made her alſo oppoſe my learning to play upon the harpſichord, though I had a moſt excellent opportunity. Our living in the ſame neighbourhood had made us acquainted with an Abbé Jeauket, a great muſician, and a good-natured man,

but as ugly as ſin, and addicted to the pleaſures of the table. He was born in the environs of Prague, had paſſed many years at Vienna, attached to the nobles of the court, and had given leſſons to Marie Antoinette. After having been induced to viſit Liſbon by particular circumſtances, he had at laſt choſen Paris, in order to ſpend, in a ſtate of independence, the penſions of which his little fortune was compoſed. He wiſhed exceedingly that my mother would permit him to teach me the harpſichord. He inſiſted upon it that my fingers and my head would ſoon go a great length, and that I could not fail to become a compoſer. 'What a ſhame,' he would cry, 'to be humming over a guitar, when poſſeſſed of powers to invent and execute the fineſt pieces upon the firſt of inſtruments!' This enthuſiaſm, and his reiterated entreaties, carried even to ſupplication, could not overcome my mother's reluctance: as to me, though always ready to avail myſelf of any inſtruction that came in my way, I was ſo much accuſtomed to reſpect her deciſions, as well as to love her perſon, that I never importuned her for any thing. Beſides, ſtudy in general afforded me ſo vaſt a field of occupation, that I never felt the pains of idleneſs. I often ſaid to myſelf, When I become a mother in my turn, it will be my buſineſs to make uſe of what I ſhall have acquired: I ſhall then have no leiſure for further ſtudies; and I was the more earneſt to turn my time to account, and afraid of loſing a ſingle moment. The Abbé Jeauket

was

was now and then viſited by perſons of merit, and whenever he invited them to his houſe, was anxious to include us in his party. Thus, among other individuals not worth remembering, I became acquainted with the learned Rouſſier, and the worthy d'Odiment; but I have not forgotten the impertinent Paradelle and Madam de Puiſieux. Paradelle was a huge monſter, in the garb of an abbé, the greateſt coxcomb and romancer of all the fools I ever met with, who pretended to have kept a carriage at Lyons for twenty years, and who, to keep himſelf from ſtarving at Paris, was obliged to give lectures on the Italian language, in which he was very little verſed. Madam Puiſieux, who paſſed for author of the *Characters*, to which her name is prefixed, retained at the age of ſixty, with a hump back and toothleſs gums, the little airs and pretenſions of which the affectation is ſcarcely pardonable even in youth. I had fancied that a female author muſt needs be a very reſpectable perſonage, eſpecially one who had written upon morals. But Madam de Puiſieux's abſurdities made me change my mind. Her converſation beſpoke very little wit, and her whims indicated very little judgment. I began to perceive it was poſſible to collect a great deal of reaſon, in order to make a diſplay of it, without conſuming much for our own purpoſes; and that the men who made a jeſt of female authors were perhaps no otherwiſe to blame than in applying to them excluſively, what is equally applicable

cable to themſelves. Thus it was, that in a ſphere of life exceedingly confined, I found means to add to my ſtock of obſervations. I was in a ſolitary ſpot; but it was on the confines of the world, and ſo ſituated as to allow me to diſtinguiſh a great variety of objects, without any of them ſtanding in my way. The concerts of Madam l'Epine enlarged my proſpect. I have already ſaid, that l'Epine was a pupil of Pigal: he was, indeed, his right hand. At Rome he had married a woman, who, I preſume, had been an opera ſinger, and whom his family had at firſt looked upon with an evil eye, but who proved, by the propriety of her conduct, that ſhe did not deſerve their diſdain.

She had a concert of amateurs, compoſed of excellent muſicians, to which nobody was admitted but what ſhe called good company. They met every Thurſday at her houſe, whither I was often taken by my mother; and there I heard *Jarnewick*, *St. George*, *Duport*, *Guerin*, and many others. There too I met wits of both ſexes: Mademoiſelle *de Morville*, Madam *Benoit*, *Silvain-Marechal*, &c. with haughty baroneſſes, handſome abbés, old chevaliers, and young fops. What a curious magic lantern! The apartments of Madam l'Epine, in the *Rue Neuve St. Uſtache*, were not remarkably ſuperb, nor was the concert-room ſpacious, but adjoining to another, of which the folding-doors were ſet open: there, ranged in a circle, the company had the ſeveral advantages of hearing

ing the muſic, ſeeing the actors, and being able to converſe between the acts. Seated by my mother, and keeping the ſilence that cuſtom preſcribes to young women, I was all eyes and ears; but when we chanced to be for a moment in private with Madam l'Epine, I aſked her a few queſtions, the anſwers to which elucidated my obſervations.

One day that lady propoſed to my mother to accompany her to a *charming* aſſembly, held at the houſe of a man of wit, whom we had ſometimes ſeen at her concerts: the company conſiſted of enlightened men, and women of taſte; very agreeable productions were recited: it was indeed *delightful!* The propoſal was made ſeveral times before it was accepted: 'Let us go,' ſaid I to my mother; 'I begin to know enough of the world to preſume that it muſt either be very agreeable or very abſurd; and even in the latter caſe, it will ſerve to amuſe us once. The party was agreed upon: and on the Wedneſday, the day on which M. Vâſe's literary aſſembly was regularly held, we repaired with Madam l'Epine to his reſidence at the *Barrier du Temple*. After toiling up three pair of ſtairs we came to a moderately ſpacious apartment, furniſhed like a barrack: ruſh-bottomed chairs, marſhalled in cloſe order, and in ſeveral ranks, were ready to receive the ſpectators, and began to be filled; while tallow candles in dirty braſs candleſticks illumined this retreat of the muſes,

muſes, the groteſque ſimplicity of which accorded well with philoſophical rigour and the poverty of an author. Well-dreſſed women, young girls, antiquated dowagers, poetaſters in abundance, loungers, and adventurers, compoſed the ſociety.

The maſter of the houſe, ſeated at a table, which ſerved as a deſk, opened the ſitting by reading a piece of poetry of his own compoſition; the ſubject was a little marmoſet which the old Marchioneſs de Préville always carried in her muff, and which ſhe exhibited to the company; for ſhe was there, and thought ſhe could do no leſs than gratify the eager eyes of the perſons preſent with a ſight of the hero of the piece. Loud *bravos* and applauſes did juſtice to M. Vâſe's poetic flights. M. Vâſe, highly ſatisfied with himſelf, wiſhed to give up his ſeat to M. Delpêches, a poet who wrote little comic dramas for the theatre of Audinot, concerning which he was accuſtomed to take the opinion of the ſociety, or, in other words, the encouragement of its applauſe; but that day he was prevented either by a ſore throat, or the want of a few verſes in ſome of his ſcenes. Imbert, the author of the *Judgment of Paris*, was therefore obliged to take the chair, and read an agreeable trifle, which was extolled to the ſkies. His reward awaited him. Mademoiſelle de la Coſſonnière came next with a *Farewel to Colin*, which if not very ingenious, was at leaſt very tender. It was known directly that it was addreſſed to Imbert, about

about to undertake a journey, and a ſhower of compliments was poured upon him. Imbert diſcharged his own debt and that of his muſe, by ſaluting all the females in the aſſembly. The free and gay ceremony, though conducted with decency, was not at all pleaſing to my mother, and appeared in ſo ſtrange a light to me as to give me an air of embarraſſment. After ſome epigram or diſtich by no means remarkable, a man of pompous déclamation recited a poem in praiſe of Madam Benoit. She was ſitting by, and muſt be briefly mentioned, for the ſake of thoſe who have not read her romances, which were dead long before the revolution, and will be buried beneath heaps of duſt before my memoirs ſee the light.

Albine was born at Lyons, as I have read in the *Hiſtory of the illuſtrious Women of France, by a Society of Men of Letters*; a hiſtory, in which I was quite aſtoniſhed to find women whom I met with everywhere, as the Lady in queſtion, Madam de Puiſieux, Madam Champion, and many more, ſome of whom perhaps are ſtill alive at the moment I am writing, or have only quitted this terreſtrial abode within a few years.

Having united herſelf in the holy bands of wedlock with Benoit, a draughtſman, ſhe had accompanied him to Rome, and had there been admitted a member of the academy of the *Arcades*. Lately become a widow, and ſtill in mourning for her huſband, ſhe had ſettled at Paris, where ſhe made

verſes

verſes and novels, ſometimes without writing them, kept a gaming-houſe, and viſited women of quality, who paid in preſents of money or clothes for the pleaſure of having a female wit at their tables.

Madame Benoit had been handſome: the cares of the toilet, and the deſire of pleaſing, prolonged beyond the age which inſures their ſucceſs, ſtill procured her a few conqueſts. Her eyes canvaſſed for them with ſuch ardour; her boſom, always bare, palpitated ſo anxiouſly to obtain them; that it was impoſſible not to grant to the frankneſs of deſire, and the facility of ſatisfying it, what men beſtow at all times ſo readily, when conſtancy is not required. Madam Benoit's air of undiſguiſed voluptuouſneſs, was ſomething new to me. I had ſeen in the public walks thoſe prieſteſſes of pleaſure, whoſe indecency announced their profeſſion in the moſt diſguſting manner; but her's was quite a different ſtyle. I was no leſs ſtruck by the poetical incenſe laviſhed on her, and by the epithets of the *chaſte* and *virtuous* Benoit, which occurred repeatedly in the poem, and obliged her now and then to cover her eyes modeſtly with her fan, while ſome of the men rapturouſly applauded thoſe encomiums, which they doubtleſs conceived to be admirably applied. I recollected all that my reading had enabled me to conceive on the ſubject of gallantry, and calculated what corruption of heart and perverſion of mind muſt be ſuperadded by the manners

ners of the age, and the diſorders of the court. I ſaw effeminate men giving all their admiration to flimſy verſes, to frivolous talents, and to the deſire of ſeducing every woman that came in their way, and certainly without loving them; for he who devotes himſelf to the happineſs of a beloved object, does not court the looks of the crowd. I experienced a ſenſation of diſguſt and miſanthropy in the midſt of objects that ſpoke to my imagination, and returned to my ſolitude in a melancholy mood. We never repeated our viſit to M. Vâſe: I had had quite enough of it; and Imbert's kiſs, and the panegyric of Madam Benoit, would at any rate have cured my mother of all deſire to take me there again. Neither did the concert of the Baron de Back, very curious, but frequently rendered very tedious alſo by the pretenſions of that muſical maniac, ſee much of us, notwithſtanding the cards of invitation which Madam l'Epine's politeneſs often procured us. The ſame reſerve was extended to that known as the *concert of amateurs*, which was numerouſly attended. We went there but once, attended by a M. Boyard de Creuſy, who had amuſed himſelf in compoſing new inſtructions for the guitar, of which he begged my mother's permiſſion to offer me a copy. He was a man of polite manners, and I mention him here becauſe he had the good ſenſe to believe, that in a ſituation ſtill regarded by the vulgar as elevated, I ſhould

be

be pleaſed to ſee the perſons with whom I had been acquainted in my youth. He called on me in the *hôtel de l'interieur*, while Roland was in the miniſtry; and the reception he met with was ſuch as muſt have convinced him, that I derived ſatisfaction from the remembrance of a time, on which I have reaſon to value myſelf, and indeed on every other period of my life.

As to public places, it was ſtill worſe; my mother never went there; and I was taken but once during her life to the Opera, and once to the *Theatre Français*. I was then about ſixteen or ſeventeen. *The Union of Love and the Arts*, by Floquet, contained nothing either in the muſic, or the drama, capable of creating illuſion, or of ſupporting the idea I had formed of theatrical enchantment. The coldneſs of the ſubject, the incoherence of the ſcenes, and awkward intruſions of the ballets, diſpleaſed me. I was ſtill more diſguſted with the dreſs of the dancers, who had not then laid aſide their hoops: I had never ſeen any thing ſo abſurd. Accordingly I thought the critique of Piron on the wonders of the Opera much ſuperior to the Opera itſelf. At the *Theatre Français* the play was the *Ecoſſoiſe*, which was not very well calculated to inſpire me with enthuſiaſm for the drama; the performance of Mademoiſelle Dumeſnil alone delighted me. My father ſometimes carried me to the theatres of the Foire St.

Germain *. Their mediocrity inſpired me with diſguſt. Thus was I armed againſt every temptation to play the *bel eſprit*, preciſely as the Spartan children were againſt drinking, by ſeeing the conſequences of exceſs. My imagination received none of the great ſhocks which the faſcination of the theatre might have produced, had I been preſent at the repreſentation of the fineſt pieces. What I had ſeen made me content with reading in my cloſet the works of the great maſters of the drama, and with enjoying their beauties at my leiſure.

A young man, a conſtant attendant at Madam l'Epine's concerts, had thought proper to call in her name at my mother's, to inquire for us, when an abſence unuſually prolonged could juſtify the ſuppoſition of our being indiſpoſed. A genteel deportment, an agreeable vivacity, a great deal of good ſenſe, and above all, the unfrequency of his viſits, procured him his pardon for the little contrivance to get admiſſion into the houſe. At laſt La Blancherie hazarded his declaration.—But ſince I am come to the hiſtory of my ſuitors, I muſt march them off *en maſſe*; a delicate expreſſion, that may ſerve as a date to my writings, and

* The inferior play-houſes at Paris are called *Theatres forains*; becauſe they remove for the few weeks it laſts to the Foire St. Germain, a fair at Paris not very unlike St. Bartholomew's at London. The reſt of the year they perform in neat little theatres upon the *Bouvelards*.—*Tranſ.*

and recal to mind theſe glorious days, when every thing is ordered *en maſſe*, in ſpite of the greateſt poſſible ſubdiviſion of will and inclination.

The reader cannot have forgotten the Spaniſh coloſſus, with hands like Eſau's, the polite M. Mignard, whoſe name made ſuch a curious contraſt with his face *. After confeſſing, of his own accord, that he was capable of teaching me nothing further on the guitar, he had begged permiſſion to call now and then to hear me, and came at diſtant periods, without being always ſure of finding us at home. Flattered with the ſkill of his young ſcholar, looking upon it as his own work, imagining that he thence derived ſome ſort of right, or of excuſe, and giving himſelf out for a nobleman of Malaga, whom misfortunes had obliged to recur to his muſical knowledge for ſubſiſtence, he began by loſing his ſenſes, and ended by talking nonſenſe in order to juſtify his pretenſions. When that was done, he came to the reſolution of demanding me in marriage, but had not courage enough to make his declaration in perſon. The friend whom he empowered to do ſo, not being able by his remonſtrances to divert him from his intention, executed his commiſſion. The conſequence was, a requeſt not to ſet his foot within the houſe again, accompanied with thoſe civilities which are due to the unfortunate. My father's jokes made me ac-

* The word *Mignard* means in French a delicate little gentleman.—*Tranſ.*

quainted with what had paſſed : he was fond of entertaining me with a relation of the applications made to him on my account ; and as he was a little proud of his advantages, he did not ſpare the perſons who laid themſelves open to ridicule.

Poor Mozon was become a widower ; he had the wen that embelliſhed his left cheek extirpated ; and had ſome thoughts of ſetting up a one-horſe chaiſe : I was then fifteen, and he had been ſent for to perfect me in my dancing. His imagination took fire ; he entertained a high opinion of his art ; he ſhould have thought it no preſumption in Marcel * ; one dancing-maſter was as good as another, why then ſhould he not enter the liſts ? He made known his wiſhes, and was diſmiſſed like Mignard.

From the moment a young female attains the age that announces maturity, ſwarms of ſuitors come humming round her, like bees about the newly-expanded flower.

Brought up in the ſtricteſt manner, and leading ſo retired a life, I could inſpire but one project ; but the repectable character of my mother, the appearance of ſome fortune, and my being an only child, might make that project a tempting one to a great number of perſons.

Accordingly they came in crowds ; and finding it difficult to obtain a perſonal introduction, the greater part adopted the expedient of writing to my parents.

* A very celebrated French dancing-maſter.

parents. All letters of this kind were brought to me by my father; and my firſt opinion was always grounded upon the terms in which they were conceived, without the leaſt regard to the ſtatement they contained of the writer's rank and fortune. I undertook to make a rough draught of the anſwers, which my father faithfully tranſcribed. I made him diſmiſs my ſuitors with dignity, without giving room for reſentment or for hope. The youth of our quarter paſſed thus in review; and in the greater number of inſtances I met with no difficulty in getting my refuſal approved. My father looked to little elſe than riches; and, as he thought himſelf authorized to expect great things, whoever was too recently eſtabliſhed, or whoſe actual poſſeſſions or ſpeedy hopes of property did not inſure conſiderable eaſe of circumſtances, was ſure not to obtain his vote; but when once thoſe requiſites were found, he was concerned at ſeeing me refuſe to cloſe with the propoſal. Here began to break out thoſe diſſenſions between my father and me, which continued ever after. He loved and eſteemed commerce, becauſe he regarded it as the ſource of riches; I deteſted and deſpiſed it, becauſe I conſidered it as the foundation for avarice and fraud.

My father was ſenſible that I could not accept of an artizan, properly ſo called; his vanity would not have ſuffered him to entertain ſuch an idea: but he could not conceive that the elegant jeweller,

who touches nothing but fine things, from which he derives a great profit, was not a ſuitable match, eſpecially when already in good buſineſs, and in a fair way to make a fortune. But the ſpirit of the jeweller, as well as of the little mercer, whom he looks upon as beneath him, and of the rich woollen-draper, who holds himſelf ſuperior to both, appeared to me entirely engroſſed by the luſt of gold, and by mercenary calculations and contrivances: the mind of ſuch a man muſt needs be a ſtranger to the elevated ideas and refined ſentiments by which I appreciated exiſtence.

Occupied from my infancy in conſidering the relations of man in ſociety, brought up in the ſtricteſt morality, and familiarized with the nobleſt examples, had I then lived with Plutarch, and all the other philoſophers, to no better purpoſe than to connect myſelf for life with a ſhop-keeper incapable of ſeeing any thing in the ſame light as myſelf?

I have already ſaid that my provident mother wiſhed me to be as much at home in the kitchen as in the drawing-room, and at market as in a public walk: after my return from the convent, I uſed ſtill to accompany her, when ſhe went to purchaſe articles of houſehold conſumption, as was often the caſe; and at laſt ſhe would ſometimes ſend me on ſuch errands with a maid. The butcher with whom ſhe dealt loſt a ſecond wife, and found himſelf, while ſtill in the prime of life, poſſeſſed of a fortune of fifty thouſand crowns, which he propoſed

to

to augment. I was perfectly ignorant of these particulars: I only perceived that I was well served, and with abundant civility; and was much surprised at seeing this personage frequently appear on a sunday in a handsome suit of black and lace ruffles, in the same walk as ourselves, and put himself in my mother's way, to whom he made a low bow, without accosting her. This practice continued a whole summer. I fell sick; and every morning the butcher sent to enquire what we wanted, and to offer any accommodation in his power. This very pointed attention began to provoke my father's smiles, who, wishing to divert himself, introduced to me a certain Mademoiselle Michon, a grave church-going woman, one day when she came very ceremoniously to demand my hand in the butcher's name. 'You know, daughter,' said he, with great gravity, 'that it is a rule with me to lay no constraint upon your inclinations.—I shall therefore only state to you a proposal in which you are principally concerned.' He then repeated what Mademoiselle Michon had intimated. I screwed up my mouth, a little vexed that my father's good-humour should turn over to me the task of giving an answer, which he ought to have taken upon himself. 'You know, papa,' said I, parodying his mode of expression, 'that I consider myself as very happy in my present situation; and that I am firmly resolved not to quit it for some years to come. You may take any steps in conformity with this

reſolution that you think proper;' and on ſaying this I withdrew.—'Why truly,' ſaid my father, when we were afterwards alone, 'this reaſon you have invented, is a very fine one for keeping every body away.'—'I revenged myſelf, papa, for the little trick you played me, by a general anſwer very becoming a girl; and I left it to you to give a formal refuſal: a taſk which I ought not to take upon myſelf.'—'It's an excellent evaſion; but tell me then who it is that will ſuit you?'—'Tell me, papa, why, in bringing me up, you taught me to think, and ſuffered me to contract habits of ſtudy: I know not what kind of man I ſhall marry; but it muſt be one who can ſhare my ſentiments, and to whom I can communicate my thoughts.'—'There are men in buſineſs poſſeſſed both of politeneſs and information.'—'Yes, but not of the kind I want: their politeneſs conſiſts in a few phraſes and bows, and their knowledge always relates to the ſtrong box, and would aſſiſt me but little in the education of my children.'—'But you might educate them yourſelf.'—'The taſk would appear laborious, if not ſhared by the man to whom they would owe their exiſtence.'—'Do you ſuppoſe that *l'Empereur*'s wife is not happy? They have juſt retired from buſineſs, are buying capital places, keep an excellent houſe, and receive the beſt company.'—'I am no judge of other people's happineſs; but my own affections are not fixed upon riches: I conceive that the ſtricteſt

union

union of hearts is requiſite to conjugal felicity; nor can I connect myſelf with a man who does not reſemble me: my huſband muſt even be my ſuperior, for ſince both nature and the laws give him pre-eminence, I ſhould be aſhamed of him, if he did not really deſerve it.'—'You want a counſellor, I ſuppoſe? But women are not very happy with thoſe learned gentlemen: they have a great deal of pride, and very little money.'—'My God! papa, I do not judge of a man's merit by his cloth; nor have I ever told you that I affect ſuch or ſuch a profeſſion: I want a man I can love.'—'But according to you, ſuch a man is not to be found in trade?'—'I confeſs that I do not think it likely. I have never ſeen a tradeſman to my liking; and the profeſſion itſelf is my averſion.'—'It is, however, a very pleaſant thing for a woman to ſit at her eaſe in her own apartment, while her huſband is carrying on a lucrative trade. Now, there's Madam d'Argens: ſhe underſtands diamonds as well as her huſband: ſhe deals with the brokers in his abſence; concludes bargains with private perſons, and would be able to carry on the buſineſs, even if left a widow: their fortune is already conſiderable, and they belong to the company which has juſt bought agnolet. You are intelligent; and, indeed, underſtand that branch of buſineſs ſince you peruſed the treatiſe on precious ſtones. You would inſpire people with confidence; you might do whatever you

you pleaſe; and a happy life would you have had if you could but have fancied Delorme, Dabreuil, or l'Obligeois.'—'Hark ye, papa; I have too well perceived that the only way to make a fortune in trade, is by ſelling dear what has been bought cheap, by overcharging the cuſtomer, and beating down the poor workman. I ſhould never be able to deſcend to ſuch practices, nor to reſpect a man who makes them his occupation from morning to night. It is my wiſh to be a virtuous wife; but how ſhould I be faithful to a man who would hold no place in my eſteem, even admitting the poſſibility of my marrying ſuch a man? Selling diamonds and ſelling paſtry ſeem nearly the ſame thing to me; except that the latter has a fixed price, requires leſs deceit, perhaps, but ſoils the fingers more. I like the one not in any degree better than the other.'—'Do you ſuppoſe then there are no honeſt tradeſmen?'—'I will not abſolutely affirm it; but I am perſuaded the number is ſmall; and the few honeſt folks have not all that I require in a huſband.'—'You are extremely faſtidious, methinks; but if you do not find the idol of your imagination?'—'I will die a maid.—'That would be a harder taſk perhaps, than you imagine. You have time enough, to be ſure, to think of it: but *ennui* will come at laſt; the crowd will be gone by; and you know the fable!'—'Oh! I would take my revenge by deſerving happineſs from the very injuſtice that would

would deprive me of it.'—'Now you are in the clouds again! It is very pleaſant to ſoar to ſuch a height; but it is not eaſy to keep the elevation: do not forget, however, that I ſhould like to have grandchildren before I am too far advanced in years.'

I ſhould like to preſent you with ſome, ſaid I to myſelf, when my father put an end to the dialogue, by withdrawing; but moſt certainly I never ſhall have any, unleſs by a huſband to my mind. I experienced a ſlight ſenſation of melancholy, when, on caſting my eyes about me, I could perceive nothing that was ſuitable to my taſte; but the ſenſation ſoon ſubſided. I was ſenſible of my preſent comforts, and hope threw its enlivening beams on the time to come. It was the plenitude of happineſs overflowing its banks, and clearing away every thing unpleaſant from my future proſpect.

'Shall I ſuit you this time, Mademoiſelle?' ſaid my father one day, with affected gravity, and the look of ſatisfaction which was viſible upon every new demand. 'Read that letter.' It was very well written as to imagery and ſtyle, and brought the blood into my cheeks. Mr. Morizot de Rozain expreſſed himſelf handſomely enough, but did not forget to remark that his name was to be found among the nobles of his province. It appeared to me coxcomical and injudicious, to make a parade of an advantage which he knew me not to poſſeſs, and of which he had no right to ſuppoſe me ambitious. 'We have here,' ſaid I, ſhaking my

my head, 'no great cauſe for conſideration: it may be worth while, however, to hear what the gentleman has to ſay for himſelf; a letter or two more, and I ſhall be able to ſound the depth of his pretenſions. I will go and draw up an anſwer.' When writing was the queſtion, my father was as tractable as a child, and ſat down to copy without reluctance. I was much diverted at the idea of acting the papa; and diſcuſſed my own intereſts with all the gravity ſuitable to the occaſion, and in a ſtyle of prudence truly parental. No leſs than three explanatory letters came from Mr. de Rozain, which I preſerved for a long time, becauſe they were extremely well written. They proved to me that powers of mind did not ſuffice, unleſs accompanied by ſuperior judgment, and a ſoul, which nothing can ſupply the want of, or deſcribe, but which is recognized at the firſt glance. Beſides, Rozain had nothing but the title of advocate; my preſent fortune was not enough for two; nor were his qualities ſuch as to create a deſire of ſurmounting that obſtacle.

In announcing the *riſing en maſſe* of my ſuitors, I did not promiſe to name them all, and I ſhall be readily excuſed. I only wiſh to ſhow the ſingularity of a ſituation, which procured me offers from a great many perſons, whoſe very faces I was not always acquainted with, and in which the examination of reaſons and appearances was left to myſelf. I often, indeed, perceived new faces obſerving

ſerving or following me at church, or in the public walks, and uſed to ſay to myſelf, 'I ſhall ſoon have an anſwer to write for my father.' But I never ſaw a figure that ſurpriſed or faſcinated me.

I have already ſaid that La Blancherie had wit enough to make his way into our houſe, and to underſtand, that, before he declared himſelf, it was neceſſary to gain my good opinion. Though ſtill very young, he had already travelled, had read a great deal, and had even tried his fortune as an author. His work was not good for much; but it contained morality in abundance, and ſome ideas that were not amiſs. He had intitled it, *Abſtract of my Travels, intended to ſerve as a School for Fathers and Mothers:* this, as my readers will perceive, was not very modeſt; but one could hardly help forgiving him; for he ſupported himſelf by very reſpectable philoſophical authorities, quoted them happily, and inveighed with all the indignation of an honeſt heart, againſt the coldneſs and negligence of parents, too frequently the cauſe of the deſtructive irregularities of youth. La Blancherie, diminutive, brown, and ordinary, had no hold on my imagination; but I did not diſlike his mind, and thought I could perceive that he had a great liking for my perſon. One evening, returning with my mother from a viſit to our old relations, we found my father in a thoughtful mood. 'I have news for you,' ſaid he, ſmiling. 'La Blancherie is juſt gone away after paſſing more than

than two hours with me; he has told me a ſecret; and as it concerns you, Mademoiſelle, you muſt be let into it.' (The conſequence was not ſtrictly neceſſary, but it was cuſtomary with my father to infer it.) 'He is in love with her, and has propoſed himſelf for my ſon-in-law; but he has no fortune, and it would be a folly, as I have given him to underſtand. He is preparing for the bar, and means to purchaſe a place in the magiſtracy; but what he has to expect from his family, being too little for the purpoſe, he has been thinking, that if we like the match, his wife's fortune would ſupply the deficiency, and that as our girl is an only child, they mighe live with us for the firſt two or three years. He has been ſaying a great number of fine things upon the ſubject, which may be very ſatisfactory to a youthful fancy; but prudent parents require ſomething more ſolid. Let him ſet up an office, or buy a place; let him, in ſhort, follow his profeſſion: it will be time enough to talk of marriage afterwards; but to begin by marrying, would be abſurd in the extreme. Beſides, it would be neceſſary to inquire into his character; though that indeed might be eaſily done. I had rather he were not noble, and that he had forty thouſand good crowns in his purſe. He is a good young man; we had a great deal of talk together; and though he was a little hurt by my arguments, he liſtened to me with patience. At laſt he requeſted me not to ſhut my door

door againſt him, and urged his prayer with ſo good a grace, that I conſented, upon condition of his not coming more frequently than before. I told him that I would not ſay a word to you; but as I know your diſcretion, I never like to keep you in the dark.'—A few queſtions from my mother, and ſome prudent reflections concerning the many things to be conſidered before we form an affection, ſaved me the trouble of anſwering; but my thoughts were buſily employed.

Though my father's calculations were well founded, there was nothing unreaſonable in the young man's propoſal; and I felt diſpoſed to ſee him, and to ſtudy his diſpoſition with additional intereſt and curioſity. My opportunities were few: at the end of ſome months La Blancherie ſet off for Orleans, and I ſaw no more of him till two years after. In the mean time I was very near marrying Gardanne, the phyſician; a match recommended by one of our relations. Madam Deſportes, a native of Provence, had married a tradeſman at Paris; and having been left a widow with an only daughter, at a very early age, had continued to deal in jewels, the buſineſs which my father thought ſo very agreeable. Sound ſenſe, civility, good breeding, and a great deal of addreſs, procured her general eſteem: any one, indeed, would have ſuppoſed that ſhe carried on her trade merely to oblige her cuſtomers. Without going out of her apartment, which was neatly furniſhed,

niſhed, and in which ſhe received a very reſpectable ſociety, compoſed in part of the very perſons who ſatisfied their wants or their luxury by purchaſing her goods, ſhe maintained herſelf in eaſy circumſtances, without increaſing or diminiſhing the little fortune ſhe poſſeſſed. Being far advanced in years, ſhe needed the aſſiſtance of her daughter, who, out of filial affection, rejected all offers of marriage, that her intimate union with her mother might not be diſturbed.

Gardanne was a countryman of Madam Deſportes. Natural good ſenſe, that lively diſpoſition ſo common among the natives of the ſouth, an excellent education, and an extreme deſire to get on, promiſed the young doctor ſucceſs in a career, already auſpiciouſly begun. Madam Deſportes, who received him with that patronizing kindneſs which became her age and character, and which ſhe had the art of rendering agreeable, conceived the idea of giving him her young couſin for a wife; but death overtook her while intent upon this project, which her daughter reſolved to execute.

Gardanne both deſired and feared the connection. In conſidering the advantages and inconveniences of becoming a *Benedict*, he did not, like my romantic brain, attend to perſonal qualities alone: he calculated every thing. My fortune was only twenty thouſand livres *; but the ſmallneſs of this

* 883 l.

his ſum was compenſated by conſiderable expectations. The pecuniary arrangements were made before I knew any thing of the matter, and the *bargain* abſolutely concluded, when I firſt heard that a phyſician had entered the liſts. The profeſſion did not diſpleaſe me; it promiſed an enlightened mind: but it was neceſſary to become acquainted with his perſon. A walk in the Luxemburg gardens was propoſed; we were to be overtaken by the rain; and the rain came, or at leaſt was apprehended. We ran for ſhelter to the houſe of a Mademoiſelle de la Barre, a rigid Janſeniſt, and a friend of Madam Deſportes, who was overjoyed at the circumſtance, and offered us refreſhments, which we were taking, when her phyſician came with his countrywoman in the very moment to pay her a viſit.

A minute ſurvey took place on both ſides, without any appearance, on my part, of being ſo employed, but at the ſame time without my ſuffering any thing to eſcape me. My couſin aſſumed an air of triumph, as if ſhe would have ſaid, 'I did not tell you ſhe was handſome: but what do you think of her?' My good mother looked kind and penſive; Mademoiſelle de la Barre was equally profuſe of her wit and her confectionary; the phyſician chattered away, and made great havoc among the ſugar-plums, ſaying, with a ſort of gallantry, that ſavoured a little of the ſchool-boy, that he was very fond of every thing ſweet; upon which the

young lady obſerved with a ſoft voice, a bluſh, and a half ſmile, that the men were accuſed of loving ſweet things, becauſe it was neceſſary to make uſe of great ſweetneſs in dealing with them. The cunning doctor was quite tickled with the epigram. My father would willingly have given us his benediction, and was ſo polite, that I was out of all patience with him. The doctor retired firſt to pay his evening viſits; we returned as we came; and this was called an *interview*. Mademoiſelle Deſportes, a ſtrict obſerver of punctilios, had ſo ordered it, becauſe forſooth a man who has views of marriage ought never to ſet his foot in a private houſe, where there is a daughter, until his propoſals are accepted; but when once that is done, the marriage articles are directly to be drawn up, and the conſummation is to follow immediately. This is the law and the prophets. A phyſician in the habiliments of his profeſſion, is never a pleaſing object to a young woman; nor could I indeed, at any period of life, figure to myſelf ſuch a thing as love in a periwig. Gardanne with his three tails, his phyſical look, his ſouthern accent, and his black eye-brows, ſeemed much more likely to allay than to excite a fever. But this I felt without making the reflection: my ideas of marriage were ſo ſerious, that I could not perceive any thing laughable in his propoſals.—'Well,' ſaid my good mother to me, in a tone of tender inquiry, 'what think you of this man? Will he ſuit you?'—'My dear mamma, it is impoſſible

impoſſible yet for me to tell.'—'But you can certainly tell whether he has inſpired you with diſlike.'—'Neither diſlike nor inclination: which of the two may come hereafter, I cannot ſay.'—'We ought to know however what anſwer to give in caſe a propoſal ſhould be made in form.'—'Is the anſwer to be binding?'—'Aſſuredly, if we paſs our word to a decent man, we muſt adhere to it.'—'And if I ſhould not like him?'—'A reaſonable young woman, not actuated by caprice, after having once maturely weighed the motives that determine her in ſo important a reſolution, will never change her mind.'—'I am to decide then upon the ſtrength of a ſingle interview.'—'Not exactly that; the intimacy of M. de Gardanne with our family enables us to judge of his conduct and way of life, and by means of a little inquiry we ſhall eaſily come at a knowledge of his diſpoſition. Theſe are the principal points to found a determination upon: the ſight of the perſon is a matter of much leſs moment.'—'Ah mamma! I am in no haſte to be married.'—'I believe it, daughter; but you muſt ſettle yourſelf in the world ſome time or other; and you have now attained the proper age. You have refuſed many offers from tradeſmen; and they are the people from whom your ſituation makes offers the moſt likely to come: you ſeem determined never to marry a man in buſineſs: the match at preſent in queſtion is ſuitable in every external point of view.—Take care then not to

reject it too lightly.'—'It appears to me there is time enough to think about it; M. Gardanne has, perhaps, made no decision himself; for it is certain that he never saw me before.'—'True; but if that be your only excuse, it is possible it may not be of long duration: I do not, however, require an immediate answer. Revolve the matter in your mind, and two days hence let me know what you think about it.' On saying this, my mother kissed my forehead, and withdrew.

Reason and nature concur so well in pursuading a prudent and modest young woman that she ought to marry, that all deliberation upon the subject is necessarily confined to the choice of a mate. Now, as to this choice, the arguments of my mother were by no means destitute of force. I considered, besides, that my provisional acceptance, however it might be construed, could never amount to a positive engagement; and that it would be absurd to suppose me under contract, because I might consent to see the person proposed at my father's house. I was sensible too, if I should dislike him, no consideration upon earth could induce me to accept his hand. I determined then, within myself, not to say no, but to wait till we should become better acquainted.

We were just on the point of setting off for the country, where we were to pass a fortnight. I thought it would be improper to delay our journey in expectation of a suitor, and my mother was of

of the ſame opinion; but when we were on the eve of our departure, Mademoiſelle de la Barre came in great form to demand my hand in the doctor's name. My parents anſwered in the general terms that people employ when they wiſh it to be underſtood that their conſent will depend upon further conſideration. Permiſſion, however, was aſked, and granted, for the lover to pay his reſpects in perſon. Mademoiſelle Deſportes, with her uſual formality, concluded it was her buſineſs to be his conductor; and a family collation, at which Mademoiſelle de la Barre and one of my female relations were preſent, ſerved to celebrate the gentleman's ceremonious entry into my father's houſe. The next day we ſet off for the country, on purpoſe to paſs there the preciſe time neceſſary for inquiries. The ſecond interview made no greater impreſſion upon me than the firſt; but I thought I could perceive that Gardanne was a ſenſible man, with whom a rational woman might live upon good terms; and, like an unexperienced girl, I concluded that when once it was poſſible to reaſon and underſtand one another, a ſufficient proviſion was made for matrimonial bliſs.

My mother was afraid that he ſhowed ſigns of an imperious diſpoſition; an idea that never came into my mind: accuſtomed to watch over myſelf, to regulate my affections, and to keep my imagination within bounds, and impreſſed with a ſtrong ſenſe of the rigour and ſublimity of the duties of a

wife, I could not underſtand what difference a diſpoſition, a little more or a little leſs indulgent, could make to me, nor what more could be required of me than I required of myſelf. I reaſoned like a philoſopher who calculates, or like a recluſe equally a ſtranger to the paſſions, and to mankind. I took my tranquil, affectionate, generous, and candid heart, as a common meaſure of the moral qualities of my ſpecies. I continued a long while to be guilty of that fault. It was the only ſource of my errors. I haſten to point it out: it is giving beforehand the key of my ſcrutoire. I carried with me into the country a ſort of inquietude: it was not that gentle agitation with which the beauties of nature uſually inſpired me, and which rendered its charms ſtill more grateful to my feelings. I found myſelf upon the eve of a new exiſtence: I was going, perhaps, to quit my excellent mother, my darling ſtudies, my beloved retirement, and a ſort of independence, for a ſtate which I could not well define, and which would impoſe on me the moſt important obligations. I thought it an honour to have them to diſcharge, and was proud of being able to undertake them; but the proſpect was clouded, and I experienced all the hopes and fears of incertitude. Mademoiſelle Deſportes had made me promiſe to write to her; and I kept my word: but, at the end of a fortnight, I heard ſhe was very much afflicted. My father, who did every thing by rule, would never have believed

that

that he had married his daughter properly, and fulfilled the duty of a parent, if he had not made his cuſtomary inquiries in due form. Gardanne had been introduced by one of our relations, who knew his family, and was intimate with himſelf. All poſſible information had been afforded, but it did not ſignify; my father had written to three or four perſons in Provence, at the very beginning of the buſineſs, to inquire into the moſt minute particulars of the doctor's family and habits. During our abſence, his vigilance did not even ſtop there: he employed a variety of little manœuvres, in order to learn from ſervants and tradeſmen, the temper and way of life of his future ſon-in-law. Nor was that all; he went to pay him a viſit; and, with an addreſs equal to that which he had made uſe of in his inquiries, when he let every body ſee why he was making them, he affected to be very well informed. He mentioned to Gardanne in an awkward way, and as a man whom he ought to reſpect, one of his countrymen with whom he was at variance, and added premature advice to his remarks in the authoritative tone of a father. Gardanne received at one and the ſame time, letters from the country, rallying him upon the inquiries to which he gave occaſion, intelligence of the inquiſition carrying on concerning his private affairs, and the pedagogical exhortation of his intended father-in-law. Diſtreſſed, vexed, and irritated, he

went to Mademoiſelle Deſportes, and complained, with all the warmth of a native of the ſouth, of the ſtrange conduct of a man, whoſe amiable daughter had no other fault than that of having ſo ſingular a father. Mademoiſelle Deſportes, fiery, as well as himſelf, and full of pride, was much diſpleaſed at his being ſo little in love with her couſin as to complain of trifles like theſe, and gave him a very indifferent reception. The very moment theſe circumſtances came to my knowledge, I eagerly embraced the opportunity of putting an end to my incertitude; and wrote to ſay, that on my return, I hoped to ſee no more of my phyſical ſuitor. Such was the *denouement* of a marriage which it was intended to hurry on with ſo much ſpeed, that Gardanne expected to conclude the buſineſs in a week after my return. I congratulated myſelf on eſcaping ties, that my friends would fain have drawn cloſely in ſo ſudden a manner; my mother, alarmed at the doctor's warmth of temper, felt as if delivered from ſome dreadful danger, though grieving a little on other accounts; my father endeavoured to conceal his ſhame and diſappointment under the veil of lordly dignity; and my couſin preſerved hers by forbidding the doctor to ſet his foot in her houſe. Five years after Mademoiſelle de la Barre told her, that this marriage was written in heaven; that her friend kept himſelf free from all other engagements;

ments; and that the hand of Providence was preparing to bring us together, by means inſcrutable to human eyes.

What an excellent prophecy! It was as good as Ninon's billet to the Marquis de la Châſtre.

My mother's health began inſenſibly to decline. She had had a ſtroke of the palſy, which was repreſented to me as the rheumatiſm, a pious fraud, in which, without flattering herſelf, ſhe willingly joined, in order to prevent my taking any alarm. Serious and taciturn, ſhe every day loſt a portion of her vivacity; was fond of ſecluding herſelf from the world; and obliged me, ſometimes, to go out with the maid, refuſing to quit her apartment. She often talked of my changing my condition, and lamented I could not prevail on myſelf to cloſe with any of the offers that were made me. One day in particular, ſhe urged me, with melancholy earneſtneſs, to accept an honeſt jeweller who had demanded my hand: 'He has in his favour,' ſaid ſhe, 'great reputation for integrity, habits of ſobriety, and mildneſs of diſpoſition, with an eaſy fortune, which may become brilliant; and that circumſtance makes part of the merit of a man, who is not remarkable for his perſonal advantages. He knows that yours is not a common mind, profeſſes great eſteem for you, will be proud of following your advice, and ſays already, that he would not object to his wife's ſuckling her children. You might lead him

him any way you like.'—' Why, mamma, I do not want a huſband who is to be led; he would be too cumberſome a child for me.'—' Do you know that you are a very whimſical girl? for after all you would not like a maſter.'—' My dear mother, let us underſtand one another: I ſhould not like a man to give himſelf airs of authority: he would only teach me to reſiſt; but at the ſame time, I ſhould not like a huſband whom it would be neceſſary to govern. Either I am much miſtaken, or thoſe beings five foot and a half high, with beards upon their chins, ſeldom fail to make us perceive that they are the ſtronger. Now if the good man ſhould think proper to remind me of that ſuperiority, he would provoke me; and if he ſhould ſubmit to be governed, I ſhould be aſhamed of my own power.'—' I underſtand you; you would like a man to think himſelf the maſter, while obeying you in every thing.'—' No, it is not that either: I hate ſervitude, but I do not think myſelf made for empire; it would only embarraſs me; my reaſon finds it quite enough to take care of myſelf. I ſhould wiſh to gain the affections of a man ſo completely worthy of my eſteem, that I might be proud of my complaiſance; of a man who would make his happineſs conſiſt in contributing to mine, in the way that his good ſenſe and affection might think meet.'—' Happineſs, daughter, does not always conſiſt in that perfect conformity of ideas and affections which you imagine;

if

if without that it could not exiſt, there would be hardly any ſuch thing as a happy couple.'—'Neither do I know any whoſe happineſs I envy.'—'Perhaps ſo; but ſtill among thoſe matches you do not envy, there may be many preferable to always living ſingle. I may be called out of the world ſooner than you imagine; you would remain with your father; he is ſtill young, and you cannot imagine all the diſagreeable things that my fondneſs for you makes me fear. How happy ſhould I be, if I could but leave you united to an honeſt man, when I depart from this world.' Theſe laſt ideas afflicted me beyond meaſure: my mother ſeemed to lift up the veil that concealed a ſad and dreadful futurity, which I did not even apprehend. I had never thought of loſing her; and the mere idea of ſuch an event, which ſhe ſpoke of as approaching, ſtruck me with terror; a cold ſhivering ſeized my whole frame; I gazed upon her with wild and eager eyes, from which her ſmiles drew forth a flood of tears. 'What! you are alarmed? as if, in taking our reſolutions, we ought not to calculate all poſſible chances. I am not ill, though at a critical time of life, of which the revolutions frequently prove fatal; but it is in health that we ought to provide againſt ſickneſs, and the preſent occaſion makes it peculiarly neceſſary. An honeſt and worthy man offers you his hand; you are turned of twenty, and will no longer ſee ſo many ſuitors as have tendered you their homage

homage during the laſt five years. I may be ſnatched away—do not then reject a huſband, who has not, it is true, the delicacy on which you ſet ſo great a value (a quality very rare, even where we look for it the moſt); but he is a man who will love you, and with whom you may be happy.'—'Yes, mamma,' cried I with a deep ſigh, 'happy as you have been!' My mother was diſconcerted, and made me no reply, nor from that moment did ſhe ever open her lips to me about that or any other match, at leaſt in a preſſing manner. The remark had eſcaped me, as the expreſſion of an acute feeling eſcapes us when we have not taken time to reflect: the effect it produced convinced me that it was too true.

A ſtranger might have perceived at the firſt glance the great difference between my father and mother: but who could feel like me all the excellence of the latter? I had not, however, fully calculated all ſhe muſt have had to ſuffer. Accuſtomed from my infancy to ſee the moſt profound peace prevail in the houſe, I could not judge of the painful efforts it might coſt to maintain it. My father loved his wife, and was tenderly fond of me. Never—I will not ſay a reproach—but never did even a look of diſcontent break in upon the good humour of my mother. When ſhe was not of her huſband's opinion, and could not prevail upon him to modify it, ſhe appeared to paſs ſentence upon her own without the ſmalleſt reluctance.

It

It was only during the latter years of her life, that, feeling myſelf hurt by my father's mode of reaſoning, I ſometimes took the liberty to interfere in the diſcuſſion: by degrees I gained a certain ſort of aſcendance, and availed myſelf of it with conſiderable freedom. Whether it was the novelty of my enterpriſe that confounded him, or whether it was weakneſs, I know not, but my father yielded to me more readily than to his wife; I always exerted my influence in her defence; and might not unaptly have been termed my mother's watch-dog. It was no longer ſafe to moleſt her in my preſence—either by barking, or by pulling the ſkirt of the coat, or by ſhewing my teeth in good earneſt, I was ſure to make the aſſailant let go his hold. It is worthy of remark, that, being no leſs reſerved than my mother in regard to her huſband, I never ſaid a word to her in private, and out of his hearing, that was not conſiſtent with filial reſpect. I employed in her defence the force, I will ſay even the authority of reaſon, when addreſs did not ſuffice; but when we were alone I ſhould not have dared to utter a word relative to what had paſſed. For her ſake I could enter the liſts even againſt her huſband; but that huſband, when abſent, was no longer any thing but my father, about whom we were both ſilent, unleſs when any thing could be ſaid in his praiſe. I could perceive, however, that he had loſt by degrees his habits of induſtry. Pariſh buſineſs having firſt called him from home; ſauntering abroad afterwards

wards became a paſſion. All public ſpectacles, and every thing that was paſſing out of doors, attracted his attention; a paſſion for gaming next laid hold of him; connexions made at the coffee-houſe led him elſewhere; and the lottery held out temptations, which he could not reſiſt. The deſire of making a fortune having engaged him in ſpeculations, quite foreign to his profeſſion, and not always ſucceſsful, that deſire, when once he had loſt his aſſiduity, made him ſet every thing at hazard. In proportion as his art was leſs exerciſed, his talents diminiſhed; and by leading a leſs regular life, he impaired his faculties: his ſight grew weak, and his hand loſt its ſteadineſs. His pupils being leſs ſuperintended by their maſter, became leſs able to ſupply his place; and it was ſoon found neceſſary to diminiſh their number, becauſe the tide of buſineſs neceſſarily flowed elſewhere. Thoſe changes took place by inſenſible degrees, and their effect became very perceptible, before any one had calculated all its conſequences. My mother grew penſive, and began now and then to give me imperfect intimations of her uneaſineſs, which I was fearful of increaſing by ſpeaking of what neither ſhe nor I could prevent. I was careful to procure her every ſatisfaction that depended upon me; and as ſhe was grown averſe to walking, I ſometimes conſented to leave her, in order to go abroad with my father, whom I requeſted to take me out for a walk. He no longer ſought to have me with him as formerly; but he ſtill took a

pleaſure in attending me, and I uſed to bring him back in a ſort of triumph to that excellent mother whoſe tender emotions I could eaſily perceive whenever ſhe ſaw us together. We were not always gainers by it; for my father, that he might neither refuſe his daughter, nor be diſappointed of his pleaſures, would firſt ſee me ſafe home, and then go out again, for an inſtant, as he ſaid; but inſtead of returning to ſupper, he would forget the hour, and not come home till midnight. In the mean time we had been weeping in ſilence; and if it happened to me, on his return, to repreſent to him our chagrin, he treated the matter lightly, parrying my gentle reproaches by raillery, or elſe retired in the ſilence of diſcontent. Our domeſtic happineſs was buried beneath theſe clouds; but the peace of the family remained unaltered, ſo that an indifferent ſpectator would not have perceived the changes that were daily taking place.

My mother had ſuffered conſiderably, for more than a year, from a kind of obſtruction in the reſpiratory paſſages, which reſembled a cold in the head, but of which her phyſicians were totally unable to imagine the cauſe. After various remedies, they recommended exerciſe, which ſhe was no longer fond of, and country air. That was juſt before Whitſuntide of the year 1775, and it was agreed that we ſhould paſs the holidays at Meudon. On the Sunday morning I did not wake, as I was accuſtomed to do when any of thoſe rural excurſions

curſions were in agitation: I was overcome by broken and uneaſy ſleep, and tormented by ill-omened dreams. I thought we were returning to Paris by water, in the midſt of a ſtorm; and upon getting out of the boat, a corpſe that was dragging aſhore impeded my way. I was terrified at the ſight, and was endeavouring to find out whoſe body it could be.—At that very inſtant, my mother, laying her hand lightly upon my legs, and calling me with her ſoft voice, put an end to my dream. I was as much rejoiced at ſeeing her, as if ſhe had ſaved me from the moſt imminent danger; I ſtretched out my arms, and embraced her with emotion, telling her ſhe had done me great kindneſs by waking me. I got up; we made our arrangements, and ſet off. The weather was fine, the air calm, a little boat conveyed us ſpeedily to the place of our deſtination, and the charms of the country reſtored my ſerenity. My mother was the better for the journey; and reſumed a portion of her activity. It was on the ſecond day we diſcovered Ville-bonne, and the water-bailiff of the Moulin Rouge. I had promiſed my Agatha to call upon her the day after the holydays; we returned on Tueſday evening; and my mother purpoſed accompanying me to the convent; but being a little fatigued with the exerciſe of the preceding days, ſhe changed her mind at the moment I was ſetting off, and deſired the maid to accompany me. I then wiſhed to ſtay at home; but ſhe inſiſted on my keeping

keeping my word; adding, that I well knew ſhe had no objection to being alone, and that if deſirous of taking a turn in the *Jardin du Roi*, I was free ſo to do.

My viſit to Agatha was a ſhort one: 'Why are you in ſuch haſte?' ſaid ſhe; 'does any one expect you?'—'No; but I am anxious to return to my mother.'—'Why, you told me ſhe was well.'—'I did ſo; nor does ſhe expect me ſo ſoon; but I know not what it is that torments me: I ſhall not be eaſy till I ſee her again.' On ſaying this, I felt my heart ſwell, as it were, in ſpite of me.

It may, perhaps, be ſuppoſed theſe circumſtances are added by the reflection of a ſentiment, which lends its colour to preceding incidents.—I am no more than a faithful hiſtorian, and relate facts, which the event alone afterwards recalled to my mind.

It muſt certainly have appeared from the expoſition of my opinions, and ſtill more from the ſucceſſive developement of the ideas I had acquired, that I was at that time no more infected with certain prejudices, than I am now with ſuperſtition. Accordingly, in reflecting upon what are called *preſentiments*, I have often thought they are nothing more than rapid glances caught by perſons of quick perception and exquiſite feelings, of a multitude of things which are ſcarcely perceptible, which cannot even be deſcribed, which are rather felt than underſtood, and from which an affection reſults that

is not to be accounted for, although it is afterwards juſtified by the event.

The more lively the intereſt any object inſpires, the ſtronger is our perception or ſenſibility in regard to that object, and the more we have of thoſe phyſical notices, if I may be allowed the expreſſion, which are afterwards called preſentiments, and which the antients conſidered as auguries, or intimations given by the gods.

My mother was to me the deareſt object upon earth: ſhe was drawing near her end without any external ſign that might ſerve to announce it to common obſervers: nor had my attention yet diſtinguiſhed any thing that clearly indicated ſo dreadful a blow; but doubtleſs ſome ſlight alterations muſt have taken place in her, by which I was agitated without knowing why: I could not ſay that I was uneaſy, becauſe I ſhould not have known why; but my mind was not at peace; my heart frequently ſunk within me while looking at her; and whenever I left her I experienced a diſagreeable feeling that made me impatient to return. When I was taking leave of Agatha, there was ſomething ſo ſingular in my manner, that ſhe begged me to let her hear from me immediately. I hurried home notwithſtanding the obſervations of the maid, who was of opinion that a walk in the *Jardin du Roi* would be very pleaſant at that time of day. I came to the houſe, and found a little girl of the neighbourhood ſtanding at the door:—'Ah! Mademoiſelle,'

moiſelle,' exclaimed ſhe, on ſeeing me, 'your mamma is taken very ill; ſhe has been for my mother, who is gone up ſtairs with her to her apartment.' Struck with affright, I uttered a few inarticulate ſounds: I ran, I flew into the room; and there I found my mother in an armed-chair, with her head fallen on her ſhoulder, her eyes wild, her mouth open, and her arms hanging down. On ſeeing me her countenance brightened; ſhe endeavoured to ſpeak, but her tongue could with difficulty utter a few half-formed words: ſhe wiſhed to ſay, that ſhe was waiting for me with impatience; ſhe made an effort to raiſe her arms; one only obeyed the impulſe of her will; ſhe laid her hand on my face, wiped away the tears that bedewed it with her fingers; tapped me gently on the cheek, as if to comfort me; an effort to ſmile appeared in her countenance; ſhe tried to ſpeak:—vain efforts! the palſy tied her tongue, ſunk her head, and annihilated half her body. Neither Hungary water, nor ſalt put into her mouth, nor friction, produced any effect. In an inſtant I had diſpatched meſſengers for my father, and the phyſician; I had darted like lightning myſelf to fetch two grains of tartar emetic from the next apothecary's. The phyſician came; my mother was put into bed; and medicines were adminiſtered: the diſorder notwithſtanding made a dreadful progreſs. Her eyes were cloſed; her head, ſunk upon her cheſt, could no longer ſupport itſelf; and her ſhort and convul-

ſive breathing indicated a general oppreſſion of the whole body. She heard however what was ſaid, and when aſked if ſhe felt much pain, pointed out the ſeat of her ſufferings by putting her left hand to her forehead. I was inexpreſſibly active; I ordered every thing, and had always done it myſelf before it could be done by any other perſon: I appeared not to quit her bed ſide, and yet I prepared for her every thing ſhe wanted. About ten o'clock in the evening I ſaw the phyſician take my father and two or three women aſide; I begged to know what he had propoſed; and was told that they had ſent for the extreme unction:—I thought it was all a dream. The prieſt came, began to pray, and performed a ceremony I did not underſtand, while I held a light to him, in obedience to a mere mechanical impulſe. Standing at the foot of the bed without anſwering, or giving way to thoſe who wiſhed to take my place, with my eyes fixed on my adored and dying mother, and entirely occupied by a ſingle ſentiment, which at length ſuſpended all my faculties, I let the candle drop out of my hand, and fell ſenſeleſs on the floor. I was carried off, and found myſelf, ſome time afterwards, in the parlour adjoining to my bed-chamber, ſurrounded by the family. I turned my eyes towards the door; I roſe from my ſeat; and finding myſelf held back, made ſuppliant geſtures to obtain permiſſion to return. A ſolemn ſilence, and a mournful, but conſtant oppoſition, counteracted my deſire. I regained my ſtrength; I begged; I in-

ſiſted; but they were inexorable; and I broke out into a ſort of rage. At that inſtant my father walked into the room, pale and ſpeechleſs with grief; and anſwered to the ſilent inquiry that every one ſeemed to make, by a look which drew forth a general exclamation of ſorrow. The conſternation of thoſe around me gave me an opportunity of getting away; I ruſhed forth impetuouſly: my mother —ſhe was no more! I lifted up her arms; I could not believe it: I opened and cloſed alternately thoſe eyes that were never to ſee me again, and that were wont to rivet themſelves upon me with ſuch endearing tenderneſs: I called her; I threw myſelf upon her bed in a tranſport of grief; I preſſed my lips to hers; I ſeparated them; I endeavoured to inhale death: I hoped to draw it in with my breath, and inſtantly to expire. I know not well what followed; I only remember, that towards the morning I found myſelf at a neighbour's, whither M. Beſnard came, who had me put into a carriage, and conveyed me to his houſe. We alighted; my great aunt embraced me in ſilence; ſet me down at a little table; offered me ſomething to drink, and entreated me to take it. I tried to gratify her, and fainted away. They put me to bed, and there I paſſed a fortnight, between life and death, in the moſt dreadful convulſions. The phyſical ſenſation which I remember, was that of a continual ſuffocation; and my reſpiration, as I was afterwards told, was a kind of howling, that was heard

in

in the ſtreet: I had ſuffered a revolution, which my ſituation rendered ſtill more critical, and from which I was only ſaved by a ſtrong conſtitution, and by the boundleſs attentions that were laviſhed on me. My reſpectable relations removed their beds into little cloſets, to afford me a more comfortable lodging: they ſeemed to have aſſumed new vigour, in order to redeem me from the grave; and would not permit any thing to be offered me by a mercenary hand. They inſiſted upon waiting on me themſelves, and would only conſent to be aſſiſted by my couſin, a young woman of the name of Trude, who came every evening to paſs the night with me, lying in the ſame bed, and careful to anticipate and relieve the fits of convulſion with which I was frequently ſeized.

Eight days had elapſed, and I had not ſhed a tear: great ſorrows, alas! are not relieved ſo eaſily.—(The ſcalding drops, at this moment, are ſtreaming down my cheeks; for I dread an evil ſtill greater than what I ſuffer. All my hopes and wiſhes were centred in the ſafety of what I love; and its fate is become more uncertain than ever! Calamities ſpreading like a dark and dreadful cloud, are ready to envelope all that was dear to me; and I labour, with difficulty and pain, to divert my attention from the preſent, by obliging myſelf to retrace the paſt.)—

An epiſtle from Sophy came to open the ſource of my tears; the ſoothing voice and tender expreſſions of friendſhip recalled my faculties, and ſpoke con-

conſolation to my heart. They produced an effect, which the warm bath, and the medical art, had courted in vain: a new revolution took place; I wept, and was ſaved. The ſuffocation diminiſhed; all the dangerous ſymptoms abated, and the convulſions became leſs frequent; but every painful impreſſion was ſure to bring on a fit.

My father preſented himſelf to me in the ſad apparel, that teſtified a loſs, common to us both, but unequally felt: he undertook to conſole me, by repreſenting that Providence diſpoſed every thing for the beſt, even in our calamities; that my mother had fulfilled the taſk aſſigned her in this world, the education of her child; and that ſince heaven had decreed I ſhould loſe one of my parents, it was better the one ſhould remain who could be moſt uſeful to my fortune. My loſs was certainly irreparable, even in that reſpect, as the event fully proved; but I did not then make the reflection: I only felt the inefficiency of this pretended conſolation, ſo little adapted to my way of thinking; and meaſured, perhaps, for the firſt time, the diſtance that ſeparated my father from myſelf. It ſeemed as if he was tearing away the reverential veil, under which I had hitherto conſidered him: I found myſelf completely an orphan, ſince my mother was gone, and my father could never underſtand me: a new kind of grief oppreſſed my afflicted heart: and I fell again into the deepeſt deſpair. The tears, however of my

couſin,

couſin, and the ſorrow of my worthy relations, ſtill offered me occaſions of tender emotion; they had their effect, and I was ſnatched from the dangers that threatened my exiſtence. Why, alas! at that period did it not terminate? It was my firſt affliction; by how many others has it been followed?

Here concludes the ſerene and ſplendid æra of that tranquil life, paſſed in peace and in the enjoyment of bliſsful affections and beloved occupations, and reſembling the beautiful mornings of ſpring, when the ſerentity of the ſky, the purity of the air, the verdure of the foliage, and the fragrance of plants and flowers, enchant all animated nature, develope exiſtence, and confer happineſs by promiſing it.

END OF THE THIRD PART.

Printed by Luke Hanſard,
Great Turnſtile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

PART THE FOURTH.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS.

SECTION III.

Priſon of St. Pélagie,
Aug. 9, 1793.

MY mother was not more than fifty years of age when I was deprived of her in ſo cruel a manner. An abſceſs in her head, which proceeded from an unknown cauſe, and which was only diſcovered by a diſcharge from her noſe and ears that took place at her death, accounted for the ſtrange obſtruction of the reſpiratory paſſages, with which ſhe had been ſo long afflicted: but for this incidental diſeaſe, it is probable that the ſecond ſtroke of the palſy would not have been attended with fatal conſequences. Her cheerful countenance and freſh complexion did not announce ſo untimely a death; her ailments appeared to be thoſe of a time of life which women ſeldom attain without ſuffering a conſiderable change of conſtitution; and the melancholy, and even the deſpondency that I had remarked for ſome time before, were ſufficiently accounted for by moral cauſes, of which I was but too well aware.

Our laſt excurſions into the country ſeemed to have given her new life: the very day ſhe was torn from me I had left her in good health at three in the afternoon: I returned at half paſt five—the hand of death was already upon her, and at midnight ſhe was no more. Poor playthings of unpitying fate! why are ſentiments ſo lively, and ſuch momentous projects, attached to an exiſtence ſo frail?

Thus was ſnatched from the world one of the beſt and moſt amiable women that ever inhabited it. Nothing brilliant rendered her remarkable, but every thing tended to endear her the moment ſhe was known. Naturally wiſe and good, virtue did not ſeem to coſt her any effort; ſhe found means to render it amiable and gentle, like herſelf. Prudent, calm, and tender-hearted, without being ſubject to any exceſs of ſenſibility, her pure and tranquil ſpirit purſued its even courſe like the docile ſtream that bathes with equal gentleneſs the foot of the rock which holds it captive, and the valley which at once it enriches and adorns. Her ſudden death made me experience the moſt heart-rending pangs, and moſt violent tranſports of grief.

'It is a good thing to poſſeſs ſenſibility; it is unfortunate to have ſo much of it,' ſaid, mournfully at my ſide, the Abbé Legrand, who came to ſee me at the houſe of my aged relations. When I began to recover, they haſtened to invite, and to receive in ſucceſſion, the different perſons with whom I was acquainted, on purpoſe to familiarize me with external objects. I ſeemed not to exiſt in that world where I was placed: abſorbed by my ſorrow, I ſcarcely perceived what was paſſing

paſſing around me. I did not ſpeak, or, if I did, my replying to my own thoughts, inſtead of attending to thoſe of others, made me appear like a diſtracted creature. Then again the beloved image which was always preſent to my mind, recalling by ſtarts the dreadful idea of my loſs, ſudden ſhrieks eſcaped me, my out-ſtretched arms ſtiffened, and I fainted away.

Although incapable of any application, I had lucid intervals, in which I perceived the ſorrow of my relations, their affection, and the kind attentions of my couſin; and in which I tried all I could to diminiſh their anxiety. The Abbé Legrand poſſeſſed ſagacity enough to judge that it was neceſſary to talk to me a great deal concerning my mother, in order to render me capable of thinking of any thing elſe. Accordingly he converſed with me about her, and led me inſenſibly to reflections and ideas, which, without being foreign to the ſubject, baniſhed the habitual recollection of my loſs. As ſoon as he believed me ſufficiently recovered to look at a book, he conceived the idea of bringing me the Héloïſe of *Jean Jaques Rouſſeau*; and the peruſal of it was in truth the firſt alleviation of my ſorrow. I was then twenty-one years of age: I had read a great deal; I was acquainted with a conſiderable number of writers, hiſtorians, learned men, and philoſophers: but Rouſſeau made an impreſſion on my mind ſimilar to that which Plutarch had done when I was eight years old. It appeared that this was the intellectual food that ſuited me, and the interpreter of ideas which I entertained before; but which he alone had the art of explaining to my ſatisfaction.

Plutarch had prepared me to become a republican; he had called forth that vigour and elevation of mind which conſtitute the character; and had inſpired me with a real enthuſiaſm in favour of freedom and of public virtue. Rouſſeau pointed out the domeſtic happineſs to which I had a right to aſpire, and the ineffable enjoyments which I was capable of taſting. Ah! while able to put me more effectually upon my guard againſt what is called an *indiſcretion*, why was it not alſo in his power to protect me againſt a ſerious attachment? I brought into that corrupt world in which I was doomed to live, and into the revolution which I was then far from foreſeeing, a mind ſtored long beforehand with all that could render me capable of great ſacrifices, and expoſe me to great misfortunes. Death will only be the period of both. I expect it, and I ſhould not have thought of filling up the ſhort interval which ſeparates us with the recital of my own ſtory, if Calumny had not dragged me forward on the ſtage, on purpoſe to make a more cruel attack upon thoſe whom ſhe ſeeks to ruin. I take a pleaſure in publiſhing truths that intereſt not myſelf alone; and am determined not to conceal a ſingle fact, that their connexion may ſerve to give them demonſtration.

I did not return to my father's without experiencing the ſenſations always inſpired by the ſight of thoſe places which we have been accuſtomed to inhabit in company with friends who are no more. The ill-judged precaution of removing my mother's portrait had been taken, as if the vacancy were not more calculated than the picture itſelf to awaken a painful

recollection of my loſs. I inſtantly demanded it, and it was reſtored.

Domeſtic cares devolving entirely on me, I made them my occupation; but they were not very numerous in a family conſiſting of only three perſons. I never could comprehend how the attention of a woman who poſſeſſes method and activity, can be engroſſed by them, let her houſehold be as conſiderable as it may; for ſuppoſing it great, there is a great number of perſons to take part of them off her hands; and nothing is wanting but a proper diſtribution of employments, and a ſmall ſhare of vigilance. In the different ſituations of the kind, in which I have found myſelf, nothing has ever been done but by my orders: and yet when thoſe cares gave me the moſt occupation, they ſcarcely ever conſumed more than two hours a day. People who know how to employ themſelves, always find leiſure moments, while thoſe who do nothing are in want of time for every thing. Beſides, it is not ſurpriſing that the women who pay or receive uſeleſs viſits, or who think themſelves badly dreſſed if they have not devoted a great deal of time to their toilet, ſhould find the days long and tireſome, and at the ſame time too ſhort for the performance of their duties; but I have ſeen what are termed notable women rendered inſupportable to the world, and even to their huſbands, by a fatiguing pre-occupation about their trifling concerns. I know nothing ſo diſguſting as this ridiculous conduct, nor ſo well calculated to render a man attached to any other woman rather than to his wife. She muſt, no doubt, appear to him a fit

perſon for his houſekeeper; but it is not likely to cure him of the deſire of ſeeking more amiable accompliſhments elſewhere.

I think that a wife ſhould keep the linen and clothes in order, or cauſe them ſo to be kept, ſuckle her children, give directions concerning the cookery, or ſuperintend it herſelf, but without ſaying a word about it, and with ſuch a command of temper, and ſuch a management of her time, as may leave her the means of talking of other matters, and of pleaſing no leſs by her good humour, than by the graces natural to her ſex. I have already had occaſion to remark, that it is nearly the ſame in the government of ſtates as of families. Thoſe famous houſewives who are always expatiating on their labours, are ſure either to leave much in arrears, or to render themſelves tireſome to every one around them; and in like manner thoſe men in power, ſo talkative and ſo full of buſineſs, only make a mighty buſtle about the difficulties they are in, becauſe too awkward and too ignorant to remove them.

My ſtudies became dearer to me than ever, and conſtituted my conſolation. Left alone ſtill more than ever, and often in a melancholy humour, I found myſelf under the neceſſity of writing. I was fond of rendering an account of my own ideas to myſelf, and the intervention of my pen aſſiſted me in putting them in order. When I did not employ it, I was rather loſt in reveries than engaged in meditation; but with my pen I kept my imagination within bounds, and purſued a regular chain of reaſoning. I had already begun to

make

make ſome collections, which I have ſince augmented, and entitled, 'The Works of Leiſure Hours, and various Reflections.' I had nothing further in view than to fix my opinions, and to have witneſſes of my ſentiments, when on ſome future day I might confront them with one another, ſo that their gradations or their changes might ſerve me at once as a leſſon and a record. I have a pretty large packet of theſe juvenile works piled up in the duſty corner of my library, or perhaps in a garret. Never, however, did I feel the ſmalleſt temptation to become an author: I perceived at a very early period, that a woman who acquires the title loſes far more than ſhe gains. She forfeits the affection of the male ſex, and provokes the criticiſm of her own. If her works be bad, ſhe is ridiculed, and not without reaſon; if good, her right to them is diſputed; or if envy be forced to acknowledge the beſt part to be her own, her character, her morals, her conduct, and her talents, are ſcrutinized in ſueh a manner that the reputation of her genius is fully counterbalanced by the publicity given to her defects.

Beſides, my happineſs was my chief concern; and I never ſaw the public intermeddle with that of any one without marring it. I know nothing ſo agreeable as to be rated at our full worth by the people with whom we live; nor any thing ſo empty as the admiration of a few perſons whom we are never likely to meet again.

Ah, my God! what an injury was done me by thoſe who took upon them to withdraw the veil under which I wiſhed to lie concealed! During twelve years of my

life I ſhared in my huſband's labours as I participated in his repaſts, becauſe one was as natural to me as the other. If any part of his works happened to be quoted, in which particular graces of ſtyle were diſcovered; or if a flattering reception was given to any of the academic trifles, that he took a pleaſure in tranſmitting to the learned ſocieties, of which he was a member; I partook of his ſatisfaction, without remarking that it was my own compoſition; and not unfrequently he brought himſelf to believe that he had been in a happier diſpoſition than uſual when he had written a paſſage, which in reality proceeded from *my* pen. If, during his adminiſtration, an occaſion occurred for the expreſſion of great and ſtriking truths, I poured forth my whole ſoul upon the paper; and it was but natural that its effuſions ſhould be preferable to the laborious teemings of a ſecretary's brain. I loved my country; I was an enthuſiaſt in the cauſe of liberty; I was unacquainted with any intereſt or any paſſions that could enter into competition with that enthuſiaſm; my language conſequently could not but be pure and pathetic, as it was that of the heart and of truth.

I was ſo taken up with the importance of my ſubject, that I had not a thought to throw away upon myſelf. Once only I was diverted by a curious coincidence of circumſtances: That was while writing to the pope, to claim the French artiſts impriſoned at Rome. A letter to the pope, in the name of the Executive Council of France, ſketched ſecretly by the hand of a woman, in the humble cloſet, which Marat was pleaſed

to

to term a *boudoir* *, appeared to me ſo ſtrange a thing, that I laughed heartily after I had finiſhed it. The pleaſure of thoſe contraſts conſiſted in their ſecrecy; but that was neceſſarily leſs attainable in a ſituation which was no longer that of a private individual, and where the eye of a clerk ſurveys the hand-writing he is copying. There is nothing ſingular however in all this, unleſs it be its novelty. Why ſhould not a woman act as ſecretary to her huſband without depriving him of any portion of his merit? It is well known that miniſters cannot do every thing themſelves; and ſurely, if the wives of thoſe of the old government, or even of the new, had been capable of making draughts of letters, of official diſpatches, or of proclamations, their time would have been better employed in ſo doing, than in ſoliciting and intriguing firſt for one *friend*, and then for another: the one excludes the other by the very nature of things. If thoſe who found me out had formed a right judgment of things, they would have ſaved me from a ſort of celebrity, to which I never aſpired: inſtead of now ſpending my time in refuting falſehood, I ſhould be reading a chapter of Montaigne, painting a flower, or playing an ariette; and ſhould thus beguile the ſolitude of my priſon, without ſitting down to write my confeſſion. But I am anticipating a period which I had not as yet attained; I remark it without conſtraint, as I have done it without ſcruple: ſince I am the perſon to be deſcribed, it is neceſſary that I ſhould be exhi-

* A private apartment decked out with all the refinements of Aſiatic luxury, and conſecrated to voluptuouſneſs.—*Tranſ.*

bited

bited with all my irregularities. I do not conduct my pen, it carries me along with it wherever it pleases, and I let it have its own way.

My father seriously endeavoured, in the early part of his widowhood, to remain more at home than hitherto; but he was attacked by *ennui:* and when once the love of his profession proved insufficient to prevent that distemper of the mind, it was not at all surprising that my efforts to cure it should be of no avail. I wished to converse with him, but we had few ideas in common, and it is probable that he already inclined to a species of discourse in which he would not have wished to see me an adept. I often engaged him in a game of piquet, but a game of piquet with his daughter was hardly interesting enough to keep him awake; besides, he well knew that cards were my aversion, and in spite of my desire to persuade him that they afforded me entertainment, and in spite of my endeavours *really* to relish the pleasure of amusing him, he persisted in considering my playing as the mere effect of complaisance.

I could have wished to render his home agreeable to him; but the means were not in my power. My only acquaintances were my aged relations, whom we sometimes went to see, but who never stirred out of doors. It would have been well if he had formed a little society at home; but unfortunately, he had found one elsewhere, and was well aware of the impropriety of introducing such company to his daughter.—Was my mother really in the wrong in secluding herself from the world, and in not making her house gay enough to captivate her husband? This would be blaming her on

too

too ſlight grounds, and it would alſo be unjuſt to conſider my father as very reprehenſible on account of a few errors of which he himſelf became the victim.

There is ſuch a connexion between the evils which neceſſarily reſult from a firſt cauſe, that it always behoves us to revert to that original miſchief to account for all the reſt.

The legiſlators of the preſent day endeavour to form a general good, whence the happineſs of each individual is to ſpring; but I am greatly afraid that this is putting the cart before the horſe. It would be more conformable to nature, and perhaps to reaſon, to ſtudy well what conſtitutes domeſtic happineſs, and to enſure it to individuals in ſuch a way that the common felicity ſhould be compoſed of that of each citizen, and that all ſhould be intereſted in preſerving an order of things, to which ſuch bleſſings would be due. However ſpecious the written principles of a conſtitution may be, if I behold a portion of thoſe who have adopted it immerſed in grief and tears, I ſhall conſider it as no better than a political monſter; and if thoſe who do not weep, rejoice in the ſufferings of the reſt, I ſhall ſay that it is atrocious, and that its authors are either weak or wicked men.

In a marriage where the parties are ill-matched, the virtue of one of them may maintain order and peace; but the want of happineſs will be experienced ſooner or later, and produce inconveniences more or leſs to be deplored. The fabric of ſuch unions reſembles the ſyſtem of our modern politicians—it is defective at the baſe, and ſome day or other muſt needs tumble

tumble to the ground, in ſpite of the art employed in its conſtruction.

The perſons whom my mother would have naturally collected around her, would have been ſuch as reſembled herſelf; and theſe would not have tallied with the temper of my father; while, on the other hand, thoſe whom he would have wiſhed to receive as daily viſitors, would not only have been diſagreeable to my mother, but incompatible with the manner in which ſhe wiſhed to bring me up. It therefore behoved her to confine herſelf to her own family, and to cultivate only thoſe ſlight connexions which produce an acquaintance without creating an intimacy.

Every thing went on well, while my father, with an agreeable profeſſion and a young wife, found all the employment and all the pleaſure that were neceſſary to his happineſs within his own walls. But he was a year younger than my mother; ſhe began early in life to experience infirmities; various circumſtances combined to damp his ardour for labour; and the deſire of getting rich made him embark in ſeveral hazardous enterpriſes:—from that moment all was loſt. The love of labour is the principal virtue of ſocial man; it is more particularly that of an individual who does not poſſeſs a cultivated mind; the moment that his induſtry ſlackens, danger is at hand; if it totally ſubſide, he muſt become the prey of unruly paſſions, which are always the more fatal in proportion as he is leſs informed, becauſe he is conſequently leſs able to keep them within bounds.

Become a widower at the very period when he ſtood in need of new chains to attach him to his home, my

poor father kept a miſtreſs, that he might not preſent his daughter with a mother-in-law; he gamed, to indemnify himſelf for his loſs of buſineſs, and for his expences; and though ſtill an honeſt man, and ſtill fearful of wronging any one, he contrived to ruin himſelf by inſenſible degrees.

My relations, who were plain honeſt people, little verſed in pecuniary matters, and who confided in my father's fondneſs for his daughter, had neglected to demand an inventory * at the death of his wife; my intereſt appeared to be perfectly ſafe in his hands; and they would have thought ſuch a requeſt an injury to his honour. I had reaſon to think otherwiſe; but as I ſhould have deemed it indecent to reveal my ſuſpicions, I looked forward to the event in ſilent reſignation.

I was now become ſole miſtreſs of the houſe, and divided my time between my domeſtic occupations and my ſtudies, which I ſometimes quitted to give anſwers to thoſe who were vexed at finding my father ſo frequently from home. The number of his apprentices was reduced to two, who were nevertheleſs able to do all his buſineſs: one of them only boarded in the houſe.

Our ſervant, a little woman, fifty-five years of age, thin, alert, lively, and gay, was extremely attached to me, becauſe I rendered her life comfortable. When I

* In France there was generally a clauſe in the marriage contract, by which the huſband engaged to preſerve his wife's fortune, and all her *perſonal effects*, for her children, or to reſtore them to her relations in caſe ſhe left no iſſue.—*Tranſ.*

was

was unaccompanied by my father, she always attended me in my walks, which did not extend beyond the residence of my aged relations or the church. I had not been seized with a new fit of devotion; but what was no longer due to my mother's peace of mind, was still due to the good order of society, and to the edification of my fellow-creatures. Actuated by this principle, I carried with me to church, if not the tender piety of former days, at least as much decency, and the same air of attention. I did not indeed follow the priest in his recital of the service; but read some christian work. I still retained a great liking for St. Augustine; and assuredly there are fathers of the church, as well as others, whom a person may peruse without being a bigotted christian: there is food in them both for the heart and for the mind.

I wished to go through a course of preachers, living and dead, the eloquence of the pulpit being of such a nature as to enable great talents to display themselves in all their splendour. I had already read Bossuet and Flechier; I took a pleasure in reading them again with a more experienced eye, and made an acquaintance with Bourdaloue and Massillon. It was highly whimsical to see those pious personages marshalled on my little shelves in the same line with *The System of Nature*, Raynal, and De Pauw; but a thing still more so was, that by dint of reading sermons, the whim took me of writing one myself. I was vexed at our preachers always recurring to mysteries; it seemed to me that they ought to have composed moral discourses, in which the devil and the incarnation should have been left

left totally out of the queſtion: I therefore took up my pen to try what work I could make of it, and wrote a ſermon on *brotherly love*. It ſerved to amuſe my little uncle, who was become a canon of Vincennes, and who ſaid it was a pity that I had not thought of that ſpecies of compoſition at the time he was obliged to deliver diſcourſes from the pulpit, as in that caſe he would certainly have made uſe of mine.

I had often heard the logic of Bourdaloue highly extolled: I ventured however in ſome meaſure to differ from his admirers, and actually wrote a criticiſm on one of his moſt eſteemed diſcourſes; but I ſhowed it to no one. I was fond of rendering an account of my opinions to myſelf, without feeling the ſmalleſt wiſh to make a diſplay of my learning before any perſon whatever. Maſſillon, leſs lofty than Bourdaloue, and far more affecting, obtained the tribute of my praiſe. I was not then acquainted with the Proteſtant preachers, among whom Blair in particular has cultivated with equal ſimplicity and elegance that kind of pulpit oratory of which I conceived the exiſtence, and which I could have wiſhed to ſee in vogue.

As to the preachers of my own time, I heard the Abbé l'Enfant towards the end of his beſt days: politeneſs and reaſon appeared to me his leading characteriſtics. Father Elizée was already out of faſhion, notwithſtanding his excellent logic and the purity of his diction: his mind was too metaphyſical, and his delivery too ſimple, to captivate the vulgar for any length of time.

Paris in thoſe days was a ſingular place; that common ſewer of all the impurities of the kingdom, was

alſo the focus of taſte and knowledge: preacher or comedian, profeſſor or mountebank, whoever in ſhort poſſeſſed abilities, was ſure to find followers in his turn; but the firſt abilities in the univerſe could not long fix the public attention, for which novelty was always neceſſary, and which was attracted by noiſe no leſs than by merit. A certain Ex-Jeſuit, who was become a miſſionary, and made a parade of his going to court, ſucceeded by thoſe means in obtaining great popular applauſe. I went alſo to hear the Abbé de Beauregard: he was a little man, with a powerful voice, who declaimed with uncommon impudence, and with a vehemence equally extraordinary, retailing common-place obſervations in a tone of inſpiration, and ſupporting them by geſtures ſo terrible, that he perſuaded a great number of people they were the fineſt things in the world. I did not then perceive, as experience has taught me ſince, that men, aſſembled in great numbers, rather poſſeſs long ears than great judgment; that to aſtoniſh is to ſeduce them; and that whoever aſſumes the authority of commanding, diſpoſes them to obey; nor could I find utterance for my aſtoniſhment at the ſucceſs of this perſonage, who was either a great fanatic, or a great rogue, or perhaps both. I had not ſufficiently analyſed the circumſtances accompanying the harangues delivered from the tribunes of the ancient republics; if I had, I ſhould have formed a better judgment concerning the means of working upon the paſſions of the people. But I ſhall never forget a low fellow who ſtood directly oppoſite the pulpit in which Beauregard was acting the poſture-maſter, with his eyes fixed on the orator,

his

his mouth open, and involuntarily expreſſing his ſtupid admiration in the three following words, which I perfectly recollect: 'How he ſweats!' Such then are the means of impoſing upon the ignorant! and how much was Phocion in the right, when, ſurpriſed at finding himſelf applauded in an aſſembly of the people, he aſked his friends, if he had not ſaid ſome very fooliſh thing?

What an admirable *clubbiſt* would this M. de Beauregard have made; and how many members of the popular ſocieties, in their enthuſiaſm for brazen-faced babblers, have recalled to my mind the expreſſion of the man above mentioned: '*How he ſweats!*'

The danger I had been in had made ſome noiſe; it ſhould ſeem that it was conſidered either as very uncommon, or very meritorious, in a young woman to endanger her own life by her exceſſive ſorrow at her mother's death. I received many marks of regard on this occaſion, which were extremely grateful to me. One of the firſt who beſtowed them was M. de Boiſmorel, whom I had not ſeen ſince his viſits to my grandmother. I perceived the impreſſion made upon him by the change that had taken place in my perſon ſince that period. He returned at a time when I was abſent, and held a long conference with my father, who no doubt mentioned my ſtudies, and ſhowed him the little apartment in which I paſſed my time: he looked at my books; my *works* were upon the table; they excited his curioſity; and my father enabled him to gratify it, by putting them into his hands.

Great was my diſpleaſure and heavy were my complaints, when I found, on my return, that my aſylum had been violated. My father indeed aſſured me that he ſhould never have done ſuch a thing for a perſon of leſs gravity, or leſs worthy of conſideration than M. de Boiſmorel: but all his reaſoning could not reconcile me to a proceeding which was an attack at once upon liberty and property; it was diſpoſing, without my conſent, of that to which confidence alone could lay claim. But the miſchief was already done, and the next day I received a very handſome letter from M. de Boiſmorel, couched in terms too flattering not to procure his pardon for having availed himſelf of my father's indiſcretion, and making me an offer of every thing his library contained. I did not receive it with indifference; from that moment we commenced a correſpondence, and for the firſt time in my life I enjoyed, upon reflection, all the pleaſure which ſenſibility and ſelf-love make us feel when we find ourſelves prized by thoſe on whoſe judgment we ſet a value.

M.. de Boiſmorel no longer reſided within the walls of Paris; his partiality for the country, and his wiſh not to remove his mother to too great a diſtance from the capital, had made him purchaſe *Le Petit Bercy*, a charming houſe, ſituated a little below Charenton, and of which the garden extended to the banks of the Seine. He preſſed us much to take it in our walks, and teſtified the ſtrongeſt deſire to receive us there. Recollecting the reception formerly given me by his mother, I did not feel inclined to encounter it again, and long reſiſted my father's entreaties. He inſiſted, however;

however; and as I did not wish to object to the little parties he sometimes took it in his head to propose to me, we set off one day for Bercy, and found the ladies of the Boismorel family sitting together in the summer parlour. The presence of the daughter-in-law, whose amiable disposition I had heard highly extolled, inspired me all at once with that modest assurance which was necessary to prevent any alteration from taking place in mine. The mother, whose haughty tone my reader will remember, and to whom increasing years had brought no increase of humility, behaved, notwithstanding, with much greater politeness to a young woman who seemed sensible of her own importance, than she had done to the child whom she considered as utterly insignificant. What a fine girl your daughter is, M. Phlipon! Why, do you know that my son is quite enchanted with her? Pray tell me, Mademoiselle, don't you think of getting a husband?—There are people, Madam, who have already thought for me upon that subject; but as to myself, I have not yet met with sufficient reasons to induce me to change my situation.—You are very difficult, I fancy! Pray, should you have any objection to a middle-aged man? —An acquaintance with the person could alone determine my consent, my repugnance, or my dislike. —Matches of that sort are generally productive of the most lasting happiness; a young man often goes astray, even when we think him the most attached to us.— And why, mother, said M. de Boismorel, who was just come into the room, would not you wish the young lady to believe herself capable of captivating him

 entirely?

entirely?—She is dreſſed with a great deal of taſte, ſaid Madame de Boiſmorel to her daughter-in-law.—Ah! very well indeed, and with ſo much decency! replied the young woman, with that gentle tone of voice peculiar to devotees; for ſhe was of that deſcription, and the little wings of her cap brought forward over an agreeable face, that had ſeen thirty-four ſummers, were in the ſtyle of that religious character. How different, continued ſhe, from the paltry feathers of giddy-headed girls! You don't love feathers, do you, Mademoiſelle?—I never wear any, Madam, becauſe it ſeems to me that they would announce a condition in life, and a fortune, that do not belong to an artiſt's daughter going about on foot.—But would you wear them if you were in a different ſituation?—I do not know; I attach little importance to ſuch trifles. I only conſider what is ſuitable to myſelf, and ſhould be very ſorry to judge of others from the ſuperficial information afforded by their dreſs.

The anſwer was ſevere, but its point was blunted by the ſoft tone of voice in which it was pronounced. A philoſopher! ſaid the young lady, with a ſigh, as if ſhe had diſcovered that I was not one of her way of thinking.

After a ſcrupulous examination of my perſon, mingled with a great number of fine things like thoſe I have juſt related, M. de Boiſmorel put an end to the inventory of my charms, by propoſing a viſit to the garden and the library. I admired the ſituation of the former, where he made me remark a fine cedar of Lebanon; I viewed the library with an eye of intereſt, and pointed

out the books, and even the collections, that I wished him to lend me; such, for instance, as *Bayle*, and the transactions of the different academies of sciences. From the ladies we received an invitation to dinner on an appointed day, of which we availed ourselves; and I soon perceived, by two or three men of business, who, with ourselves, made up the whole of the guests, that care had been taken to provide fit company for my father, without attending to *me*. But M. de Boismorel had recourse, as before, to the library and the garden, where the conversation took an agreeable turn. A part was borne in it by his son, a young man of seventeen, sufficiently ugly, and of manners rather singular than agreeable. Nor did the fine company which came in the evening, and on which I cast an eye of observation, appear to me very engaging, in spite of their titles: the daughters of a marquis, learned counsellors, a prior, and several antiquated dowagers, talked with more importance, but quite as insipidly as grey sisters, church-wardens, and sober cits. These glimpses which I stole of the great world, disgusted me with it, and attached me more than ever to my own way of life. M. de Boismorel did not lose the opportunity, of keeping up a connexion, on which, perhaps, he grounded some project for the future: he so managed matters, that the two fathers and the two children formed a distinct party. It was in this manner also that he carried me to the public assembly of the French academy, on the next anniversary of St. Louis. These assemblies were, at that time, the resort of the best company, and exhibited all those

ridiculous contraſts, which our manners and our follies could not fail to produce. On the morning of St. Louis's day, high maſs was chaunted in the chapel of the academy by the ſingers of the Opera, after which a faſhionable preacher pronounced a panegyric on the ſainted king. The Abbé de Beſplas performed the office; and I liſtened to him with great pleaſure, notwithſtanding the ſubject was trite; for his diſcourſe was interſperſed with bold traits of philoſophy, and indirect ſatire on the court, which he was obliged to cancel before he ſent his ſermon to the preſs.

M. de Boiſmorel, who was acquainted with him, was in hopes of obtaining a faithful copy, which he might communicate to me; but the Abbé de Beſplas, who was attached to the court, in quality of chaplain to *Monſieur*, thought himſelf very fortunate in purchaſing a pardon for his audacity by the entire ſacrifice of the paſſages it had inſpired. In the evening, the ſitting of the academy opened a fine field for the firſt wits in the kingdom, by virtue of the ſeats they occupied; for the noblemen, who were proud of ſeeing their names inſcribed on the liſt of members, and of exhibiting themſelves in their arm-chairs; for the *amateurs*, who came to liſten to the former, to gaze upon the latter, and to ſhew themſelves to the whole aſſembly; and for the pretty women, who were ſure of attracting their attention.

I took particular notice of *D'Alembert*, whoſe name, *Miſcellanies*, and writings on the *Encyclopedia*, excited my curioſity; his little face, and ſqueaking voice, made me think a philoſopher's works better worth contemplation

templation than his perſon. The Abbé de Lille confirmed my remark as to men of letters, by reciting the moſt charming verſes in the moſt diſagreeable tone. The panegyric of *Catinat*, by Laharpe, bore away the prize, and was highly deſerving of its ſucceſs.

As free from affectation at the academy as at church, and as I have ever remained at the theatre, I bore no part in the noiſy applauſe beſtowed, with rapture, upon the moſt ſtriking paſſages, and not unfrequently with oſtentation on thoſe which every one wiſhed to have the credit of remarking. I was exceedingly attentive; liſtening without paying any regard to the obſervers; and when I was moved I wept without even ſuſpecting that my doing ſo would appear ſingular to any one. I had reaſon however to perceive that it was a novelty; for, on the breaking up of the aſſembly, while M. de Boiſmorel was conducting me to the door, I ſaw ſeveral perſons pointing me out to one another with a ſmile, which I was not vain enough to take for admiration, but in which there was nothing that indicated contempt; and I heard them ſay ſomething about my ſenſibility. I experienced a mixed ſentiment of ſurpriſe and agreeable confuſion, which I cannot deſcribe; and was very happy when I was at laſt able to eſcape from their ſight, and from the crowd.

The panegyric of Catinat ſuggeſted to M. de Boiſmorel the idea of an intereſting pilgrimage. He propoſed to me to pay a viſit to St. Gratien, where that great man ended his days in retirement from honours and the court. It was an excurſion perfectly ſuited to

my taſte. M. de Boiſmorel came one Michaelmas day, with his ſon, to call on my father and myſelf; and we all repaired together to the banks of the lake which embelliſhes the valley of Montmorency. From the lake we proceeded to St. Gratien, and reſted ourſelves in the ſhade of the trees which Catinat planted with his own hands; and then, after a frugal dinner, returned to paſs the reſt of the day in the delightful park of Montmorency, where we ſaw the little houſe that *Jean Jaques* * had inhabited, and enjoyed all the pleaſure afforded by a beautiful country to ſeveral perſons who contemplate it with the ſame eye. After one of thoſe moments of repoſe, in which we conſider the majeſty of nature in ſilence, M. de Boiſmorel took a paper, in his own hand-writing, out of his pocket, and read to us an anecdote which he had copied, and which was then but little known. It was the trait of Monteſquieu, when diſcovered at Marſeilles by a young man whoſe father he had redeemed from ſlavery, endeavouring to eſcape from the thanks of thoſe whom he had obliged.

Deeply impreſſed with a ſenſe of Monteſquieu's generoſity, I did not excluſively admire his obſtinacy in denying that he was the adored deliverer of a family tranſported with joy: the generous man does not look for acknowledgments; but however noble it may be to decline the teſtimonies of gratitude, it is not leſs the part of a great mind to receive its effuſions. I even think it is a new obligation conferred on people of ſenſibility, to whom we have been of ſervice; for it is to them a way of diſcharging their debt.

* Rouſſeau.

It

It muſt not, however, be ſuppoſed, that I was perfectly at my eaſe in regard to theſe frequent meetings of my father and M. de Boiſmorel: I ſaw with ſorrow that there were no points of reſemblance between them. His ſon looked at me a great deal; and did not pleaſe me at all. I thought that his manner rather indicated curioſity than affection; beſides, the three or four years between his age and mine, placed us at a conſiderable diſtance from each other. All this his father perceived, and I was afterwards told that he had one day ſaid to mine, with an affectionate ſqueeze of the hand: Ah! if my child were but worthy of yours: I might appear ſingular, but I ſhould eſteem myſelf one of the happieſt of mankind!—I had no ſuſpicion of any thing of the ſort: I did not even calculate the diſtance between us; but I felt it, and it prevented any ſuch idea from riſing in my mind. I looked upon M. de Boiſmorel's conduct as that of a prudent and benevolent man, who honoured my ſex, felt particular eſteem for *me*, and, if I may uſe the expreſſion, protected my inclinations. His correſpondence reſembled him; its leading feature was a gentle gravity, and it bore the ſtamp of reſpectful friendſhip, and of a mind exalted above prejudices. By his means I became acquainted with what were called the *novelties (les nouveautés)* of the learned and literary world. I ſeldom ſaw him, but I heard from him every week. To prevent the frequency of meſſages by his ſervants to me, as well as to ſave me the expence of carriage from Bercy, he ordered the books intended for my peruſal to be left with the porter of his ſiſter, Madame de Favieres, whither I uſed to ſend and fetch them

them. M. de Boiſmorel, who had a great reſpect for the republic of letters, and who fancied, in conſequence of his prepoſſeſſion in my favour, that I might be uſefully employed in its ſervice, or elſe was deſirous of putting me to a trial, adviſed me to chooſe the line of literature that ſuited me, and to ſit down ſeriouſly to write. At firſt I took it for a compliment; but by returning to the advice, he gave me an opportunity of ſetting forth my principles on that ſubject, my well-founded averſion to coming forward in any manner on the theatre of the world, and my diſintereſted love of ſtudy, which I wiſhed to make inſtrumental to my happineſs, without aiming at any kind of fame that might tend to diſturb it. After having ſeriouſly exhibited my doctrine, I changed the reaſoning into verſes, which flowed ſpontaneouſly from my pen, and of which the ideas were ſuperior to the poetry. I recollect, that when ſpeaking of the *gods*, and the way in which they have diſtributed our duties and rewards, I expreſſed myſelf thus;

To man's aſpiring ſex 'tis given
To climb the higheſt hill of fame,
To tread the ſhorteſt road to heaven,
To gain, by death, a deathleſs name.

Of well-fought fields, and trophies won,
The mem'ry lives while ages paſs,
Extant in everlaſting ſtone,
Or written on retentive braſs.

But to poor feeble woman-kind
The meed of glory is denied:
Within a narrow ſphere confin'd,
The lowly virtues are their pride.

Yet

Yet not deciduous is their fame,
Ending where frail exiſtence ends:
A ſacred temple holds their name—
The boſom of ſurviving friends*.

M. de Boiſmorel anſwered me ſometimes in ſimilar language, and in verſes ſcarcely better than my own; but neither he nor I attached the ſmalleſt importance to our poetical effuſions. One day he came to conſult me concerning the means of reviving his ſon's application to his ſtudies, which of late had ſuffered conſiderable diminution.

That young man was naturally intimate with his contemporary, and firſt couſin, M. de Favieres, a counſellor in parliament at the age of twenty-one, who joined to the uſual giddineſs of youth, all the confidence of a magiſtrate, proud of his gown, without attending to his duties; and all the freedom of manners, perhaps even the licentiouſneſs, of an only ſon born to a conſiderable eſtate.

The Italian theatre and the Opera employed the two couſins much more than *Cujas* and *Bartole* did the

* *Aux hommes ouvrant la carrière*
Des grands et des nobles talents,
Ils n'ont mis aucune barrière
A leur plus ſublimes élans.
De mon ſexe foible et ſenſible,
Ils ne veulent que des vertus;
Nous pouvons imiter Titus,
Mais dans un ſentier moins penible.
Jouiſſez d'être admis à toutes ces ſortes de gloires;
Pour nous le temple de Mémoire
Eſt dans les cœurs de nos amis.

one,

one, or the mathematics the other. I muſt requeſt you, ſaid M. de Boiſmorel, to write a ſevere letter to my ſon, in terms ſenſible and impreſſive, ſuch as your mind cannot fail to ſuggeſt, and ſuch as may ſerve to awaken his ſelf-love, and inſpire him with generous reſolutions.—Who, *I*, Sir? Do you mean *me?* (I could ſcarcely believe my ears.) With what face, pray, can I preach to your ſon?—You may adopt any mode you pleaſe, with the certainty that your name ſhall remain concealed. We will have the letter conveyed as if it came from a perſon who is in the habit of ſeeing him, who is acquainted with his proceedings, and who warns him of the danger that awaits his ſteps. I will take care to have it delivered at a moment when it is likely to have its full effect: I only wiſh him not to ſuſpect me of any hand in the buſineſs; and in due time will let him know to what phyſician he is indebted for his cure.—Oh! be ſure you never mention my name!—but you certainly have friends who could do this better than I.—I think otherwiſe, and requeſt it of you as a favour.—Well, then, I will lay aſide my ſcruples, to prove to you my deſire to oblige; and will make a rough draught, of which you ſhall give me your opinion, and which I will beg you to correct.

That very evening I wrote a very pointed, and ſomewhat ironical letter; ſuch as I conceived calculated to flatter the vanity, and to excite the thinking faculty of a youth, to whom it is neceſſary to talk of his advantages when you wiſh to recall him to ſerious occupations. M. de Boiſmorel was delighted, and begged

me

me to forward it without altering a word. I ſent it to Sophia, requeſting her to put it into the poſt-office at Amiens, and waited with no ſmall degree of impatience to know what effect my ſermon would produce.

M. de Boiſmorel ſoon wrote me an epiſtle containing particulars which intereſted me exceedingly: he had brought together a number of circumſtances which rendered the thing infinitely ſtriking: the young man was affected; and fancying that the celebrated Duclos was the author of the remonſtrance, went to return him thanks: deceived in this conjecture, he next addreſſed himſelf to another of his father's friends, and found that he was not at all nearer the mark. Study, however, in ſome degree reſumed her reign.

It was not long after this tranſaction that M. de Boiſmorel, going with his ſon from Bercy to Vincennes, where he knew I was on a viſit to my uncle, and whither he was bringing me the *Georgics*, tranſlated by the Abbé Delille, was ſtruck by a *coup-de-ſoleil*. He made very light of it; but was ſoon after taken ill with a headach, firſt followed by a fever, and then by a lethargy; and died in the meridian of life, after an illneſs of a few days. Scarcely eighteen months had elapſed ſince we commenced our correſpondence: I grieved for his death, I believe, more ſincerely than his own ſon; nor does his image ever revert to my mind without my feeling that painful regret, and that ſentiment of veneration and concern, which accompany the remembrance of a virtuous man.

When my ſorrow was a little allayed, I celebrated his memory in a monody, which no one ever ſaw, which

which I ſung to my guitar, and which I have ſince forgotten, and loſt. I never heard any thing farther of his family, unleſs that one day, when my father went to pay an occaſional viſit, the young de Boiſmorel, who then bore the name of Roberge, told him in a very cavalier manner, that he had found my letters to his father, and thrown them by in a corner, in order to return them if required; and that among them he had diſcovered the original of a certain epiſtle which he himſelf had formerly received. My father, who was well acquainted with all that had paſſed, and who made him little or no anſwer, perceived the young man was piqued; whence I concluded that he was a blockhead, and gave myſelf no further concern about him: I do not know whether I gueſſed aright.

Some time after, Madam de Favieres came to my father to employ him in the purchaſe of ſome jewels, or in the execution of ſome work. I happened to be in my little cell, and could overhear all that was paſſing in the next room. 'Your daughter is a charming girl, Monſieur Phlipon: my brother uſed to ſay that ſhe was one of the moſt ſenſible women he ever met with in his life; take care, however, that ſhe does not ſet up for a wit, that would be very ſhocking indeed. Does ſhe not, do you think, ſeem a little of the pedant? 'Tis to be apprehended; and, if I miſtake not, I have heard ſomething of the kind. She is a pretty-faced girl: a very good-looking girl indeed.' Upon my word, ſaid I to myſelf, this is a very impertinent fine lady, and very like her mother: heaven defend me from ever ſeeing her face, or ſhewing her mine!

My

My father, who knew very well I was within hearing, did not think proper to call me, ſince I did not chooſe to ſhew myſelf; nor from that day to the preſent have I ever heard the voice of Madam de Favieres.

Hitherto I have ſcarcely mentioned my excellent couſin Trude. She was one of thoſe kind ſouls which heaven in its goodneſs formed for the honour of the human race, and the conſolation of the unfortunate. Generous by nature, and amiable without art, I could never perceive any objection to her, but an exceſs of delicacy and virtuous pride. She would have thought herſelf defective in her duties, if ſhe had left room to doubt her having fulfilled them. That was preciſely the way to become completely the victim of a whimſical huſband. Trude was a ruſtic, his ideas as extravagant as his temper was impetuous, and his behaviour brutal. He was engaged in the looking-glaſs trade, as all the Trudes have been, in regular ſucceſſion, for ſeveral generations. Of an active diſpoſition, laborious by fits, and aſſiſted by the care and intelligence of an agreeable and prudent woman, he ſucceeded tolerably in buſineſs, and was indebted to his wife's merit for the kind countenance ſhewn him by his own family, who would have ſlighted him had he remained a ſingle man.

My mother was very fond of her little couſin, who held her in ſingular veneration, and was ſtrongly attached to me.

She proved it, as my reader has already ſeen, on the death of my mother; taken up in the day with her

houſehold

houſehold affairs, and her huſband, ſhe inſiſted upon being my nurſe during the night. She came from a conſiderable diſtance to perform the duties of a nurſe; nor had I any other as long as I continued in danger. That circumſtance naturally increaſed our intimacy, and we ſaw each other frequently. Her huſband took it in his head to come ſtill more frequently, unaccompanied by his wife. At firſt I bore with him on her account, in ſpite of his tireſome converſation; but at length he became inſupportable, and I made uſe of all the management neceſſary with a wrong-headed man, to make him perceive that neither his quality of kinſman, nor that of huſband to my much-beloved friend, could authorize ſuch frequent viſits, which would at any rate have been improper in the ſickly and ſuffering ſtate to which my ſorrow had reduced me.

My dear couſin came leſs frequently, but he made tedious viſits of three or four hours, notwithſtanding my employing myſelf conſtantly, and even writing, to make him underſtand that I was in haſte; and when I begged him in plain terms to retire, as I was at laſt forced to do, he went home in ſuch a humour, and behaved ſo ill to his wife, that ſhe entreated me to exert my patience for the ſake of her domeſtic peace. On Sundays and holydays particularly, I was doomed to do penance: when the weather was fine I eſcaped, and appointed a meeting with his wife at the houſe of my aged relations; ſince the receiving her at home for a ſhort time in his company, was not ſeeing her, but being a witneſs to the brutal behaviour

of

of her ſurly huſband. In the winter I managed another way: I gave a holyday to the maid, who locked, barred, and bolted every door; and I remained alone and quiet till eight o'clock at night. Trude came; could make nobody hear, came again, and ſometimes walked for two or three hours round the houſe in the ſnow or rain, waiting for the moment of admiſſion. To conceal myſelf when I was really there in company with any one, was almoſt impoſſible; and poſitively to forbid him the houſe by prevailing on my father to break off all connexion with this curious perſonage (which would have been difficult, becauſe he had no children, and my father thought it prudent to preſerve his good opinion), would have been coming to that extremity which his wife dreaded, would have put an end to our intimacy, and would have expoſed her to further afflictions.

I know nothing worſe than to have connexions with a madman: there is no way of dealing with him but by means of a ſtrait waiſtcoat; every thing elſe is of no avail. This brutal couſin was a plague to me, and I know nothing that can better prove the merit of his wife, than my refraining from having him thrown out of the window; but he would have returned by the chimney. To do him juſtice, however, Trude was not without a certain ſort of politeneſs—rather a madman than a fool, he gave reaſon to ſuppoſe he knew how far he could carry his extravagance with impunity; for his coarſe converſation was never indecent; and though for ever at variance with good-breeding and rationality, he never offended againſt

modeſty, or wounded the moſt delicate ear. When his wife was walking with me he watched us, and if we were accoſted or ſaluted by any man, he became uneaſy and furious till he found who it was. It will be imagined, perhaps, he was jealous of his wife, and that was in ſome degree true; but he was ten times more ſo on my account. In ſpite of ſo tormenting a life, Madam Trude's gentleneſs was not unaccompanied by gaiety; and ſhe would paſs one day in weeping, and the next in making merry with her friends.

It was her cuſtom to give family entertainments, which were followed by a dance, once or twice during the winter ſeaſon. Her couſin was always the heroine of the feſtival, and her huſband was more amiable than uſual for ſeveral days afterwards. At her houſe I became acquainted with two perſons whom I will mention here: one was the Abbé Bexon, a little witty hump-backed man, the great friend of François de Neufchâteau, and of Maſſon de Marvilliers, and author of a hiſtory of Loraine, that had but indifferent ſucceſs. The celebrated Buffon ſometimes employed his pen, as well as that of ſeveral others, to prepare materials and ſketches, which he afterwards beautified by the vivid tints ſupplied by his brilliant imagination. Bexon, aſſiſted by the intereſt of his protector Buffon, and by that of ſeveral women of quality, whoſe relations he had known at Remiremont, his native place, where there was a chapter of noble canoneſſes, became precentor of the holy chapel at Paris. He brought thither his mother

and

and ſiſter, who would furniſh matter for an epiſode, if I were inclined to introduce any not neceſſarily connected with m ſubject.

The poor creature died too ſoon for the happineſs of his tall ſiſter, with black eyes begging for adorers, and with beautiful ſhoulders of which ſhe was fond of making a diſplay. He came twice to ſee me at my father's, and was ſo tranſported at finding Xenophon in folio on my table, that in the height of his ecſtacy he would have kiſſed me. But as in *my* opinion there was no good reaſon for it, I calmed him ſo effectually by my reſerve, that his wit ever after was unattended by raptures, nor did I ſee him more, unleſs at my couſin's houſe.

The other perſon was the worthy Gibert; rigid in his morality, and infinitely gentle in his manners, he married at a very early age, a woman whoſe beauty was greater than her good temper, and had a ſon by her whoſe education was his chief delight. He had an employ in the adminiſtration of the poſt-office, and devoted his leiſure moments to painting and muſic.

Gibert had about him all the marks of a juſt and ſincere man; nor was his conduct ever at variance with them. His faults were thoſe of his judgment: his friendſhip was a ſort of fanaticiſm; and we were tempted, while we lamented, to reſpect his errors. Gibert had been connected from his infancy with a man for whom he profeſſed equal veneration and attachment, in whoſe praiſe he was loud upon every occaſion, and of whoſe friendſhip he was proud. Gi-

bert was desirous of being acquainted with me: his wife and he came to my father's; I returned their visit, and as they did not go out much together, he came alone from time to time to repeat his visit. I always received him with particular pleasure, and in time we formed a connexion of a truly friendly nature. Gibert soon began to speak to me of his phœnix: it seemed as if he could not be happy till his friend and I had an opportunity of admiring each other; and at last he invited him to meet me at dinner at his house. I met a man whose extreme simplicity bordered upon negligence. Speaking little, and never looking another in the face, it would have been difficult for one, who had never heard him mentioned, to form an opinion of him from a single interview; and I confess, notwithstanding my particular taste for modest demeanour, I should willingly have taken him at his word in regard to his own importance. However, as he neither wanted sense nor information, people gave him the greater credit, whenever he happened to bring them to view; and, like Gibert, supposed him to have more than he actually possessed. His wife, who was rather insignificant, but by no means destitute of sensibility, brought to mind the *intentique ora tenebant* of Virgil, whenever her husband opened his mouth to speak. He cannot, however, be a man altogether of a vulgar mind, who thus finds means to impose, even upon those who see him daily, in regard to his real merit: he must be great in something; at least in dissimulation; and if circumstances induce him to carry it as far as possible in important affairs,

affairs, inſtead of the falſe philoſopher obtaining undeſerved eſteem, he may become a villain at the expence of his fellow-creatures. Hiſtory will enable us to judge of him by the ſequel. I ſeldom ſaw this friend of Gibert. He abandoned a lucrative place, and France itſelf, in order to ſettle in Switzerland, whither liberty called him, and whither he was led by his taſte for a country life. Let him depart in peace: he will return too ſoon.—That was the manner in which I became acquainted with PACHE: for *Pache* was the man. My readers will ſee how Gibert brought him to our houſe, ten years after, and introduced him to my huſband, who thought him probity itſelf; mentioned him at a moment when his ſuffrage was ſufficient to eſtabliſh a man's reputation; and was the cauſe of his coming into adminiſtration, where he diſtinguiſhed himſelf by nothing but follies, which procured him his removal to the mayoralty, where he authorized nothing but atrocities.

Madam Trude was extremely deſirous of taking a journey, in order to viſit a relation to whom ſhe was much attached, and propoſed being abſent a fortnight or three weeks. Her huſband objected to his *counter*'s remaining ſo long without its feminine ornament; but thought the thing feaſible, provided I would conſent to come now and then in the middle of the day to take her place. My couſin wiſhed I would have the kindneſs to do ſo: her intimating ſo much, was quite enough to induce me not to refuſe her; and my friendſhip made me willingly undertake the taſk. I went ſeven or eight times to take Madam

Trude's place behind the counter. Her huſband, highly delighted, and not a little proud, conducted himſelf with great propriety, attended to the external buſineſs, and ſeemed ſenſible of the kindneſs of my behaviour. It was decreed, that at one time in my life, and in ſpite of my averſion to trade, I ſhould ſell watch-glaſſes and ſpectacles. The ſituation was not agreeable. Trude lived in the *Rue Montmartre*, near the *Rue Ticquetonne*, where his ſucceſſor muſt now reſide: I can conceive nothing ſo dreadful as the noiſe of the carriages eternally rolling along, to a perſon ſtanding in an open ſhop. I ſhould ſoon have grown deaf, as my poor couſin now is.—Let us quit this unfortunate couple, whoſe fate we ſhall ſee hereafter, and return to my other relation.

I went to Mademoiſelle Deſportes' once or twice a week, on the days ſhe was in the habit of receiving company; and fine portraits I ſhould have to paint if the originals were worth the pains; but were I to pourtray counſellors of the *Châtelet* like little *Mopinot*, whoſe pretenſions to wit were grounded on epigrams; the bigotted *de la Preſle*, who had no other fault than that of being choleric, and a Janſeniſt; a widow who hid a love of pleaſure under the maſk of commodious devotion, like Madam *de Blancfuné*; an old and rich bachelor, too diſguſting to be named; a worthy man inceſſantly *reaſoning*, and as regular as clock-work, like Baudin, the cuſtom-houſe officer; and a multitude of other individuals of different complexions, but of no greater value; it would only be throwing away my colours, and my time. I ſhould like, however, to meet

Father

Father Rabbe, a very ſhrewd Oratorian *, rendered reſpectable by his age, and agreeable by his highly cultivated mind; and with Doctor *Coſte*, who amuſed himſelf by imitating Perrault, without erecting a *Louvre*, and who ſpoke ill of matrimony, as the Devil makes grimaces at holy water.

Mademoiſelle Deſportes had inherited from her mother much delicacy and pride, joined to the art of employing her little fortune in commerce, without appearing to have any concern in it, and of dealing on a footing of confidence and equality with the rich and titled individuals who bought her goods. But as ſuch a mode of tranſacting buſineſs is quite foreign to the ſpirit of trade which ſupports itſelf by active ſpeculations, ſhe found her little inheritance growing ſmaller every day, and at laſt bade adieu to commerce, reducing her expences at the ſame time on a more moderate ſcale.

Her diſpoſition, her manners, the ſober way in which ſhe lived, and the fondneſs ſhe teſtified for me, had made my mother wiſh to ſee me cultivate her acquaintance. Accordingly ſhe often ſent me to her houſe. A party of piquet was the rallying-point of the ſociety, the other members of which either chatted or worked. Mademoiſelle Deſportes, probably with a view of exerciſing my complaiſance, often ſet me down to play, which was my averſion; but the aſſiſtance of a partner †, and permiſſion to laugh at my own abſence of mind, rendered the trial of my patience leſs ſevere.

* The Oratorians were an order of monks.—*Tranſ.*

† Four-handed piquet is played very commonly in France.—*Tranſ.*

Here, in his turn, I cannot help bringing forward on the ſtage an old man lately arrived from Pondicherry, and with whom I kept up a frequent and agreeable intercourſe for little leſs than a year. My father ſome how or other (in the way of buſineſs I believe,) had become acquainted with a reduced officer, metamorphoſed into a clerk without a place, and had afterwards received him on the footing of a friend. His name was Demontchery. He was about ſix and thirty, of poliſhed manners and inſinuating converſation, and was poſſeſſed of thoſe graces which are derived from a knowledge of the world, and perhaps from tender connexions with the fair. Demontchery was attentive to my father; but ſeldom came into my mother's apartment, who would not have ſuffered any man to pay his court to her. As to me, he frankly profeſſed reſpect, eſteem, and ſo forth, as well as an inclination to offer me his heart if fortune ſhould prove more kind—She ſent him on a voyage to the Eaſt Indies. He wrote to us, and did not conceal his wiſhes for ſuch ſucceſs as might enable him to return with well-founded pretenſions; but being no more than a captain of ſepoys, and too honourable a man to underſtand any thing about making money, he had not, I believe, got very forward in the world, when he returned after ſeven years' abſence, and learned that my hand had been diſpoſed of a fortnight before. I know not what is become of him, nor the ſentiments he might have inſpired me with, if my inclinations had been free. During his ſtay at Pondicherry he made acquaintance with M. de Sainte-Lette, one of the

the members of the council, and intruſted him with letters for my father, when the council diſpatched Sainte-Lette to Paris, in 1776, to conduct ſome important affair.

Sainte Lette was more than ſixty years of age. He was a man whom a gay turn of mind, and ſtrong paſſions, had led away in his youth, when he ſquandered his fortune at Paris. He had gone over to America, and had remained thirteen years at Louiſiana, as director of the Indian trade. Having afterwards removed to Aſia, he was employed in the adminiſtration of public affairs at Pondicherry, and was endeavouring to amaſs the means of living or of dying in France, on ſome future day, with M. de Sevelinge, the friend of his youth, of whom I ſhall hereafter make ſome mention. A grave and ſolemn voice, diſtinguiſhed by that accent which is derived from experience and adverſity, and ſupported by the ready expreſſion of a cultivated mind, ſtruck me in Sainte-Lette, the firſt moment I heard him ſpeak. Demontchery had ſpoken to him of me; and probably made him deſire our acquaintance. My father was civil; and I paid him much attention, becauſe he ſoon prepoſſeſſed me in his favour. I found his company very agreeable: he was fond of mine; and, during his ſtay, never ſuffered a week to paſs without paying me a viſit.

Perſons who have ſeen a great deal, are always worth hearing; and thoſe who have felt a great deal, have always ſeen more than any other perſons, even when they have travelled leſs than Sainte-Lette. He had more of that kind of information which is derived from

from experience, than of that which is collected from books: with less pretensions to the title of a learned man, than to that of a philosopher, he reasoned from his knowledge of the human heart; and still retained a taste for the lighter kinds of poetry, in which he was no mean proficient. He gave me some of his productions; and I communicated to him in return some of my *reveries*.—'Mademoiselle,' said he repeatedly, in the tone of prophecy, or in that of conviction, 'you may do what you will to avoid it; but you will certainly write a book.'—'It shall be under another name then,' answered I, 'for I would sooner cut off my fingers than turn author.'

At my father's Sainte-Lette met a person with whom I was become acquainted a few months before, and who was fated to have a powerful influence over my future fortune, though I little thought so at the time. I have already said that Sophy, more taken up than I with paying and receiving visits, was far from finding it conducive to her advantage. She had spoken to me several times of a man of great merit, who had a place at Amiens, and was frequently at her mother's, while resident there; which, however, was not generally the case, because he visited Paris every winter, and in the summer often made long journies. She had only mentioned him, because in the insignificant crowd with which she was surrounded, she was pleased to meet with an individual whose instructive conversation always seemed to contain something new, whose austere, but simple manners, inspired confidence, and who was universally esteemed, though not universally beloved,

becauſe his ſeverity, which bordered on the ſarcaſtic, gave many people offence. Sophy had ſpoken to him alſo of her beloved friend. Nothing indeed was talked of in her family but the intimacy and conſtancy of a convent connexion, which acquired a certain degree of reſpectability from time. He had alſo ſeen my portrait, which Madam Cannet had hung up in a conſpicuous ſituation. 'Why then,' he uſed to ſay, 'do you not make me acquainted with this amiable friend? I go every year to Paris—Shall I never have a letter to deliver to her?' He obtained the commiſſion he deſired in the month of December 1775: I was then in mourning for my mother, and in that ſtate of tender melancholy, which follows violent grief. Whoever came on the part of Sophy, was ſure of a good reception. 'You will receive this,' ſaid my beloved friend in her letter, 'from the hands of M. Roland de la Platiere, the philoſopher you have ſometimes heard me mention—an enlightened man, of ſpotleſs reputation, who can be reproached with nothing but his too great admiration for the ancients, at the expence of the moderns, whom he undervalues, and with being too fond of ſpeaking of himſelf.' This portrait can hardly be called a ſketch; but the out-line is well drawn. I found him a man conſiderably turned of forty; tall, and negligent in his carriage, with that ſtiffneſs which is often contracted by ſtudy; but his manners were eaſy and ſimple; and without poſſeſſing the faſhionable graces, he combined the politeneſs of a well-bred man with the gravity of a philoſopher. Want of fleſh, a complexion accidentally yellow, and a forehead

forehead very high, and very thinly covered with hair, did not deſtroy the effect of a regular ſet of features, though it rendered them rather reſpectable than engaging. There was, beſides, great meaning in his ſmile; and a moſt lively expreſſion uſed to light up his countenance and give him, as it were, a new face, whenever he grew animated in narration, or when any agreeable idea came acroſs his mind. His voice was maſculine, and his ſentences were ſhort (like thoſe of a man afflicted with a difficulty of breathing): his converſation, which was full of intereſting matter, becauſe his head was full of ideas, occupied the mind more than it pleaſed the ear, his language, though ſometimes impreſſive, being always monotonous and harſh. An agreeable voice is, in my opinion, a very uncommon and very powerful accompliſhment: it does not depend upon the quality of the ſound alone; but reſults alſo from that delicacy of ſentiment which furniſhes a variety of expreſſion, and of tone.

(I am interrupted, in order to be told that I am included in the indictment of Briſſot, with other members recently apprehended. The tyrants are at bay: they think they ſhall be able to fill up the abyſs beneath their feet with the bodies of their virtuous adverſaries; but they will fall in afterwards themſelves. I am not diſmayed at being ſent to the ſcaffold in ſuch company; it is indeed diſgraceful to live among villains.

I am going to diſpatch this ſheet as it is. It will be only beginning a new one, in caſe I ſhould have it in my power.

Friday,

Friday, October 4, the birth-day of my daughter, who is entering her thirteenth year).

This effect of the organ of ſpeech, a thing very different from a ſtrong voice, is not more common among profeſſional orators than among the multitudes that compoſe our ſocial circles. I looked for it in the three national aſſemblies, and could meet with nobody poſſeſſed of it in perfection. Mirabeau himſelf, with the commanding magic of a noble delivery, neither ſpoke in a pleaſing key, nor pronounced in the moſt agreeable manner. The Clermonts came nearer to the mark—Where then, I may be aſked, is your model? I might anſwer like the painter, when aſked whence he took the charming air, that he gave to the heads created by his pencil?—Hence, ſaid he, putting his finger to his forehead—I ſhall put mine to my ears. I was never a great frequenter of the theatre; but I thought I could perceive that the kind of merit in queſtion was equally uncommon there. *Larive*, the only one perhaps who deſerves to be mentioned, did not come entirely up to my idea.

When upon entering the period of adoleſcence, I experienced that agitation which the deſire of pleaſing produces in the boſom of young women, I was moved at the ſound of my own voice, and was obliged to modulate it in order to pleaſe myſelf. I can eaſily conceive that the exquiſite ſenſibility of the Greeks made them ſet a high value upon every part of the art of ſpeech; and I can alſo conceive it natural for *ſanſculotiſme* to make us diſdain thoſe graces, and to lead us to

to a barbarous rudeneſs, equally diſtant from the preciſion of the Spartans in their energetic language, and from the eloquence of the amiable Athenians.

But it is long ſince we parted with La Blancherie, either at Orleans, or elſewhere, and high time to give him his diſmiſſal.

Returning ſhortly after my mother's death, he knew nothing of that event till he came to ſee us, and diſcovered a degree of ſurpriſe, and ſorrow, that pleaſed and affected me; nor did I look upon him, in the repeated viſits he afterwards paid me, with an eye of indifference. My father who at firſt made it a rule to ſtay with me, when any one came, began to think the buſineſs of duenna was by no means amuſing, and that it would be more convenient to leave me to myſelf, and the maid, and to ſhut his door againſt every body whoſe age and gravity ſhould not be ſuch as to render his attendance unneceſſary. He told me, accordingly, that he intended to beg La Blancherie to diſcontinue his viſits. I did not ſay a word in anſwer, although I felt ſome degree of pain. I reflected on that which I ſuppoſed my ſuitor would ſuffer from the prohibition, and determined to convey the intimation to him myſelf; for my father's manner made me fear he would give it in an unhandſome way. To tell the truth, La Blancherie had prepoſſeſſed me in his favour; and I thought it not impoſſible that I might love him: my head alone was working, I believe; but I was not in a fair way to get on. I wrote then a handſome letter, which gave La Blancherie his diſcharge, and which deprived him of all hope of my receiving his anſwer, but

which

which was not calculated to deſtroy any other he might entertain.

The ice thus broken gave a free courſe to tender and melancholy ideas, by which my happineſs was not materially diſturbed. Sophy came to Paris, and made ſome ſtay there with her mother and her ſiſter Henrietta, who finding herſelf on a level with us, by the addition to our age, and the ſedateneſs ſhe had acquired, became alſo my friend. Her lively imagination ſtruck fire out of every thing, and animated every connexion in which ſhe had a ſhare.

I went often to the garden of the Luxemburg with my two friends and Mademoiſelle d'Hangard, and there I ſometimes met La Blancherie. He uſed to bow to me reſpectfully; and I returned his ſalute not without emotion.—'You are acquainted then with that gentleman?' ſaid Mademoiſelle d'Hangard one day, having at firſt ſuppoſed his bow was meant for her.—'Yes.'—'Do you chance to know him too?'—'Certainly I do, though I never ſpoke to him in my life; but I am in the habit of viſiting the Miſs Bordenaves, to the youngeſt of whom he paid his addreſſes.'—'Is it long ſince?'—'A year, or perhaps eighteen months. He found means to introduce himſelf; called there from time to time, and at laſt made a declaration in form: the young ladies are rich, and the youngeſt a pretty girl. He has not a ſhilling himſelf, and is a candidate for an heireſs; for he made the ſame propoſal to one of their acquaintance, as they afterwards heard; he was diſmiſſed, and we have ever ſince been accuſtomed to call him the lover of the

eleven

eleven thouſand virgins*.'—'But, pray, how came you acquainted with him?'—'By ſeeing him frequently at Madam l'Epine's concert,' ſaid I, biting my lips, and keeping the reſt to myſelf, not a little vexed at having thought myſelf poſſeſſed of the heart of a man, who, without doubt, had ſolicited my hand merely becauſe I was an only daughter; and ſtill more ſo at having written him a letter, which he did not deſerve—Matter for meditation as to the exerciſe of my prudence on future occaſions!

A few months had elapſed, when a little *Savoyard* came and told the maid ſomebody wiſhed to ſpeak with her, I forget where: ſhe went out, returned and informed me that M. La Blancherie had deſired her to beg me to receive his viſit. It was Sunday, and I was waiting for ſome of my relations. 'Yes,' anſwered I, 'he may come, but let it be inſtantly; and ſince he is waiting for you at a little diſtance from the door, go and bring him in.' La Blancherie came, and found me ſitting by my fire-ſide.—'I have not dared, Mademoiſelle, to wait upon you, ſince the prohibition you ſent me, though exceedingly deſirous of ſeeing you; nor can I expreſs all I ſuffered from the dear and cruel letter I then received. My ſituation has undergone a conſiderable change ſince that time; and I have now ſome projects, to which you are probably not altogether a ſtranger.' He immediately laid before me the plan of a work of morality and criticiſm, in the form of letters, and in the manner of the *Spectator*, and pro-

* In alluſion to a legendary tale, which ſtates the *miraculous* martyrdom of eleven thouſand virgins.—*Tranſ.*

poſed

poſed to me to hear ſome of them. I let him go on without interrupting him, and even waited, after he had made a ſhort pauſe, in order that he might get to the end of his roſary. When he had ſaid all he had to ſay, I took my turn to ſpeak, and obſerved to him, calmly and politely, that I had taken upon myſelf the care of requeſting him to diſcontinue his viſits, becauſe the ſentiments which he had declared to my father, made me ſuppoſe he attached ſome importance to their continuance, and I had wiſhed to ſhow him my gratitude by that mark of attention; that at my age, the imagination was buſy on all occaſions, and ſometimes dreſſed up objects in very falſe colours; but that error was not a crime, and that I was ſufficiently recovered from mine to render all concern on his part needleſs; that I admired his literary projects, without wiſhing to bear a part in them, any more than in thoſe of others; that I confined myſelf to good wiſhes for the ſucceſs of all the authors in the world; as well as for his, in all poſſible ways; and that it was to tell him ſo I had conſented to receive him, in order that he might ſave himſelf in future all trouble of the kind; in conſequence of which I begged him to put an end to his viſit. Surpriſe, grief, agitation, every thing, in ſhort, that is becoming in like caſes, was about to be diſplayed. I ſtopped him by ſaying, I did not know whether the Miſs Bordenaves, and the other ladies to whom he had paid his addreſſes, about the ſame time, had expreſſed themſelves with equal frankneſs; but that mine was without bounds; and that the reſolution it indicated did not admit of explanation. I roſe at

the ſame inſtant, making a curteſy, and that motion of the hand which points out the door to troubleſome viſitors. My couſin Trude came in; nor did I ever ſee his rugged face with greater pleaſure. La Blancherie in the mean time effected his retreat in ſilence, and I never ſaw him after; but who has not ſince heard of the *Agent General of the correſpondence for forwarding the arts and ſciences?*

This hero having made his *exit*, let us return to Sainte-Lette and Roland.

We had reached the end of the ſummer 1776; and during the eight or nine preceding months I had ſeen M. Roland ſeveral times. His viſits were not frequent; but he made long ones, like a perſon, who, not going to a particular place in order to ſhew himſelf, but becauſe he has a ſatisfaction in being there, ſtays as long as he decently can. His frank and inſtructive converſation never tired me, and he was fond of ſeeing me liſten to him with attention; a thing which I am very capable of, even with thoſe who are not ſo well informed as Roland, and which has perhaps procured me ſtill more friends than the talent of ſpeaking with ſome facility. I had become acquainted with him on his return from Germany; he was then preparing to make the tour of Italy, and ſettling his affairs, a thing to which prudent people ſeldom fail to attend, when on the eve of a long abſence; he had choſen me for the depoſitary of his manuſcripts, which were to remain in my poſſeſſion in caſe he ſhould meet with any miſchance. I was much affected by this particular mark of eſteem, and received it with

many

many thanks. The day of his departure he dined at my father's with Sainte Lette; and on taking leave, begged permiſſion to ſalute me. I know not how it is, but that favour is never granted by a young woman without a bluſh, let her imagination be ever ſo tranquil.—'You are fortunate to be ſetting off,' ſaid Sainte-Lette, in his grave and ſolemn voice; 'but make haſte to return, and aſk for as much more!'

During Sainte-Lette's ſtay in France, his friend de Sevelinge becoming a widower, he repaired to his reſidence at Soiſſons, to ſhare his grief, and brought him to Paris, in order to divert his attention from his loſs. They came to ſee me together. Sevelinge, whoſe age was about fifty-two, was a gentleman of ſmall fortune: he held a financial ſituation in the country, and devoted part of his time to ſtudy, like a philoſopher who is ſenſible of its charms. Having thus become acquainted, we kept up our intercourſe after Sainte-Lette's departure, who uſed to ſay, that, on leaving France, he ſhould feel a degree of pleaſure at the thought of his friend's not loſing the advantage of my acquaintance. He even begged permiſſion to put into his hands for a ſhort time ſome manuſcripts, which, as I have already ſaid, I had ſubmitted to his inſpection. This intereſting old man embarked for the fifth or ſixth time in his life. An ulcer in his head, of which ſome ſymptoms had already appeared, broke while he was at ſea; he arrived ſick at Pondicherry; and died there ſix weeks after he diſembarked. We heard of his death by means of Demontchery. He was greatly regretted by

Sevelinge, who continued now and then to write to me; and his letters, of which the ſtyle and the matter were equally agreeable, gave me great pleaſure. They bore the impreſſion of that mild philoſophy, and melancholy ſenſibility, to which I have always felt myſelf ſo much inclined. I have remarked what Diderot ſays on this ſubject, with ſo much truth: 'that good taſte implies good ſenſe, delicate organs, and ſomewhat of a melancholy turn.'

My father, whoſe kindneſs was gradually diminiſhing, being of opinion it was very unneceſſary to keep up an idle correſpondence that put him to the expence of poſtage, I communicated my diſtreſs to my little uncle, and was authorized to have the letters of Sevelinge, whom he had ſeen at our houſe, addreſſed under cover to him. My manuſcripts came back to me with ſome critical obſervations, of which I was very proud; for I did not imagine that my *works* were worth the trouble of reviewing. They were in my own opinion ſenſible enough; but at the ſame time mere common-place that any body might have written; nor did I conceive they had any merit, except the ſingularity of their being the productions of a little girl. I long retained that modeſt ſimplicity in regard to myſelf. Nothing leſs was neceſſary than the buſtle of the revolution, the various changes of my ſituation, and a frequent opportunity of making compariſons in a great crowd, and among perſons eſteemed for their merit, to enable me to perceive that the bench on which I was ſtanding, was not likely to break down with the throng. I muſt obſerve, however, and I haſten to do ſo, that all tended

ded rather to prove to me the degradation of the ſpecies in my native country, than to give me a high opinion of myſelf. It is not wit that is wanting; you meet it at every turn: it is ſoundneſs of judgment, and a ſtrong temper of mind. Where theſe two qualities are wanting, I cannot recognize any thing deſerving to be called a man.—In truth, Diogenes was in the right to take a lantern. But a revolution will ſerve as well: I do not know indeed a better touch-ſtone, nor a ſtandard more exact.

The academy of Beſançon had propoſed the following queſtion as a ſubject for a prize: *How can the education of women be made conducive to the improvement of men?* My imagination was directly on the wing: I took up my pen, and wrote a *diſſertation*, which I ſent anonymouſly, and which, as may eaſily be imagined, was not deemed worthy of the prize. There was none indeed ſo honoured. The ſubject was propoſed again for the following year, with what reſult I know not; but I recollect that, in attempting to diſcuſs this matter, I felt the abſurdity of fixing a mode of education, without attending to the general manners, which depend upon the government; and thought it injudicious to atttempt reforming one ſex by means of the other, inſtead of ameliorating the whole ſpecies by good laws. Accordingly I found no difficulty in ſaying what I thought women ought to be; but I added, they could only be rendered ſuch by a new order of things. That idea certainly did not correſpond with the intention of the academy: I reaſoned about the problem without ſolving it.

I conveyed the diſſertation to M. de Sevelinge; but after having forwarded it to Beſançon, he ſent me nothing but a few remarks on the ſtyle. The warmth of compoſition was over; I found the plan of my production exceedingly defective; and amuſed myſelf in writing a critique upon it, as if it had been the work of a perſon whom I ſhould have been glad to ridicule. This may be compared to a man's tickling his ſides, in order to make himſelf laugh, or ſlapping his cheeks by way of warming them; but moſt aſſuredly no one could laugh without company more heartily, or more innocently, than I did. Sevelinge, in return, communicated to me an academical diſcourſe of his own writing, on the *faculty of ſpeech*, which he had addreſſed to the French academy, and concerning which d'Alembert had written to him in handſome terms. If I recollect aright, there was in that work a great deal of metaphyſics, and ſome little affectation. Six months, a year, and more, paſſed away in this mental intercourſe, in the midſt of which a variety of ideas occurred. Sevelinge appeared to be uneaſy at my ſituation, and tired of living alone. He made many reflections on the pleaſures of a *thinking* ſociety. I thought it to be deſired, and we reaſoned at great length on the ſubject. I know not what fancy afterwards got into his head, but he made a journey to Paris, and came to my father's in diſguiſe, as if upon buſineſs. The moſt whimſical part of the ſtory is, that I did not know him, though I let him in. But the great air of mortification with which he left me awakened in my mind the idea of his features; I thought after he was gone

that

that the ſtranger was very like Sevelinge; and ſoon found by his letters it was Sevelinge himſelf. This curious circumſtance made an impreſſion on me by no means agreeable, and which I cannot deſcribe; our correſpondence ſlackened, and at laſt ceaſed entirely, as I ſhall hereafter relate.

I went now and then to Vincennes: my uncle's canonical retreat was pretty, the walk delightful, and his company agreeable; but though he had the pleaſure of having his houſe very well managed by Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches, he began to perceive he muſt pay for it by ſuffering all the teaſing, ill humour, and folly of a conceited old maid. The caſtle of Vincennes was inhabited by a great number of perſons to whom the court allowed apartments: *here* was Moreau de la Garve, an old cenſor royal; *there* a female wit, no other than Madam de Puiſieux; a little higher a Counteſs de Laurencier; a little lower an officer's widow, and ſo on to the end of the chapter; to ſay nothing of the king's lieutenant, Rougemont, whom Mirabeau made known to the world, and whoſe carbuncled face, and inſolent ſtupidity, rendered him a moſt diſguſting character. A company of invalids, of which the officers' wives made part of the ſociety, amounted, in conjunction with the above motley crew, and the dean and chapter, to no leſs than ſix hundred inhabitants within the walls of the caſtle, without reckoning the priſoners in the tower. My uncle, though well received every where, was ſeldom aſſiduous in his viſits, and ſaw little company at home. But on our return from our walks, we generally ſtopped in the

evening at the pavilion of the bridge that overlooks the park, where the females aſſembled. Here I ſhould alſo have portraits to paint if I had leiſure; but time is treading cloſe upon my heels, and the road I have yet to travel is long. I am therefore obliged to paſs over a great number of things. Very pretty things might however be ſaid concerning the dances in the robbers'-walk, d'Artois's horſe-races, the follies of Seguin, the Duke of Orleans's caſhier, whoſe birth-day (Seguin's) was celebrated by illuminations, and who became a bankrupt ſhortly after—and then the pleaſant walks in the wood, and the beautiful proſpect from the upper park, by the ſide of the Marne, for the ſake of which we uſed to climb over a breach in the wall; and the hermits in the wood, who were ſituated in ſo pictureſque a ſpot, and in whoſe church was a picture admirably executed, and curiouſly deſigned, in which thouſands of devils were ſeen tormenting the damned in as many different ways; and my readings with my uncle, eſpecially that of Voltaire's tragedies, of which we were one day rehearſing ſeveral of the parts, by turns, when at the moment of the greateſt pathos, Mademoiſelle d'Hannaches, who had been ſpinning in ſilence, ſet up a loud outcry againſt the poultry, to which we ſhould have been glad to have ſent her; and our lame concerts after ſupper, when, upon the table that had juſt been cleared, muff-caſes ſerved as a muſic deſk for the worthy canon Bareux, with his ſpectacles on his noſe, and ſtrumming his baſe-viol, while I ſcraped on the fiddle, and my uncle played out of tune on the flute —Ah! I will come back again to thoſe pleaſing

ſcenes,

ſcenes, if ſuffered to exiſt; but it is now time to return home, after having ſpoken, however, of a certain great romancer, who had obtained ſome degree of fame.

A SKETCH

OF WHAT REMAINED TO BE TREATED OF;

Intended to ſerve as a laſt SUPPLEMENT *to the* MEMOIRS *.

THE manuſcripts left with me by M. Roland made me better acquainted with him, during the eighteen months he paſſed in Italy, than frequent viſits could have done. They conſiſted of travels, reflections, plans of literary works, and anecdotes in which he was perſonally concerned: a ſtrong mind, rigorous probity, ſtrict principles, learning, and taſte, were evident in every page.

Born in opulence, and deſcended from an ancient family, of the higheſt character for integrity in the law, he had ſeen, while a young man, all his hopes of fortune vaniſh, owing to a want of management on the one hand, and to prodigal expence

* In my laſt ſheet I left off at Vincennes: I was going to ſpeak of *Carracioli*, whom I met at the canon's, and whoſe letters, under the name of *Ganganelli*, had made ſome noiſe in the world, although they were often a repetition of what he had written in his numerous little works. But were I thus to go on, ſtep by ſtep, I ſhould have a long work to compoſe, for which the limits of my life would not ſuffice; I ſhall therefore confine myſelf to a ſketch.

on

on the other. The youngeſt of five brothers, four of whom were compelled to embrace the clerical profeſſion, he had left his paternal roof friendleſs, and alone at the age of nineteen, that he might not take holy orders, nor enter into trade, from both of which he was equally averſe. His firſt flight carried him to Nantz; where he ſtayed ſome time in a merchant's compting-houſe, in order to gain information concerning a variety of matters, with a view of going to India. His preparations were all made; when he was taken with a ſpitting of blood, and was forbidden to go to ſea, by the phyſicians, under penalty of death. He next repaired to Rouen, where his relation, M. Godinot, inſpector of manufactures, propoſed to him to enter into that department. He determined to do ſo; ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his activity and readineſs; and at laſt obtained a lucrative employ. Travelling and ſtudy divided his time, and filled up every moment of his life.

Before he ſet off for Italy, he had introduced to my father his beſt-beloved brother, a Benedictine monk, at that time prior of the college of Clugny at Paris; a man of ſenſe, of agreeable manners, and of an amiable diſpoſition. He came now and then to ſee me, and communicated to me the notes which his brother tranſmitted to him; for wherever M. Roland went, he committed his obſervations to paper. They were the notes which at his return he publiſhed in the form of letters, entruſting the care of printing them to ſome friends at Dieppe, one of whom having a rage for the Italian, overloaded them with paſſages in that language,

guage, by adding thoſe of his own fabrication. This work, abounding in matter, wants only to be better digeſted in order to hold the higheſt rank among books of the kind. Ever ſince our marriage, we have had the intention of putting it into another ſhape; but I wanted to ſee Italy alſo; and time and events led us another way.

On M. Roland's return, I found myſelf in poſſeſſion of a friend: his gravity, his manners, and his ſtudious habits, all concurred in making me conſider him as a perſon of no ſex, or rather as a philoſopher, who had only a mental exiſtence. A kind of confidence grew up between us, the pleaſure he took in my company making him feel a deſire of coming more frequently. It was near five years ſince my acquaintance with him began, when he firſt made a declaration of his tender ſentiments. I did not hear it with indifference, becauſe I eſteemed him more than any man I had yet ſeen; but I had remarked that neither he nor his family were altogether indifferent to worldly conſiderations. I told him frankly, that I felt myſelf honoured by his addreſſes, and that I ſhould be happy to make him a return for his affection; but that I did not think he would find me a proper match. I then expoſed to him without reſerve the ſtate of my father's affairs—he was a ruined man. By prevailing upon myſelf to aſk him for an account of my fortune, at the riſk of incurring his diſpleaſure, I had ſaved five hundred livres a year, making, with my little moveables, all that remained of the apparent opulence in which I had been brought up.

My

My father was ſtill in the vigour of life; his errors might lead him to contract debts, which his inability to pay might render diſgraceful; he might marry imprudently, and add to thoſe evils little beggars who would bear my name, &c. &c. &c. I was too proud to expoſe myſelf to the malevolence of a family, which might feel its conſequence hurt by the connexion, or to the generoſity of a huſband who would find it in a ſource of chagrin. I adviſed M. Roland, as a third perſon might have done, to give up all thoughts of me: he perſiſted; I was moved; and conſented to his taking the neceſſary ſteps with my father. But as he preferred making his application in writing, it was agreed that he ſhould not ſend his letter till his return to his uſual place of reſidence. During the reſt of his ſtay at Paris, I ſaw him every day; conſidered him as the being with whom my future fate was to be connected; and conceived a real affection for his perſon. As ſoon as he returned to Amiens, he wrote to my father, making known his wiſhes and deſigns. My father thought the letter dry: he did not like M. Roland's ſeverity, and felt no inclination to have for his ſon-in-law a man of rigid principles, whoſe very looks would wear the appearance of reproach. He anſwered in rude and impertinent terms, and ſhewed me the whole, when his letter was ſent off. I came to a reſolution immediately. I wrote to M. Roland, and told him the event had juſtified my fears in reſpect to my father; that I did not wiſh to be the cauſe of his receiving farther affronts; and that I begged him to abandon his deſign. I made known to my father

what his conduct had induced me to do; and added, he could not be ſurpriſed if I ſhould in conſequence ſeek a new ſituation, and retire to a convent. But as I knew he had ſeveral debts of an urgent nature, I left him the ſhare of plate that belonged to me, to ſatisfy his creditors; hired a little apartment in the convent of the Congregation; and there took up my abode, with a firm reſolution to regulate my expences by my income. I did ſo; and curious particulars I ſhould have to relate of a ſituation in which I began to avail myſelf of the reſources of a ſtrong mind. I calculated my expences to a farthing, reſerving a trifle for preſents to the perſons who did the menial offices about the houſe. Potatoes, rice, and dry kidney beans dreſſed in a pot with a ſprinkling of ſalt, and a ſmall bit of butter, varied my food, and were cooked with little loſs of time. I went out twice a week; once to viſit my aged relations; and once to my father's, in order to look over his linen, and take away with me whatever ſtood in need of mending. The reſt of my time, ſhut up under my roof of ſnow, as I uſed to call it (for I was lodged near the ſky, and it was in the winter), and refuſing to mix habitually with the boarders, I applied to my ſtudies; ſteeled my heart againſt adverſity; and by deſerving happineſs, avenged myſelf on fate which denied it me. Every evening the kind-hearted Agatha came to paſs an hour with me, and accompanied the effuſions of her ſoul with the conſolatory tears of friendſhip. A few turns in the garden, when every body was out of the way, conſtituted my ſolitary walks. The reſignation of a patient temper,

the

the quiet of a good conſcience, the elevation of ſpirit which ſets misfortune at defiance, the laborious habits that make the hours paſs ſo rapidly away, the delicate taſte of a ſound mind finding in the conſciouſneſs of exiſtence and of its own value, pleaſures which the vulgar never know; theſe were my riches. I was not always free from melancholy; but even melancholy had its charms. Though I was not happy, I had within me all the means of being ſo; and had reaſon to be proud of knowing how to do without what I wanted in other reſpects.

M. Roland, aſtoniſhed and afflicted, continued to write to me, like a man conſtant in his affection, but offended at my father's conduct. He came at the expiration of five or ſix months, and felt the flame of love revive on ſeeing me at the grate, where I preſerved an appearance of proſperity. He was deſirous of taking me out of my confinement, offered me his hand again, and preſſed me to receive the nuptial benediction from his brother the prior. I entered into a deep deliberation concerning what I ought to do. I could not help being ſenſible, that a man under forty-five would not have waited ſeveral months without endeavouring to make me change my reſolution; and I readily confeſs that my ſentiments were reduced by that conſideration to a ſtate which admitted of nothing like illuſion. I conſidered on the other hand, that his perſeverance, the fruit alſo of mature deliberation, proved his ſenſe of my merit; and ſince he had overcome his repugnance to the diſagreeable circumſtances that might attend the match, I was the more ſecure

of

of retaining his eſteem, which I ſhould not find it difficult to juſtify. Beſides, if matrimony was, as I thought, a rigorous tie, a partnerſhip in which the woman generally undertakes to provide for the happineſs of both parties, was it not better to exert my faculties, and my courage, in that honourable ſtation, than in the forlorn and aſcetic life I was leading in a convent? Here I might ſtate at length the many prudent reflections, as I conceive them to be, that guided me; and yet I did not make all thoſe that the circumſtances might have warranted, but which experience alone can ſuggeſt. I became then the wife of a truly honeſt man, who continued to love me the more, the better he knew me. Married when my reaſon was matured, I met with nothing that could diſturb its ſerious courſe; and fulfilled my duties with an ardour that was rather the effect of enthuſiaſm than calculation. By ſtudying my partner's happineſs, I perceived ſomething was wanting to my own. I have never ceaſed a moment to conſider my huſband as one of the moſt eſtimable men in exiſtence, as a man to whom I might be proud of belonging; but I have often felt the diſparity between us. I have often felt the aſcendancy of an imperious temper, joined to that of twenty years more than I could count, rendered one of thoſe advantages a great deal too much. If we lived in ſolitude, I had ſometimes diſagreeable hours to paſs: if we mixed with the world, I was beloved by perſons, ſome of whom appeared likely to take too ſtrong a hold of my affections. I immerſed myſelf in ſtudy with my huſband, another exceſs by which I was a

ſufferer:

ſufferer: I accuſtomed him not to know how to do without me at any time, or on any occaſion whatever.

We paſſed the firſt year of our marriage entirely at Paris, whither Roland had been ſent for by the Board of Trade, who were deſirous of making ſome new regulations concerning manufactures; regulations which the principles of liberty that Roland carried with him wherever he went, made him oppoſe with all his might. He was printing an account of ſome of the arts, which he had written for the academy, and taking a fair copy of his Italian notes. He made me his copyiſt and the corrector of the preſs; and I executed the taſk with an humility, at which I cannot help laughing when I recollect it, and which ſeems almoſt irreconcilable with a mind ſo much cultivated as mine; but it flowed directly from the heart. I had ſo ſincere a reſpect for my huſband, that I eaſily conceived him to know every thing better than I could. I was at the ſame time ſo much afraid of a cloud on his brow, and he was ſo tenacious of his opinions, that it was long before I acquired ſufficient confidence to contradict him. I was then attending a courſe of lectures on natural hiſtory, and another on botany: that laborious recreation was the only one I enjoyed after the employments of ſecretary and houſekeeper; for living at ready-furniſhed lodgings, as Paris was not our uſual place of reſidence, and perceiving that every kind of cookery did not agree with my huſband's delicate conſtitution, I took care to prepare for him the diſhes that ſuited him beſt. We paſſed four years at Amiens;

Amiens; and there I became a mother and a nurſe, without ceaſing to partake of my huſband's labours, who had engaged to write a conſiderable part of the new Encyclopedia. We never ſtirred from the deſk, unleſs to take a walk out of the gates of the town. I made a *hortus ſiccus* of the plants of Picardy; and the ſtudy of aquatic botany gave birth to *The Peat-digger's Art*. Frequent ſickneſs alarmed me for Roland's life; my cares were not ineffectual, and ſerved to ſtrengthen the tie that connected us: he loved me for my boundleſs attention; and I was attached to him by the good I did him.

He had been acquainted in Italy with a young man, whoſe gentle and kind diſpoſition he valued much; and who, after his return to France, where he applied to the ſtudy of phyſic, became our particular friend. That was Lathenas, whom I ſhould have eſteemed more, if the revolution, that touchſtone of mankind, by drawing him into the vortex of public affairs, had not expoſed to view his weakneſs and his mediocrity. Poſſeſſed of private virtues, without perſonal accompliſhments, he rendered himſelf very agreeable to my huſband, and attached himſelf to us both. I loved him; I treated him like a brother, and gave him the name. I could write largely concerning him, as well as ſeveral intereſting connexions I formed at that era, and who ſtill exiſt.

Sophy married, during my reſidence at Amiens, the Chevalier de Comicourt, who lived at ſix leagues' diſtance from that place, and farmed his own eſtate. Henrietta, who had been fond of M. Roland, and

would have found no difficulty in obtaining the consent of her family to marry him, made no scruple of approving the preference he had given me, with that affecting sincerity which did honour to her disposition, and with that generosity that made her so much beloved. She married old *De Vouglans*, who was become a widower, and whose confessor and physician advised him to take another wife, although at the age of seventy-five. Both are widows. Sophy is turned devotee again; and is reduced to a very weakly state by pectoral complaints, which endanger a life necessary to the welfare of two charming children. The difference of our disposition and opinions, added to absence, and the cares of the world, have weakened our connexion, without breaking it. Henrietta, always frank, lively, and affectionate, has been to see me in my captivity, where she would willingly have taken my place to insure my safety.

Roland had desired, in the early part of our union, that I should be sparing of my visits to my two friends. I complied with his wishes; nor did I resume the liberty of frequenting their society till time had inspired my husband with confidence enough to remove his fears of being rivalled in my affections. Those fears were injudicious: a married life is grave and austere; and if you deprive a woman of sensibility of the pleasures of friendly intercourse with her own sex, you take away a necessary comfort, and expose her to dangers. How long a dissertation would this theme admit of!

In 1784 we removed to the generality of Lyons, and took up our abode at Villefranche, in M. Roland's

paternal houſe, where his mother, of the ſame age as the century, was living with his elder brother, a canon and counſellor. Here I ſhould have numerous pictures to paint of the manners of a country town, and their influence, of domeſtic cares, and the life I led in the ſociety of a woman rendered reſpectable by her age, and terrible by her bad temper; and between two brothers, the younger of whom was paſſionately fond of independence, and the elder accuſtomed and inclined to domineer.

During two months of the winter we uſed to reſide at Lyons, with which place I became well acquainted, and of which I ſhould have a great deal to ſay—a city beautifully ſituated, and nobly built, flouriſhing by its trade and manufactures, intereſting on account of its antiquities and collections of curioſities, and reſplendent with riches—a city of which the emperor Joſeph was jealous, and which had the air of a magnificent capital; now a vaſt burying-place, filled with the victims of a government a thouſand times more atrocious than the very deſpotiſm, from the ruins of which it aroſe.

We uſed to go into the country in the autumn; and after the death of my mother-in-law, Madam la Platière, ſpent there the greater part of the year. The pariſh of Thezée, at two leagues' diſtance from Villefranche, in which is ſituated the *Clos* * of la Platière,

* The word *Clos*, in French, is particularly applied in France to a tract of vineyard incloſed, which is its ſignification here. It is often uſed to diſtinguiſh the wines of different diſtricts, as *Clos St. George*, &c.—*Tranſ.*

is a country of an arid ſoil, but rich in vineyards and in woods; it is the laſt region in which the vine is cultivable as you advance towards the lofty mountains of Beaujolois. It was there my ſimple taſte was exerciſed in all the details of rural and productive economy; and there I applied ſome little knowledge I had acquired to the relief of my neighbours: I became the village doctor, and was the more revered becauſe I beſtowed aſſiſtance, inſtead of requiring a reward, and becauſe the pleaſure of doing good gave grace to my attentions.—How readily does the ruſtic labourer grant his confidence to thoſe who render him ſervice! People pretend he is not grateful; and true it is that I was deſirous of laying no one under obligations; but I was beloved; and my departure was lamented with tears. I have alſo had ſome whimſical ſcenes. Honeſt country-women have brought a horſe for me two or three leagues, begging me to ſave the life of ſome individual given over by the phyſicians. I ſnatched my huſband from the embrace of death in 1789, when all the preſcriptions of the doctors would not have delivered him from a dreadful diſeaſe without my ſoothing cares. I paſſed twelve days and nights without ſleep, and without undreſſing myſelf, and ſix months in the uneaſineſs and agitation of a precarious convaleſcence; and yet I was not indiſpoſed: ſo much does our ſtrength and activity depend upon the heart. The revolution came, and the ſame enthuſiaſm ſeized us both: friends to mankind, adoring liberty, and thinking it was regenerating the ſpecies, and putting an end to the degrading miſery of that unfortunate

claſs,

claſs, which had ſo often excited our compaſſion, we welcomed it with tranſport. Our opinions diſpleaſed many people at Lyons, who, being accuſtomed to commercial calculations, could not conceive it poſſible to favour and applaud changes, only beneficial to others, from mere philoſophy. For that ſole reaſon they became Roland's enemies; and that made the adverſe party prize him the more. He was elected one of the municipality at its firſt formation; and exhibited in that ſituation an inflexible integrity. He was dreaded, and calumny on one ſide took the field againſt him; whilſt on the other he was defended by impartiality and affection. Being deputed in behalf of the intereſts of the city to the conſtituent aſſembly, he repaired to Paris, and there we remained the beſt part of a year. I have related, in another place, how we became acquainted with ſeveral members of that aſſembly; connecting ourſelves naturally with thoſe, who, like us, loved liberty, not for their own ſake, but for her's, and who now ſhare with us the fate common to almoſt all who have laid the foundations of freedom, as well as to the true friends of human nature; ſuch as Dion, Socrates, Phocion, and other heroes of antiquity; and Barneveldt and Sydney in modern times.

My huſband made me accompany him in a tour through England in 1784, and in another through Switzerland in 1787: we were acquainted with intereſting individuals in both thoſe countries, and continued to keep up a correſpondence with ſeveral. It is not a year ſince I received a lettter from *Lavater*,

the celebrated clergyman of Zurich, ſo well known on account of his writings, his brilliant imagination, his affectionate heart, and the purity of his morals. The worthy and learned Goſſe of Geneva certainly laments the perſecution we undergo. I know not what is become of the able Dezach, formerly a profeſſor at Vienna, who was lately travelling through Germany, whom I ſaw frequently at London, and with whom Roland got into an argument at the houſe of Banks, the preſident of the royal ſociety, who uſed to aſſemble at his houſe the ſcientific of his own country, and the ſtrangers who viſited London. I travelled with the pleaſure and profit derived from the company of a man who has been upon the ſpot, and ſeen things with an attentive eye; and committed to paper the obſervations I made on every thing by which I was moſt forcibly ſtruck. I alſo viſited ſeveral parts of France; but the revolution came, and prevented the excurſions which we meditated into the ſouthern provinces, as well as the tour of Italy, which I had a longing deſire to make. Fondly attached to the public happineſs, it engroſſed all our ideas, and ſuperſeded all our projects; the paſſion of ſerving it was, indeed, the only one we felt. The reader has ſeen in the article entitled, *Roland's Firſt Adminiſtration*, how a ſhare in the government was conferred upon him, unknown to himſelf, as it were; nor will his public conduct fail to prove to impartial poſterity his diſintereſtedneſs, his knowledge, and his virtues.

My father, with whom we had no great reaſon to be pleaſed, neither married nor made any very ruinous engage-

engagements. We paid a few debts he had contracted, and by granting him an annuity, prevailed on him to leave off buſineſs, in which it was become impoſſible for him to ſucceed. Though ſuffering ſo much from his errors, by which my grandmother's little fortune had gone the ſame way as every thing elſe, and though he had reaſon to be highly ſatisfied with our behaviour, his ſpirit was too proud not to be hurt at the obligation he owed us. That ſtate of irritated ſelf-love often hindered him from doing juſtice, even to thoſe who were the moſt deſirous of pleaſing him. He died, aged upwards of ſixty, in the hard winter of 1787, of a catarrh, with which he had been long afflicted. My dear uncle died at Vincennes in 1789; and ſoon after we loſt my huſband's much-beloved brother. He had made the tour of Switzerland with us, was become prior and rector at Longpont, and was nominated elector of his canton, where he preached liberty, and practiſed the evangelical virtues. The counſellor and phyſician of his pariſhioners, and too wiſe for a monk, he was perſecuted by the heads of his order, and had numerous moleſtations, which, by their effect on his ſpirits, contributed to haſten his end. Thus, every where, and in all times, do the good fall victims: there muſt be another world, then, in which they will live again, or it would not be worth while to come into this world!

Blind calumniators! follow the track of Roland, ſift every action of his life, ſcrutinize mine, conſult the ſocieties in which we have lived, the cities in which we have reſided, and the country where all diſſimulation

is laid aſide: put us to the queſtion, ordinary and extraordinary ..... and the more you ſee of us, the greater will be your diſappointment, and your rage: that indeed is the reaſon why you wiſh to ſend us out of the world.

Roland has been reproached with having ſolicited letters patent of nobility. The truth is this:—His family had enjoyed all the priviledges of that order, for ſeveral centuries, by virtue of offices, which did not tranſmit them to their heirs, and of the opulence which enabled them to keep up all the *inſignia*, arms, chapel, livery, fief, &c. Their opulence diſappeared; it was ſucceeded by circumſtances tolerably eaſy; and Roland had the proſpect of ending his days on the only eſtate which remained in the family, and which ſtill belongs to his elder brother. He thought he had a right, by his labours, to inſure to his deſcendants an advantage which his anceſtors had enjoyed, and which he would have diſdained to buy. He accordingly ſet forth his claims, in order to obtain either the acknowledgment of his nobility, or letters patent of creation. That was the beginning of 1784; nor do I conceive any man at that period, and in his ſituation, would have thought it unworthy of his wiſdom to do the ſame thing. I came to Paris, and ſoon ſaw that the new ſuperintendants of trade, jealous of his long experience in a branch of adminiſtration which he underſtood better than they, and adverſe to his opinions concerning the freedom of commerce, of which he was extremely tenacious,

in

in giving him the requeſted certificates of his important ſervices, which they could not refuſe, did not lay that ſtreſs upon them that was likely to inſure his ſucceſs. We therefore deemed it proper to let the matter ſleep for a while, and made no further attempts. It was then that, becoming acquainted with the changes of which I have ſpoken in the curious article of Lazowſki, I demanded and obtained Roland's removal to Lyons, which brought him nearer home, and ſeated him in the midſt of his family, where I knew it had been his wiſh, ſome time or other, to retire. Patriots of the preſent day, you who ſtood in need of a revolution to give you conſequence, bring forward your good works, and, if you dare, compare them with his!

Thirteen years paſt in different places, in continual ſtudy, and in an intercourſe with a variety of perſons —years, the latter of which ſo cloſely connected with the hiſtory of the times—would furniſh the fourth, and moſt intereſting, ſection of my Memoirs. The detached pieces which will be found in the *Portraits* and *Anecdotes*, muſt ſerve inſtead of it.—I am no longer able to hold the pen in the midſt of the horrors that tear my country to pieces: I cannot live among its ruins; but chooſe rather to bury myſelf beneath them. Nature, take me into thy boſom!

At thirty-nine years of age.

DETACHED NOTES.

IF fate had allowed me to live, I believe I ſhould have been ambitious of only one thing; and that would have been to write the *Annals of the preſent Age*, and to become the *Macaulay* of my country. I have conceived, in my priſon, a real fondneſs for *Tacitus*; and cannot go to ſleep till I have read a part of his work. It ſeems to me that we ſee things in the ſame light, and that in time, and with a ſubject equally rich, it would not have been impoſſible for me to imitate his ſtyle.

I am very ſorry to have loſt with my Hiſtorical Memoirs, an anſwer I wrote to Garat, on the 6th of June. Charged with my remonſtrances againſt my confinement, he had written me a handſome letter of four pages, in which he expreſſed his eſteem, his ſorrow, &c. At the ſame time he entered into a diſcuſſion of public affairs, and ſought to impute the ruin of the *twenty-two* to themſelves, as if they had acted, and ſpoken in the Aſſembly, in a way that accorded ill with the intereſt of the republic. I anſwered Garat with good reaſons, expreſſed in a manner that makes me regret the loſs of them: I repreſented his conduct as the conſequence of that *weakneſs*, to which I attribute our misfortunes; a weakneſs common to a timid majority, who were obedient only to the impulſe of fear: and I demonſtrated, that both *he* and *Barrere* were fit for nothing but to ruin all the ſtates in the world by the obliquity of their proceedings. I have never

never been able to digeſt the ſilly declamations of a flock of buzzards, againſt what they called the *paſſions* of the *right ſide*. Men of integrity, ſteady to their principles, and full of indignation againſt guilt, exerted their powerful eloquence againſt the perverſity of a few villains, and the atrocious meaſures they dictated; and theſe eunuchs in politics reproached them with ſpeaking with too much warmth!

Roland's retiring from the miniſtry, very ſhortly after he had ſaid he would defy the ſtorm, has been imputed as a crime. People do not perceive it was neceſſary for him to make known his reſolution, in order to keep up the ſpirits of the weak, and that in this manner he encouraged them on the ſixth of January: but the ſentence of Louis *XVI.*, pronounced on the 18th, ſhewing the weakneſs of the ſober party, and the fall of their power in the Convention, he had no longer any ſupport to hope for, nor any thing to do but to retire, in order that he might not ſhare the diſgrace of other people's blunders. Certainly Roland abhorred tyranny, and believed Louis guilty; but he wiſhed to ſee liberty fixed on firm foundations, and thought all was loſt, when he ſaw that wrong-headed men had gained the aſcendence. He is too well juſtified in regard to thoſe who are now about to be led to the block. As to every thing elſe, it appears to me I have been ſufficiently explicit in the narrative entitled, *Roland's Second Adminiſtration*. His going out of office was the ſignal of *diſcomfiture*, and that he foreſaw.

My

My poor Agatha! ſhe has left her cloiſter; but ſhe is ſtill the ſame gentle dove, and weeps for her daughter, for that is the name by which ſhe diſtinguiſhes me. I ſhould have had a great number of perſons to introduce into my hiſtory by way of epiſode: my worthy couſin Deſportes, who died at fifty years of age, after experiencing much vexation; my little couſin Trude, who has retired into the country, and is now ſuing for a divorce, our old maid, whoſe name was *Mignonne*, and who died at my father's houſe: 'Mademoiſelle,' ſaid ſhe, while expiring with reſignation in my arms, 'I never aſked any thing from Heaven but to die in your ſervice: I am ſatisfied.'—And then that ſad connexion of my unfortunate father with the profligate Leveilly, for the fate of whoſe daughter I felt myſelf concerned. I made her the object of my bounty; her youth, her vivacity, and ſome ſhare of accompliſhments, exciting compaſſion: but ſhe debaſed herſelf; and having loſt all ſhame, obliged me in latter times to forbid her my preſence, while I continued to receive her brothers, and to render them every ſervice in my power.

A

COLLECTION OF LETTERS,

Addreſſed by MADAM ROLAND *to the* EDITOR,

At that Time Secretary to the Intendant General of the Poſt-Office.*

MY DEAR FRIEND!

I HAVE received a letter from M. Goſſe, which, I think, you will be pleaſed to peruſe; and have therefore ſent it you encloſed. You will learn from it the way in which the combined forces of France, Savoy, and Berne, behaved when they took poſſeſſion of Geneva.

I do not know whether you will agree with me; but I think that the poor Geneveſe could not poſſibly have managed worſe: one would take them for a

* I ſaid, in the advertiſement prefixed to Part I. that I ſhould ſubjoin theſe letters to the foregoing writings of Madam Roland, though ſeeming, at the firſt view, to be only intereſting to our friendſhip, becauſe I conſidered them as a neceſſary ſupplement to her private memoirs, and as a ſtandard that would ſerve to aſcertain the merit of that honourable victim of the late tyranny. I am ſorry to ſee ſuch a conſiderable *hiatus*; for it is in the effuſions of a regular and unaffected correſpondence that the whole heart is ſeen, and the inclinations, opinions, and acquirements, exhibit themſelves in their true ſhape; but what remains will ſuffice, I believe, to make the writer known, and to ſerve as a ſpecimen of the eaſe of her epiſtolary ſtyle.

company

company of blind men, committed with their own conſent to the guidance of a few traitors, who betrayed them, and whoſe manœuvres were evident. I was out of all patience, I know not how often, in reading it, and the very idea ſtill makes my blood boil in my veins. I pity, from the bottom of my ſoul, thoſe who could not diſtinguiſh which was the wiſeſt way of proceeding; or rather, who had not influence enough to get it adopted: but it appears clear to me that Geneva, in general, was no longer worthy of liberty—we ſee nothing like the energy it would have required to defend ſo dear a property, or to die beneath its ruins. I have only the greater hatred for its oppreſſors, whoſe infectious neighbourhood had corrupted the republicbefore they came to put an end to its exiſtence.

Goſſe tells me, the friend who was with him at Paris is of the ariſtocratical party; and that he has refuſed to hold any intercourſe with him ſince the overthrow of liberty, leſt the oppoſite tempers of mind they are in ſhould produce a diſagreeable altercation. I would have laid a wager it would have taken place—It is a certain M. Coladon, whom I uſed to call Celadon, whoſe only merit is that of being a pretty fellow, and whoſe ſervile air, and ſupple demeanour, beſpoke a ſlave at firſt ſight. I would not give a cripple, of the ſame caſt as Goſſe, for a hundred of him.

Virtue, and liberty, have no longer any aſylum, unleſs in the heart of a ſmall number of honeſt men: a fig for the reſt, and for all the thrones in the world!

I would

I would tell a ſovereign ſo to his face—from a woman it would only be laughed at; but, by my ſoul, if I had been at Geneva, I would have died before they ſhould have laughed at me.

February 9, 1783.

I WILL not ſay, with the woman in the old ſtory*, *Why, I chuſe to be beaten, I tell you!* That would not be at all to my taſte. But I muſt let you know that the word *loup*†, which appears to you ſo terrible, is a term of endearment, a charming little name, which I have borne, not from time immemorial, but from the day after a certain fourth of February, which took place three years ago. I know not why nor wherefore, but my name in ſhort it is, and I am called *loup* by ſomebody, as perhap you may be called *my lovely creature*, by ſome fair lady, whom, like me, you do not care to mention. After that, judge of people by their words! Should we not be as much in the right to doubt their ſignification, as Berkeley was to doubt the exiſtence of bodies? But you have ſomething better to do than to liſten to ſtories, and I than to write them.

Yeſterday's quiet evening has no doubt ſet you to rights again.—I have paſſed the day in working harder than I have done for a great while. Health and pleaſure attend you!

* In the Medecin malgrè lui of Moliere.—*Tranſ.*

† A wolf.

YOU

March 20.

YOU are a good creature, and deſerving every body's love. Your letter is full of ſenſibility and reaſon; and is calculated to make you friends among worthy people, who ſhould know nothing of you beſides. Good inclinations, prudent projects, juſt and natural ſentiments; theſe are the materials of happineſs: you poſſeſs them; and no doubt the event will do juſtice to your claims, and give accompliſhment to the wiſhes of thoſe by whom you are beloved. Among them we ſhall never be the hindmoſt.

I have no doubt that a ſet of inſtructions, with the leſſons in queſtion, would ſuffice to carry you any length you pleaſe; nor ſhould I aſk more if I had leiſure, but I ſtand in need of a maſter to fix an hour for that kind of ſtudy, and my maſter is not punctual to his time: he is, beſides, a mere machine, with whom it is impoſſible to reaſon, and who can only move his fingers in order to ſhew what is to be done. I loſe all patience, and make but little progreſs. I cannot even play the muſic you ſelected for me, which is in general eaſy; but the ſimpleton likes better to make me ſtudy what he is maſter of himſelf, and I am obliged to ſubmit, that my time and my money may not be altogether thrown away.

I believe the people who are afraid leſt the fine project for a reform in the adminiſtration of juſtice ſhould fall to the ground, have great reaſons for their fears: it would be a very ſingular phenomenon.

Adieu!—We are yours in all truth and friendſhip.

IT

April 5.

IT is a nocturnal greeting I ſend you this time. It is half paſt eight, and the moment of a country ſupper cannot be far off; but I can always find time to devote to your ſervice. Do not imagine, however, I am going to tire you to death with an endleſs epiſtle: you have no time to loſe, and I will not ſpend mine in a way burdenſome to any body, much leſs to my friends. This principle being eſtabliſhed, nothing remains but to come to the point; and that is what I would ſtill avoid doing to the end of the fourth page, by way of teaſing *you* and amuſing *myſelf*, if it were not right for ſuch fancies to give way to reaſon.—The ſervice of this Dame Reaſon is by no means an eaſy one. —Whatever truth there may be in my reflection, which you will take for the whim of the moment, you muſt know that Monſieur Maille, haberdaſher of hard-wares, in the *Rue des Lombards*, deals in that famous *Dogs'-graſs*, which has ſo much puzzled the doctors, yourſelf not excepted—the dogs' graſs uſed by bruſh-makers, which I, poor ignorant woman, often make uſe of without entering into an analyſis of its nature. But there muſt be food ſuited to every ſtomach; and people are ſo accuſtomed to look for ſcience in dictionaries, that it would occaſion a terrible outcry indeed, if none were to be put into a work of this kind, in which, by the way, there is now and then a want of it. Be good enough, then, to call on Monſieur Maille, and, like a philoſopher who knows how to extract information out of every thing, for once let a ſhop-keeper inſtruct you. You

will ask him whence he procures that commodity, what he thinks of its nature, and of the preparation it may have undergone, &c. &c. It is not necessary to teach you your lesson; for you certainly are not one of those, who, as the poet Sadi says, know not even how to inquire.—In saying this, I do not intend to pay you a compliment; but to express a truth which flows spontaneously from my pen.

I believe it is now two or three long days since we have been favoured with any thing from you in the shape of a letter. We should be glad to know whether you have received *The Peat-digger's Art*: the desire of the author must have been ill complied with, if the work was not delivered to you on Wednesday last: you were the first person to whom it was dispatched.

We have been very busy these two days in digging, hoeing, and sowing our little garden. We mean to fill it with flowers, not with pretty ones, according to the general idea, but with such as are interesting in the eyes of the botanist. We are doing great things, I assure you!

Adieu!—It is a great deal later than I imagined.

April 14.

IS it not enough to leave the poor women disconsolate, without sending them to the devil into the bargain? Young man, you are not tolerant; but as there is something laughable in your malice, it is forgiven you, and we only infer, that you would rather come in the way of all the *prickly hollies* in the universe,

univerſe, than in that of Madam Maille. After this, very poſſibly, your friends may beg you to wander about the fields and buſhes for information, but nothing more. They find, however, your diſintereſtedneſs much to their advantage; and while that is the motive of your conduct, have the greater reaſon to depend on your perſeverance.

Your giving me a deſcription of your laborious life anſwers very little purpoſe: I do not pity you at all. In my opinion, to be buſy is to be half-way towards happineſs, eſpecially when it is a mean of preſerving our liberty: for when once we can get rid of the empire of habit, we are little expoſed to that of love. Flutter then, at your eaſe, about the woods and ſhrubberies, like a coquetiſh ſparrow, yet a ſtranger to ſlavery: it may be long avoided by ſuch a way of life, and the mind will gain proportionable ſtrength. I only pity you for not being able to divert yourſelf theſe enſuing holydays, and ſhall think of you every time we go to take our walk, in which you will be our ideal companion.

April 17.

YOU are ſad, and we are quite afflicted at it! Nobody, moſt certainly, can better conceive how much reaſon, with your delicate way of thinking, you muſt have to be ſo. It is painful to ſee the ſeeds of malevolence, or of any thing like it, growing in the hearts of thoſe about us; and a generous mind regrets it the more, when it is owing to ſome external advantage. It would be eaſier for ſuch a man to ſet himſelf above poſitive injuſtice, than to

overcome the vexation of afflicting the perſons around him, by any ſuperiority not intrinſically his own. That very diſpoſition, however, ought to procure him his pardon for many advantages; and, indeed, it ſeldom happens the ſelf-love of rivals and competitors is much hurt by thoſe of which the poſſeſſor does not avail himſelf in an overbearing manner. That kind of diſcontent that many perſons feel at the promotion of a fortunate individual, is, beſides, one of the evils attendant on ſociety; and in theſe caſes, a man muſt reſolve to bear what he cannot avoid.

Our friend has written you a letter to-day, which will be delivered by Monſieur de Vin, whoſe departure for Paris is fixed for this evening. He is an excellent man, of a truly honeſt and feeling heart, whoſe friends reproach him with nothing but indolence, which prevents his ſhewing what he is worth, and availing himſelf of his talents. But I could willingly reproach him with talking too much on newſpaper politics, which tire me to death, and keeping to himſelf all he knows on the *belles-lettres*, of which I am ſo fond: but every one muſt follow his inclinations. I am glad you have all thoſe of a ſound mind, and all that can ſatisfy an active diſpoſition. It is having materials for happineſs, and arms againſt melancholy, from which the indolent cannot deliver themſelves with equal advantage.

April 23.

YOU have too much ſoul for any one to reproach you with having ſenſes: it would at leaſt be an abſurdity. It is extremely natural at five-and-twenty

to forget Ariſtotle, for the ſake of a pair of fine eyes; and it would be very ſtrange, if, at a female tribunal, you were not held pardonable for ſuch an offence. I am well content, likewiſe, to make up all our other quarrels.

I could not help ſmiling at your earneſt deſire to ſee M. de Vin. Your active friendſhip meaſures that of other people by itſelf; but the worthy M. de Vin is the laſt man in the world to perceive all thoſe little things which intereſt you, becauſe your heart ſets a value upon them; nor do I doubt but you would learn more from our brief correſpondence, than he would by viſiting us day after day. I ſhould not be aſtoniſhed if he were to paſs three weeks at Paris without ſeeing you, although he really deſires it; for he is a man likely to ſpend one half of his life in planning the very contrary of what he will execute in the other: a kind honeſt-hearted creature notwithſtanding, and well calculated to make a ſenſible woman happy.

Your maidens of Poitou do not at all reſemble our young ladies of Amiens. The latter have all the aſſurance of a woman with whom baſhfulneſs has long been out of the queſtion; talk quite as loud in company; game as ſoon as they are in their teens; and at that early time of life, play off all the airs and graces of damſels hackneyed in the ways of the world. It is truly farcical; but there are luckily a few remarkable exceptions.

I would almoſt lay a wager that you are an adept at ninepins. We have already played ſome famous

matches with my daughter: but the little ſimpleton throws the bowl on one ſide: in ſober ſadneſs, if ſhe never takes better aim, ſhe will be a poor creature; but patience is neceſſary for every thing; as you have occaſion for it to bear ſtudy, confinement, and the rain when it overtakes you in the fields. But God be praiſed! ſince you ſtill have time left to ſay a few words on the ſubject of friendſhip, and an inclination to retain that ſentiment, in ſpite of the roguiſh tricks of the urchin who gives you ſuch mental abſences, when you are in company with the Abbé's ſiſter.

Adieu!—We good folks, who have made the voyage of Cithera, love you with all our hearts, and without partaking of your abſence of mind.

April 25.

YOU are an excellent man, and we greet you moſt heartily. Your ſenſibility, and your goodneſs of heart, diſcover themſelves without your endeavouring to ſhew them, in a manner highly gratifying to your friends, and well calculated to inſure you their laſting affection. Defend M. de Vin as much as you pleaſe: you will give us great pleaſure, as you would do him a great deal of good, if it were poſſible for you to inſpire him with activity like your own: it is energy that is wanting to his happineſs, as well as to his mind: he is ſenſible of it, and perhaps would acquire more, if he were always with people whoſe ſenſibility might ſerve as a *ſtimulus* to his own.

I fancy

I fancy you would like thoſe to whom he belongs exceedingly. It may be ſaid his family are worthy people, in the full force of the term.

I wiſh you a Eudora, becauſe you are formed to enjoy the ſimple pleaſures which ſhe affords us, and which we hope ſhe will ſome day or other more widely diffuſe. For our ſakes, I wiſh ſhe may be ſuch, that a man like you may reaſon in the ſame way eighteen years hence. I ſhould then be almoſt ready to ſay *Nunc dimittis*.

Adieu!—May your health be equal to our friendſhip.

May 5.

WE received your laſt letter yeſterday with much pleaſure; this indemnification for the abſence of our friends is a great ſatisfaction.

Are you indebted for the recovery of your liberty in the evening to a decreaſe of official buſineſs, or to the kindneſs of one of your colleagues? The latter cauſe would be the more agreeable, as well as the more laſting.

Thanks to your information, we know what to think of the tranſlation of Ariſtotle. However eſtimable the work may be, the preſent edition is above our purchaſe: we have no occaſion for the Greek text, and can do very well without a cumberſome *quarto*. We ſhall therefore wait for a modeſt *octavo* without the text, which will probably be publiſhed hereafter, and which will ſuit us a great deal better. I am very glad to hear you ſay ſo much in favour

of the herbal in queſtion: we ſhall place that work among thoſe of the pleaſing ſcience to which it relates, and which will be one of our deareſt recreations, when we ſhall have aſſumed the patriarchal ſtyle permanently.

I accept your happy augury concerning my little Eudora; nor ſhall it be any fault of mine if the event do not convert it into a prophecy. I enjoy at leaſt every moment of the preſent time by aſſuring myſelf that ſhe is in poſſeſſion of all the health and all the happineſs that belong to her time of life. I have occaſion for this conviction, in order to congratulate myſelf on her exiſtence; and I have occaſion for it alſo to aſſiſt me in ſupporting the loſs of her, in caſe I ſhould meet with ſuch a misfortune. My health does not improve very faſt. Our friend will almoſt tell you that I am no longer worth looking at, and that I am withering on my ſtalk. He is alarmed at my unpleaſant feelings, as I am at his growing thin. In this way do we make one another uneaſy. Content, and permiſſion to eat ſtrawberries, which Linnæus deems ſo ſalubrious, and which, without being of a wonderful quality in this country, are here, as well as every where elſe, in my opinion, the moſt agreeable fruits, becauſe they pleaſe the ſmell and the taſte alike; an advantage that many others cannot boaſt of*.

It ſeems to me that you were obliged to ſhut your eyes while conſulting the Abbé. But tell me ..... Do thoſe of his ſiſter make war on you in

* Something is wanting to complete this ſentence.

good

good earneſt? Have a care of the winged boy, who ſtrikes and eſcapes like an aſſaſſin! Adieu!—Health and joy attend you.

May 13.

THERE was ſo much agreeable chit-chat in your laſt, that I could not help thinking we had you ſitting by our ſide. I admire you for placing to the account of coldneſs what would ſeem to be the fruit of wiſdom; for ſurely it is the higheſt property of it to ſee no more than what is viſible, and to keep reality clear of all illuſions; the circumſtance that carried you to that height ſignifies little—ſo much the better, if, in order to reach it, you had no occaſion for efforts and trials: your mind has received no ſhock, and your energy has not been waſted. Whatever courſe we purſue, we may go a great length, provided imagination does not come acroſs our way, but remains ſubordinate to reaſon.

M. de Vin told us ſomething about the parliamentary ſatires. It muſt be confeſſed that Paris is a curious place: puns and pamphlets are there the reſult or the cauſe of the moſt ſerious affairs; and good and evil are turned into ridicule alike, as ſome kind of conſolation for the exiſtence of the one, and the impoſſibility of the other.

You would no longer then make one in a game at priſon-bars? But if a Sophy were to be the prize of contention in the race, could you not find legs as good as thoſe of *Emile?* I am not at all ſorry for the rain which made you leave off botanizing, and take

take up your pen; but I wiſh you would avail yourſelf of the preſent fine weather, and ſet off on another excurſion. It is in my opinion one of the moſt charming occupations poſſible: it calls forth the activity of youth; favours the reveries of the penſive mind; enables us to enjoy all the pleaſures of the country, and all the agreeable ideas it inſpires; and affords gratification alike to tender melancholy, and to ſportive gaiety. We ſtrolled yeſterday along the ditches of the city, and found a few plants; but I am as yet ſo unſkilful; I have ſo little time to rub away the ruſt of ignorance; and the neceſſity of conſulting books which are not portable, and which I have little leiſure to turn over at home, occurs ſo often, that I ſhould be out of all patience if my taſte for the ſtudy did not overcome the diſguſt occaſioned by my miſtakes.

Sailly, near Corbie.

I DO not know what is the day of the month: all I can tell you is, that we are in the month of June, that yeſterday was a holyday, and that, according to our reckoning here, it is three o'clock in the afternoon. On Sunday I had a viſit from my good man, who left me again yeſterday evening. I paſſed a very bad night, and was ſo ill this morning, that I could not write to you, although it was very much my intention. I do not give you this ſucceſſion of events as neceſſarily reſulting from one another; but I relate things fairly and honeſtly as they are. Your letters were communicated to me, becauſe we number the receipt

receipt of them among our enjoyments, and because we cannot taſte any pleaſure without ſharing it between us. I have nothing to ſend you in return for your news: I do not trouble my head about politics I am no longer in the way of picking up any of another kind, and can only entertain you with an account of the dogs that wake me, of the birds that conſole me for not being able to get to ſleep again, of the cherry-trees that are oppoſite my windows, and of the heifers that graze before the door.

I reſide under the roof of a woman, whom the want of ſome object on which I might fix my affections, made me diſtinguiſh, when at eleven years of age, I was in a convent, with forty other girls, who thought of nothing but romping, to diſpel the gloom of the cloiſter. I was devout, like Madam Guyon in days of yore; I attached myſelf to a companion, who was a little myſtical alſo; and our friendſhip was fed by the ſame ſenſibility that made us love God Almighty to diſtraction. That companion, after her return to her own country, made me acquainted with M. Roland, by intruſting him with the delivery of her letters. Judge whether what has followed ought not to make me love and cheriſh the accidental cauſe which gave it birth.

This friend, in ſhort, is lately married; and I had ſome ſhare in inducing her ſo to do. I am now viſiting her in the country, which I have often repreſented to her as the abode beſt ſuited to a virtuous mind. I walk over her eſtate; I count her poultry; we gather the fruit her garden produces; and are of opinion that

that all this is well worth the gravity with which fashionable folks sit round the card-table; the important business of dressing, in which it is necessary to pass half the day, in order to spend the rest in tiresome company; the prittle-prattle of petit-maîtres, &c. &c. But notwithstanding all this, I feel a longing desire to return to Amiens, because only one half of me is here; my friend forgives me, because her husband being absent, she is the better able to judge of my privations by her own; and although we find it very comfortable to condole with one another, we are perfectly of opinion, that to be at a distance from the dovecot, or to be there alone, is a very miserable thing. I am, nevertheless, to pass the whole of next week here: I do not know whether my health will be as much benefited by it, as my good man was inclined to hope. I have, however, laid all study aside for these three days, without feeling yet any wonderful advantage. I was pretty well satisfied with the looks of our friend: I dread his closet, as I dread fire; and the week I have yet to pass here, seems an eternity, on account of the mischief he may do himself in the mean time.

Must I not have great confidence in your indulgence, to entertain you with such rustic prate? I expect you, however, not to be obliged to me for it, but to take it as an act of friendship perfectly sincere, and perfectly free from vanity. I am very heavy; and notwithstanding my taste for every thing about me, my fondness for rural details, and those soft emotions, which the sight of nature in her simple

state

ſtate never fails to excite in my boſom, I feel my faculties benumbed, and my mind in a ſtate of ſtupefaction.

I have brought plants home with me from all my walks; and have found out what ſeveral of them are: the reſt got dry before *Murray* could help me to form a judgment of them. In the mean time day ſucceeds to day, without reſtoring me my animation. Women, however, are as changeable in their phyſical temperature, as the air they breathe; I write according to the impulſe of the moment; and it is not impoſſible that this letter would have been lively and gay, if I had poſtponed it till to-morrow.

Farewell, and remember your friends. I include a friend of mine in the number, becauſe all our affections are in common, and becauſe you are one of the objects on which we have the greateſt pleaſure in fixing them.

Amiens, July 29.

IT is enough that you lay down your arms: I do not require you to give them up: I will not ſuffer any one to impoſe laws upon me; nor do I wiſh to domineer. You were not miſtaken as to the pretenſions of your ſex, I will even ſay as to their rights; but you were much miſtaken in the way you took to defend them. Neither did you lay them open to my attacks; for it is not my intention to attack any one of them: you forgot the *mode*, that was all. What elſe is the deference, the reſpect paid by your

your ſex to mine, but the indulgence ſhewn by powerful magnanimity to the weak whom it protects, and to whom it does honour at the ſame time? When you aſſume the tone of a maſter, you make us immediately think that we are able to reſiſt you, and perhaps to do more, notwithſtanding all your ſtrength. (The invulnerable Achilles was not invulnerable every where.) Do you pay us homage? It is Alexander treating his priſoners, who are not ignorant of their dependence, with the reſpect due to queens. In this ſingle particular, perhaps, our civilization goes hand in hand with nature; the laws place us in a ſtate of almoſt conſtant ſubjection; while cuſtom grants us all the little honours of ſociety: we are nothing in effect; in appearance we are every thing.

Do not then any longer imagine that I form a falſe eſtimate of what *we* have a right to require, or of what it becomes *you* to claim. I believe I will not ſay more than any woman, but as much as any man, in the ſuperiority of your ſex. In the firſt place you have ſtrength, with all the advantages that belong to it, and all that it confers; courage, perſeverance, entenſive views, and great talents: it belongs to you to make political laws, as well as ſcientific diſcoveries. Govern the world; change the ſurface of the globe; be magnanimous, terrible, ſkilful, and learned: you are all this without our aſſiſtance; and this, no doubt, makes you our maſters. But without us you would be neither virtuous, nor kind, nor amiable, nor happy: keep then to your-

ſelves

ſelves glory and authority of every kind; we neither have nor deſire any empire but over manners, nor any throne but in your hearts. Further than this I ſhall never extend my claims. I am ſometimes ſorry to ſee women contend with you for certain privileges which become them ſo ill: there is not one of thoſe privileges, even to the title of author, that does not ſeem to me ridiculous in female hands. Great as their powers may be in certain reſpects, it is not to the public that their talents or their knowledge ought to be exhibited.

To make a ſingle perſon happy, and to bind a number together by the charms of friendſhip, and by winning ways, is, in my mind, the moſt enviable deſtiny that can be conceived. Let us have no more contention, no more war: let us live in peace. Only recollect, that to keep the high ground you ſtand upon, in relation to womankind, you muſt be cautious of making them feel your ſuperiority. The war in which I have engaged you for the ſake of amuſement, and with all the freedom of an old acquaintance, would be carried on in a more ſerious manner by an artful coquet; nor would you leave the field without a wound. Protect always, that you may only ſubmit when you pleaſe; that is the ſecret of your ſex. But what a pretty ſimpleton am I to be telling you this, and all the reſt of it, which you know ſo much better than I do! You wiſhed to make me prattle; well! we are even. Adieu!

I CHARGE

May 23, 1784.

I CHARGE you with a commiſſion, which you will naturally ſuppoſe to be an act of charity, that requires your co-operation. The matter in queſtion is, to take the incloſed ticket to the *Mont de-Piété**, to pay the needful, and to take out the effects: you will afterwards put the ſaid effects into the parcel with our books and other things, ſo that they may be delivered without farther expence.

Your going to take petticoats out of the *Mont-de-Piete* is an excellent joke; but, all joking apart, you ſeem to be come to a critical moment, and to be much occupied in taking a final reſolution. It is an age ſince you wrote to us; and I am going to ſend to the poſt-office before I cloſe my letter, to ſee if you have as yet given any ſigns of life.

Our friend is in an indifferent ſtate of health, by no means a pleaſant one: a ſwelled face, a pain in his limbs, ſhivering fits; mere trifles, in ſhort. Eudora is well; but has not recovered the brilliant complexion of perfect health. Have you heard any thing lately of our friend Lanthenas? I know he has been in the country ſome time. Adieu!—Ere this you will have received our little matters. Our beſt wiſhes attend you.

June 7.

IT is long, my worthy friend, ſince I had the pleaſure of converſing with you through the medium of

* A public eſtabliſhment at Paris, which lends money upon pledges at very low intereſt. *Tranſ.*

the

the poſt; but I have ſo much to do, and ſo much reſt to take, that I begin a thouſand things without finiſhing one. The days paſſed at Creſpy were completely filled up by friendſhip, in the firſt place, and afterward by viſiting, and excurſions in the country. Of our excurſions, that to Ermenonville was not the leaſt intereſting: much taken up with you, and with the things to be ſeen, we enjoyed the latter, while regretting the want of your company. The place in itſelf, the valley in which Ermenonville is ſituated, is the moſt miſerable thing in the world; ſand on the high grounds, a moraſs below; black and muddy water; no proſpect; not a ſingle view from the fields of any thing like a rich and cultivated country; woods in which you are in a manner buried; and low marſhy meadows: ſuch is the nature of the place. But art has conducted, diſtributed, and confined, the water, and cut avenues through the woods: and from both there reſult a melancholy and affecting ſcene, pleaſing points of view, and parts highly picturesque. The iſland of poplars, in the midſt of a noble piece of water, ſurrounded with trees, is the moſt agreeable and moſt intereſting ſpot in all Ermenonville, independently even of the object that has ſo much attraction for feeling hearts and penſive minds. The entrance into the wood, the manner in which the caſtle offers itſelf to the eye, and the laying out of the water in front of it, compoſe the next piece of ſcenery by which I was moſt forcibly ſtruck. I was pleaſed to find inſcriptions engraved on ſtones ſcattered here and there; but the ruins, and edifices erected in a variety

of places, have, in general, the defect with which I reproach almoſt all thoſe imitations in the Engliſh gardens: it is that of being conſtructed on too ſmall a ſcale, by which means the alluſion is deſtroyed, and they produce an effect that borders on the ridiculous. Ermenonville, in ſhort, does not diſplay thoſe ſplendid beauties that aſtoniſh the traveller; but I think it muſt pleaſe the inhabitant who frequents it every day. If *Jean-Jaques*, however, had not given it celebrity, I doubt whether any one would have gone out of his way to pay it a viſit. We went into the maſter's room, which is no longer inhabited, and in which Rouſſeau muſt have been very badly lodged, or rather buried alive, without either air or proſpect. He is now more handſomely accommodated than he ever was while in exiſtence. He was not fit to live in this unworthy world.

It would be a tedious ſtory if I were to tell you all I have experienced from my leaving Paris to my arrival here. Poor Eudora did not remember her afflicted mother, who expected to be forgotten, and who wept, nevertheleſs, like a child on finding it the caſe. Alas! ſaid I to myſelf, I am like the mothers who do not ſuckle their children. I have deſerved, however, more than they, and yet I am no better off. The ſuſpenſion of the habit of ſeeing me, has broken that of affection, by which this little creature was attached to me.....Whenever I think of it, my heart is ready to burſt. My child, however, has reſumed her cuſtomary manners, and careſſes me as before; but I dare no longer believe in the ſentiment, from which

which thoſe careſſes derived their value. I wiſh ſhe were ſtill in want of milk, and that I had milk to give her.

Do you, whom we count among the deareſt of our friends, remember thoſe whom you are no longer in the habit of ſeeing? Adieu!—I muſt conclude: we ſalute you affectionately.

June 9.

I HAVE this moment received your kind epiſtle, the letters-patent, and the *accompaniment*. It was already my intention to write to you; theſe matters add to what I had to ſay; and I know no longer where to begin. Our friend receives proof-ſheets; we have abundance of letters to anſwer, and to write; I did not riſe till near ten o'clock, becauſe I had paſſed a bad night; our good brother * Lanthenas is come; and M. Roland's ſucceſſor is here to receive his inſtructions: we are all, as you may ſuppoſe, in a great buſtle, and our time is very much engaged. Obliged to attend to buſineſs himſelf, in preference to epiſtolary chit-chat, however agreeable it may be, our friend deſires me to aſſure you, that he will ſhortly ſend an anſwer to the academy, to which you have juſt had the kindneſs to make him known. At the ſame time that he tranſmits you his letters, he will inform you where you may get copies of his works, in order to preſent them to that learned body. In charging you with a commiſſion, I forgot to ſay any thing of the

* Brother was the uſual appellation by which Madam Roland diſtinguiſhed Lanthenas, as appears by the preceding memoirs.

money requiſite for its execution: in a few days, however, a perſon will ſet off from hence, who will reimburſe you all you advance. Another thing, aſſuredly, highly intereſting. You introduced me to the acquaintance of M. Brouſſonnet; and I recollect perfectly what you told me, and what I ſaw, of his unaffected learning, of his politeneſs, and of that amenity which is ſo ſtrong a characteriſtic of thoſe whoſe manners are ſoftened by the cultivation of their minds; nor do I forget your encouraging me to hope that from him we might procure letters of recommendation for England. In that reſpect I ſolicit the interference of your friendſhip, and truſt to it to plead my cauſe with M. Brouſſonnet, on whom I cannot myſelf have any particular claim. I aſk, however, for theſe letters with a confidence, which I ſhould not have ventured to aſſume, had we been going to undertake the journey without having M. Roland in our company: in that caſe, I ſhould have been perfectly ſenſible, that not one of the party, and myſelf leſs than any, would have been properly qualified to cultivate the acquaintance of the ſcientific people to whom M. Brouſſonnet can introduce us. In a laſting connexion, we may ſometimes hope to make good humour and taſte ſtand in the ſtead of learning, even with the learned themſelves; but when we only ſee them *en paſſant*, it is neceſſary to be able to pay them in their own coin. Now, as you know our ſecurity, I have nothing more to ſay, unleſs to beg you will recall me to the recollection of your friend,

friend, by ſaying a thouſand handſome things in my name. We are making preparations for a ſpeedy departure; time runs like a thief; the time for us to ſtart alſo is very near; a thouſand things come preſſing on us together; and although I am in the midſt of my own houſe, and of my own family, I am only on a halt, or like a fox-hunter at the place of turning out.

I am doing my duty, and executing your commiſſion; the kiſs on my own account is given ſoftly on the lips, the place reſerved for the friend of our heart: yours I give, where I ſhould have received it, upon the cheek; but very affectionately notwithſtanding. Sentiment accompanies them both, *voilà la reſſemblance* *: yours has all the livelineſs of hearty friendſhip; mine the inſinuating ſoftneſs of a more intimate union, *voilà la différence:* to make uſe of the words of the ſong, and all for your more perfect information, and in compliance with your requeſt.

I am not at all like Eudora; your dear little ſiſter has taken a place in my remembrance, and in my heart, whence nobody can diſlodge her. Let me know how ſhe is, and give her a kiſs on my account. Our friend Lanthenas has ſo many kind things to ſay to you, and the other friend, and I ſo many more, that I know not how to expreſs them

* *Voilà la reſſemblance*, and *voilà la différence* (that is the reſemblance, and that is the difference), were alternately the burden of a French ſong, in a comic opera, much in vogue when this letter was written.—*Tranſ.*

all: I am almoſt *choking* with them, like Monſieur Sage.

Adieu! my good friend; our kindeſt wiſhes attend you!

June 17.

I RECEIVED your moving and melancholy epiſtle yeſterday, without having it in my power to anſwer it immediately. My brother-in-law was juſt gone by with two friends, who could not delay their journey to London, where we ſhall probably be in time to overtake them; my good man was ſetting off himſelf, with his ſucceſſor, to make the circuit of the department; and I remained at home with the bachelor, and all the buſtle of a great waſh, a thing of no ſmall importance in country houſe-keeping. I did not think our friend had left you in doubt as to the deſtination of the copies: there is a complete one of all his works for the academy; another of his letters only for the Count de Saluces; and a third, I believe, of thoſe letters alſo for M. Lamanon. I have inquired and endeavoured to find out, to no purpoſe yet, whether there be any uncommon kinds of fiſh in our rivers and pools: the people of this country poſſeſs no more ſcience in that reſpect than their cooks; and although I intend to make farther reſearches, I have no hopes of furniſhing any thing for your friend's Ichthyology. He will have the goodneſs not to make the information we ſend him a ſtandard for the length of his letters.

The painter and his miſtreſs who have ſet every body talking about the pleaſures they have enjoyed; the

the Marquis d'Arlandes, who alſo publiſhes without reſerve his pretenſions and his ſorrow; all that multitude of people, in ſhort, who are obliged to ſay they are happy, in order to be ſo, appear to me very unworthy of ſucceſs in their amours, and very incapable of reliſhing the pleaſures of love; much good may it do them! I neither envy nor eſteem their mode of proceeding.

But tell me, my friend, where is your reaſon and your philoſophy? How can you ſee a ſituation in which your amiable ſiſter may find ſo many means of becoming more amiable ſtill, in ſo gloomy a point of view? If ſhe enjoy the income which you expected to be able to ſecure to her, ſhe will not loſe the hope of a ſuitable match, and may wait for it in comfort. I confeſs to you, that the *non ignara mali* makes me, on the contrary, look on the ſituation in queſtion as advantageous, and that is the way in which I ſhould ſpeak of it to the dear little girl, now that the ſorrow of the firſt moment muſt be ſomewhat diſpelled. But, alas! the ſenſation occaſioned by our own loſſes, is an evil which a third perſon can never eſtimate; nor is it always by the nature of grief, that we ought to calculate its amount! Remember, my good friend, thoſe who love you, who ſhare in all you ſuffer, who would wiſh to alleviate it, and who bear your image impreſſed on their hearts.

Adieu!—I take leave of you to attend to the little matters that call for my care, and beg you to believe

in the truth of my affection. My brother * desires to be remembered to you most kindly.

You will see what is the destination of the parcel that accompanies this, and will have the goodness to forward it accordingly. I bid you once more farewell, without ceasing to be with you in heart and spirit.

June 24.

YES, we love you still; and I am confident shall always love you: you must undergo a great change indeed for it to be otherwise; and you are not made of stuff likely to diminish in value. Receive then, my good friend, these sincere professions, of which I know very well you do not stand in need, and which I only make for the pleasure of repeating them. We undertake your commission with great pleasure, and shall execute it in the best way we are able. Try then and find out some means of forwarding the music that M. Parault is desirous of sending to London. I should be very happy to execute any commission for him also: tell him so in my name, and assure him of my respect and good wishes until I have an opportunity of doing so in person. You would oblige us much by finding out and letting us know what the *Genera Plantarum*, and the *Philosophia Botanica* of Linnæus, cost bound and new. We bought them, but have forgotten the price, and are now about to spare them to M. d'Eu, who wants them. We shall buy them again in our way through Paris, and

* Lanthenas.

shall

ſhall take them with us. I believe I have already ſent you word that Achates ſet off on Tueſday: my good man is going on Saturday to finiſh his excurſion on the coaſt of Caleſis*, and I am to take my departure on the Thurſday following. We are all, as you ſee, on the wing, and are only held to Amiens by a ſingle thread. But Eudora will ſtill remain in this ſame Amiens; and Heaven knows how dear it will be to me as long as it is my little girl's abode! How does your good ſiſter go on? How is her health, her diſpoſition of mind, and her habitation? Say every thing to her in my name, that you can conceive of my feelings, and that I cannot expreſs. My beſt and moſt affectionate wiſhes attend you.

June 28.

WHY now, would not any one ſuppoſe that it is you who are ſetting off, by your declaring that you will not write till the journey is over? If I had time, I would make you change your note; but, unfortunately, it is alſo the laſt time I ſhall write to you before I go. I am always doing ſomething, and always find ſomething to be done; the hours fly; that of our departure will ſoon ſtrike; and then, adieu, good night to you!

I have already heard ſeveral times from Achates, whom contrary winds forced to make ſome little ſtay at Boulogne, whence he did not ſet ſail till yeſterday. I do not ſend you the famous diſſertations, of a girl of twenty, on the underſtanding: I ſhould

* The diſtrict round Calais.

be

be obliged to look for them among a heap of dusty old papers, and have not time; but when I leave this country, I promise to pack up a few clothes with the trash in question, which you shall afterwards see in my way through Paris, if you still remain in the same mind. That is all I can do for the honour of my word; but as I perceive it is no joke to give it you, I promise nothing as to the journal. I would rather you should owe the obligation to my complaisance, provided I should have modesty enough to shew you my scrawl: this is pretty plain, I take it! I am called; I am in haste: and embrace you affectionately.

August 7.

WHY, truly, you have a very lively imagination, and draw most terrible conclusions. You did not figure to yourself travellers arriving only to set off again, in the midst of a thousand embarrassments, writing in haste, and saying but a single word, though their hearts dictated a hundred affectionate things. We had agreed that I should write to you to-morrow morning, for we devote the afternoons to packing up; and certainly you will never devine for what reason I have taken up the pen at this moment. I will tell you at the end of my letter, and in the mean time will give you an account of your commissions.

Dollond, the most celebrated optician in London, speaks French nearly as well as I speak English; but we went to his shop with Monsieur Dezach, and I not only explained your intentions, but communicated

to

to him your own words concerning the diameter, the focus, and the magnifying power of the *lens*. Dollond replied, that it was very difficult to combine thoſe proportions with the effect required; that he had nothing of the kind ready made, but that he would do it in the beſt way he was able. It took him ſeveral days, at the end of which he gave us your magnifier, as the reſult of his labour, to guide him in which, the properties required had been left with him in Engliſh. I ſend you theſe particulars, not with a view of proving that I have done my beſt, for that I am ſure you will not doubt; but to conſole you for what is, by the impoſſibility of its being otherwiſe. On the other hand, I have to inform you, for your ſatisfaction, that Eudora knew us on our return, although ſhe was in bed, and though we appeared to her as if in a dream. She kiſſed me with a kind of gravity mixed with affection; and then uttered a faint cry of ſurpriſe and joy on perceiving her father. She had been in great health, and had not met with the ſmalleſt accident during our abſence; but next morning, while running about, ſhe fell, and rolled down ſtairs in ſuch a way that I thought her dead, and was little better myſelf. I found at laſt that ſhe was not at all hurt, and ſoon got the better of my fright. In the mean time our friend, for whom the journey had done wonders, found himſelf much fatigued on his return, and has ſince been tormented by an unfortunate tumour, which has made me very unhappy. To-morrow I mean to make him take phyſic

phyſic, with ptiſans, according to the old preſcriptions. I never think of him who gave them to us, of the neceſſity of recurring to them, of my friend, of you, and of all the circumſtances this brings to mind, without being much affected. Another perhaps would be ſilent on the ſubject, for fear of affecting you alſo; but I feel I partake too much of what my friends ſuffer, not to make them partakers in all that concerns me, eſpecially in things that are almoſt reciprocal.

By way of changing the theme for ſomething more agreeable, I muſt tell you that, while making our arrangements, and packing up, a *Chevalier* deſired to ſpeak with me. He was come to ſee the houſe, and, according to military uſage, took the opportunity of paying his reſpects to the miſtreſs of it. He is a good kind of man; but his compliments, and all the inſipid things which ſuch people call gallantry, put me ſo out of patience, that I ſat down to write to you by way of getting rid of him, and turned him over to our friend, who will not have done with ſuch a chatterbox in a hurry. It is but fair, however, that in all well regulated families, each perſon ſhould take his ſhare of the burden, and this is one that I reſign to abler hands.

This reminds me of an Engliſh comedy I ſaw repreſented at London. A French *petit-maître* was introduced, and occaſioned a hearty laugh, in which we were ready to join. I ſend you no account of a journey that has given me great ſatisfaction: we will

talk it over when we meet, which will be infinitely preferable. We employed our time as you may imagine; I ſeized a few haſty moments to write, and ſhall ever remember with pleaſure a country of which Delolme taught me to love the conſtitution, and where I have witneſſed the happy effects which that conſtitution has produced. Fools may chatter, and ſlaves may ſing; but you may take my word for it, that England contains men who have a right to laugh at us. I have it in my power to tell you ſome curious particulars of Lavater, with whom M. Dezach paſſed a conſiderable time.

At length we live under the ſame ſky with you, and love you as much as ever, like true friends, whoſe device you know is, *far* and *near*, *ſummer* and *winter*.

Auguſt 13.

INDEED you would have been very much miſtaken, if you had thought I attach ſo much importance to my journal, as to have any objection to your ſeeing it. As I know you will look on it with the partial eyes of friendſhip, it is very much at your ſervice; but at the ſame time, as it cannot be worth the attention of any but a friend, I beg you to keep it to yourſelf. I take the firſt opportunity of forwarding it to you. I thought I ſhould give you real ſatisfaction by annexing to it the obſervations made in a journey to the ſame country, by my good man, in the year 1771, and written *currente calamo*. I became acquainted with him in 1775, and ſhortly after he communicated to me this and ſeveral other journals, with manuſcripts

nuſcripts of different kinds. It was during the peruſal of them, at the time he was making the tour of Italy, that I wrote the looſe ſheet which you will find incloſed, and which, ſtrange as it may appear, he has not yet ſeen. You will probably be of opinion, that the young ſolitary maid, who thus ſtudied his character while reading his works, began by not hating him; and you will not be deceived. But it may appear ſingular that you ſhould be the firſt to whom, after ſuch a length of time, I have communicated the opinion I formed of him in 1777.

I was reading at the ſame period a work of Delolme upon the Engliſh conſtitution, and would ſend you the abſtract I made of it, if it were to be found.—By the way, the author has juſt publiſhed a new edition, which I ſaw at London, and which I adviſe you to read as the beſt book, in the opinion of the Engliſh themſelves, that was ever written upon their conſtitution.

Auguſt 25.

WITH one leg on a chair, the other foot on the ground, and my arms on the corner of a deſk, which is no longer mine, I once more, my worthy friend, write you a few lines from this place. I am about to leave it, certainly for a great while, perhaps for ever; and am happy to mark every era of my life by a particular attention to the duties of friendſhip. Receive then a renewal of the aſſurances I have ſo often given you in this place, and which I ſhall be happy to repeat wherever I may be.

Every

Every thing is ready, and our effects are in the carriage. It is going to Monſieur d'Eu's, where we are to dine, and whence we ſhall ſet off. Adieu!—I am about to increaſe the diſtance between us; but it is in order to ſhorten it afterwards, and in the hope of embracing you ere long. In the mean time our beſt wiſhes attend you. Adieu!—We ſhall ſhortly meet.

Longpont, Thurſday Morning, Sept. 13.

YOU left me diſtreſſed and affected beyond meaſure, at the moment when we were about to be ſeparated by an interval of a hundred leagues; at the moment, perhaps, of taking an everlaſting leave; at the moment when, in the effuſion of my ſoul, and with the hands of my huſband and my daughter joined in yours, I was renewing the ſacred compact of friendſhip, a compact which was the more ſolemn, becauſe accompanied by a ſilence which none of us could break; at that moment you tore yourſelf away, and fled from our preſence!.....I remained motionleſs on my ſeat with my child in my arms, and my eyes, ſwimming with tears, fixed upon the door through which you had juſt paſſed. In what ſtate were you then yourſelf?

Your image has purſued us hither, and will follow us everywhere; and our ſouls, ſteeped in the bitterneſs in which we ſaw you plunged, will refuſe to welcome the pleaſures that ſurround us, till we are aſſured that you confide in your friends, that you love them, and that you are perſuaded of their affection; till confidence, in ſhort, ſhall reſtore the intimate union of former

former days. Would you, my young and kind-hearted friend, puniſh thoſe who love you for an act of diſcretion which their ſenſibility thought due to yours? Search to the bottom of your own heart, and judge of ours, and then tell me if it be poſſible for us to be any thing but what we profeſs to be. Return, my good friend, to the boſom of confidence: it is made for your honeſt heart. The injury your ſenſibility did us by believing that we had done you one, was an error of ſentiment, proceeding from its exceſs. Write to us, my worthy friend, unboſom yourſelf, receive our affectionate embraces, and let us renew our oath of eternal friendſhip.

My heart is full, I am in haſte, and have a crowd ſtanding round me. Adieu!—Come here on Sunday.—Herewith you will receive the tranſlation you deſired: the beſt wiſhes of our friend Lanthenas, and of *my* friend, and my own, attend you!

Clos la Platière, Oct. 3.

TELL me then, my good friend, what is become of your affection for thoſe who continue to feel for you the moſt tender attachment, the trueſt eſteem, and friendſhip the moſt-ſincere? I wrote to you from Longpont; and our friend Lanthenas has by this time repeated to you the expreſſions dictated by our hearts. We flattered ourſelves, I confeſs, we ſhould find a letter from you here, or receive one ſoon after our arrival, for we wrote to you from Dijon alſo; and are as much diſtreſſed by your ſilence now, as we were afflicted by your tears. Obdurate man, whoſe imagination does

us

us all ſo much harm, why do you refuſe to open your heart to truth, to confidence, and to friendſhip, ſo long tried? It is in vain you oppoſe to them the illuſions by which you ſuffer yourſelf to be deceived: the frankneſs of our affection cannot fail to bring you back to our arms. I ſhould, indeed, no longer know what to think of any thing, if your error could hold out long againſt the truth, and the energy of the ſentiments of which, in our connection with you, we have ever obeyed the impulſe. Open your eyes, my good friend, and turn them on the worthy people who love you; who could never find any thing but reaſons to love you more and more, and who deſire nothing ſo much as the renewal of your attachment. We arrived here without accident, but much fatigued: our brother was come to meet us, and we immediately ſet about opening trunks, and packing up anew, in order to go into the country, where we now are. I have not the heart to ſpeak to you of any thing relative to the perſons I have about me, till you have given me ſigns of life. You have learnt from our friends that we have ſeen M. Maret, M. de Morveaux, and M. Durande; and that we have bought your ſkins, which we have with us, and which we wait for your directions to forward, unleſs we ſhould in the mean time find a favourable opportunity. The letter written at Dijon was put in the poſt-office at Beaune, becauſe we ſet off early in the morning, and did not wiſh to leave it at the inn. To morrow our friend will take this to Villefranche; and I ſhall quarrel with you in good earneſt if he do not find a

letter there. Tell our friend Lanthenas that we are well, and that we ſhall wait to embrace him without flinching. He has certainly been at Vincennes to ſee my Agatha, &c. I ſhall thank him for all his care whenever he will add that of coming to ſee us. Say a thouſand civil, kind, and affectionate things for me to M. Parault.

Adieu, my good friend!—Tell me, is it a matter of indifference to you to receive frequent aſſurances of our loving you as much as ever? My beſt love to your dear ſiſter.

Villefranche, Nov. 7.

AT length we have received a letter from you, my good friend: on our part, it is ſtill with the ſame joy as in times paſt: what is the reaſon that, on yours, it is not written with the ſame pleaſure and friendſhip? Be it as it may, you will find us ever the ſame, and the day perhaps will come, when you will ſay, that people whoſe attachment to you had been of an ordinary kind, would not have been capable of taking ſo much trouble, and ſo conſtantly to perſevere in it, to perſuade you to the contrary *. What intereſt, but that of the heart, could be our inducement? You will become ſenſible of it; you will open your heart to confidence, and will indemnify us by its intenſity for that interruption in its duration, which was occaſioned by the unfortunate cloud that hangs over your mind. I am perfectly ſatisfied of it, becauſe a ſenſe of our claims on your friendſhip is inherent in the love we

* This ſeems inaccurate; but it is rendered exactly from the original.

bear

bear you, and carries with it the aſſurance of being able to bring you back to truth. This is the laſt time I ſhall ſpeak to you on the ſubject. I ſhall continue our correſpondence on that footing which we have no reaſon to change, and you ſhall perceive that, ſo far from avoiding our ſick friends, we renew, on ſuch occaſions, the ſacred vows of friendſhip, which unite us to them for ever.

My good man has juſt ſet off for a circuit in the mountains of his department, and is afterwards to make a ſhort ſtay at Lyons, ſo that I ſhall be ten days at leaſt, perhaps a fortnight, without ſeeing him. The houſe is full of workmen; and my apartment is nearly finiſhed; but much remains to be done to the Inſpector's ſtudy. We ſhall have things of this kind to attend to for a long while; and I am ſadly afraid leſt the maſons, over whom it is neceſſary to keep an eye, ſhould prevent our going in the ſummer to botanize on Mount Pila. Our friend Lanthenas, who left us the third of this month, muſt have mentioned us to you more than once, and has a great deal to ſay ſtill, if he means to execute the whole of his commiſſion. My little Eudora prattles more than ever, and I am extremely pleaſed to ſee that ſhe grows more and more fond of my company, and will no longer conſent to leave me. She called to me to-night to aſk where you were, and whether you were not to come and ſee us. In playing about us ſhe has already learnt a part of her alphabet, and whenever I take up a book, inſiſts upon looking at it. I have had little leiſure ſince my arrival here; for you muſt know it is the

cuſtom to viſit the new comers; and I ſhould already have had the whole town with me, if ſeveral perſons were not ſtill in the country, which prevents their viſits from being over quite ſo ſoon as they would otherwiſe have been: beſides, my mother-in-law keeps a great deal of company; but I ſlip away the moment they ſit down to cards to our good brother's ſtudy, and there we read the journals, or whatever elſe comes to hand; converſe on literary ſubjects, or concert plans for the future, with ſo much friendſhip and unreſerve, that ſupper always comes too ſoon. I muſt beg you to procure me Bemerzrieder's Leſſons of Harmony for the Harpſichord, in quarto, of which you once bought a copy for a friend of mine; but I am in no hurry; for I have no harpſichord, and it is an acquiſition not quite ſo eaſy to make. My huſband will have other matters to communicate to you on his return. We left the country at the moment when an untimely fall of ſnow had produced a great change in the ſcenery around us. If the neceſſity, however, of making our arrangements had not called us to town, we ſhould have been in no great haſte to come here. The news of the war gives me pain, becauſe I always conſider theſe quarrels of kings as ruinous to the people; and I regret it the more, ſince it gives you particular cauſe of uneaſineſs. Send us an account of every thing new that relates to the ſciences, to authors, to the academies, or to intrigues. I ſhould have aſked you firſt for particulars of your preſent ſtudies and occupations, if your obſervations on thoſe ſubjects did not oblige me to wait for the

moment when it will be agreeable to yourſelf to mention them. My beſt compliments to M. Parault, whom you have no doubt the pleaſure of ſometimes ſeeing. We have been long in expectation of news from Amiens, and are almoſt doubtful of the fate of a parcel in conſequence of the ſilence of a man who is intereſted in its contents, and to whom it was to be given by M. d'Eu.

Adieu!—Do not forget thoſe who love you, and whoſe attachment to you is unalterable. I embrace you in the name of my little family.

November 9.

IN a parcel addreſſed to us by our friend Lanthenas, I found the encloſed letter to you, and embrace with pleaſure this opportunity of writing you a few lines. Happy as I am always in doing ſo, I frequently repreſs my deſire for fear of tiring you: you cannot imagine the pain this idea gives me! But after all, I am too much your friend, either to leave you to your unfortunate prejudices, or to combat them in a troubleſome way.

You muſt put theſe ſorrowful expreſſions to the account of impreſſions of the ſame nature, which I cannot help feeling at this moment. It was not my intention to ſay any thing more on the ſubject; but my heart overflows in ſpite of me. I was much affected by your dear ſiſter's letter, which I ſhall anſwer immediately. It came to me with the direction in your hand-writing; but not another word. What then is the matter with my friend? Forgive

me once more for recurring to complaints: I pardon every thing that proceeds from your ſenſibility; and you will readily excuſe ſome little effects of mine. I am once more a widow: my good man returned from the mountains, and juſt ſet off again for Lyons; my brother-in-law is in the country, directing pioneers, ſtone-cutters, &c. My dear Eudora has a very bad cold, for the firſt time in her life: when ſhe coughs it goes to my heart, and alarms and torments me beyond deſcription. The dear little girl remembers you perfectly; but recollects leſs of your playing with her, than of the ſtate ſhe ſaw you in at our departure. '*Mamma*,' ſaid ſhe this morning, in her ſoft tone of voice, which already beſpeaks ſentiment, '*M. d'Antic cries!*' She brought the tears into my eyes alſo.

My health is but indifferent. I am looking over a preſcription that I brought with me from Paris, and making comments on it in my own way. When I recollect that it is for this paper, and a viſit made and received on account of a man, of whom I have never heard any thing ſince; when I recollect, I ſay, that on ſuch a foundation your friendſhip has built I know not what monſtrous chimera, I cannot help ſaying to myſelf, either you muſt be very mad or I muſt be very fooliſh, not to underſtand any thing about the matter; or rather, I neither know what to ſay, think, or do.

Harkye, my good friend; we ſhall be conſtantly harping on the ſame ſtring, if you do not recover your reaſon. I promiſe you, however, not to return

to

to this again, and I promiſe you above all, that my friendſhip for you ſhall be unalterable: this is what I know, what I underſtand, and what pleaſes me beſt. Take a box on the ear, and an embrace, equally hearty and ſincere; for ſuch is the way in which I muſt vent the mixture of good and ill-humour that conſtitutes my feelings at this moment. Adieu!—I long to receive a letter from you in the old ſtyle. Burn this, and let us ſay no more on ſuch a nonſenſical ſubject.

December 15.

I HAD rather you would confeſs the ill you think of us than have merely the right of believing that you think well, without receiving the aſſurances of it from your own mouth. Take us, at leaſt, my good friend, for the confidantes of your ſentiments and opinions in every thing that concerns us: we ſhall be ſufficiently ſatisfied with what we are, to bear every thing you may believe us to be without imputing it to you as a crime. Do not tear the letters you may have written to me in the fulneſs of your heart; every thing that iſſues thence is as grateful and as dear to me as it ever was. Your error is the effect of a degree of ſenſibility, which attaches us more ſtrongly to you; and the cauſe alone would cancel a great deal of injuſtice. I underſtand the ſtate of your mind much better ſince I have had a converſation *tête-à-tête* with our friend Lanthenas, concerning the reaſons you had to complain of the perſon in queſtion; but your ideas are not the leſs falſe in regard to us. I ſhall

lament as long as I live, a piece of falſe delicacy which has proved ſo prejudicial to a friendſhip I thought unalterable! but what am I ſaying! it will triumph over that obſtacle; and if the ſilence of a moment (although proceeding from excellent motives on our part) muſt needs appear ſo terrible an offence in your eyes, you cannot at leaſt help forgiving and forgetting it, for the ſake of friends whoſe regret well deſerves ſuch a ſacrifice. The day will come, when you will love us the better for having borne with this ſally of ardent youth, and conſidered it in a proper point of view; our tears, my good friend, flow reſponſive to yours. Is it not very ſtrange, that being ſo well agreed, and ſo entirely attached to one another, ſo much ſhould yet be wanting to our happineſs? Until the deſired revolution take place in your mind, as I fully expect it will, let me preſerve and correſpond with the friend of Eudora: you will not viſit the ſins of her parents upon her head; and my heart will be grateful to you for the exception, which, in ſpite of your error, you are ſtill juſt enough to make. The friend of my child has great claims on my affection: I will ſpeak to you of her on your own account, and of ourſelves on hers; and you ſhall find me as ſincere, as full of confidence, and as much attached to you as ever. The dear little girl has recovered all the vigour of full health, at the expenſe of two doſes of phyſic. Is it not dreadful to be ſo ſoon obliged to employ theſe ſalutary poiſons? But ſuch is the effect of ſociety, and the ſedentary

life

life of towns! Her mind continues to develop itſelf more and more, and I truſt that her heart will be no ſtranger to ſoft and virtuous affections.

If you knew how angry I am with myſelf, on account of an opportunity I have loſt, I think you could not help pitying me. A friend whom we had at Rome, came and paſſed four and twenty hours with us on his way to Paris, where he means to ſettle; and I was to have given him the ſkins we bought for you at Dijon. But his fellow-travellers carried him off ſooner than he expected, for his intention was to ſtay at leaſt two days, the ſkins were left behind, and I was angry at my forgetfulneſs an hour after the poſt-chaiſe had driven off. If you knew of any other channel, I imagine you would point it out to me; but I cannot deſcribe to you the rage I was in.—We talked of you, of Lavater, and of a thouſand agreeable things. Monſieur Le Monnier, who, if I miſtake not, is to alight at M. Vincent's, of the academy, is quite full of Italy, which he has juſt viſited the ſecond time. He is a man of gentle and agreeable manners; is acquainted with Monſieur Rome de l'Iſle; and like all thoſe who know that worthy character, holds him in the higheſt eſteem: the children of the arts are allied by nature to thoſe of the ſciences.

I hear pretty frequently from our friend Lanthenas, without knowing any more than yourſelf how his projects go on. Perhaps he does not know himſelf: he muſt neceſſarily be much dependent on circumſtances.

I take

I take it very kindly of you to have been at the pains of procuring me certain accounts of Agatha. I do not return you thanks for it, becauſe I place all your attentions to the account of friendſhip; they are engraven on my heart, though my mouth paſſes them over in ſilence. My good man is ſtill at Lyons. Arriving at that place on horſeback, he ran againſt a carriage, and hurt his leg. The miſchief, however, is now over: and he writes and runs about at a terrible rate. My health has been deplorable in the full force of the term; but I have been recovering remarkably within this laſt week, and begin to think myſelf no longer ſick. Say a thouſand kind things for me to your ſiſter: I attach myſelf to all that belongs to you; and beg you to repay my affection to my daughter, if you cannot make a return of it to myſelf. In that caſe I ſhall ſtifle half my complaints, and utter the reſt in a low voice. Adieu, my dear friend! move about, and mix with the world; and may you meet with beings as ſenſible of your worth, and as affectionate, as ourſelves.

It is an age ſince I wrote to Amiens; viſits upon viſits, and ſtudy, and various odd jobs beſides, and then repoſe, which is ſo delightful in the unreſerved intimacy of a brother.....Time flies, and a thouſand things are forgotten.—You will never be forgotten.

December 20.

WELL! my good friend, how are you going on? In what ſtate are your health, buſineſs, connexions, and ſtudy? Are all theſe things as you could wiſh,

as

as we ſhould deſire, and as we could contribute to make them, as far as relates to friendſhip at leaſt, if our hearts were known to you? But why ſhould I again make a doubt of it? Let us ſay no more on the ſubject, but act with confidence in each other.

I have received the encloſed draft from Lyons, in order to tranſmit it to Paris; and you are the perſon I have pitched upon, becauſe there is nobody to whom we would ſooner be under an obligation. I beg you to receive the amount, and to procure in exchange a good bill, upon Lyons or Villefranche, of equal value. I ſuppoſe you will get one more eaſily on the former town; or what perhaps would be better than applying to the merchants, you may ſend to the cuſtom-houſe or poſt-office, for a reſcription on me of the receivers of Lyons.

Eudora is perfectly well: her ſtrength and gaiety are as brilliant as ever, and her mind makes a conſiderable progreſs. I am better alſo; and am in daily expectation of ſeeing my good man. We have no news here, except the effervescence in the minds of the Lyonneſe, on account of the election of a new Prévôt des Marchands, and the intrigues and ſatires cuſtomary on ſuch occaſions. The weather is horribly cold; our roads over the mountains are unpaſſable; and the others are not much better.

Our friend is at preſent much taken up with the academy at Lyons.—The academy has, as you may ſuppoſe, numbered him among its aſſociates. The ſtudy is not yet arranged; and a ſad thing it is to have

any

any thing to do in ſo rigorous a ſeaſon. It is ſome time ſince I heard from our friend Lanthenas. He is returned to his father's, and owing to his having a great deal of occupation, is a little in arrears in his epiſtolary correſpondence: he regrets it much in regard to you, and deſired me to tell you he would make amends the firſt opportunity.

Say a thouſand kind and affectionate things for me to your dear ſiſter; and as many more to the excellent Monſieur Parault. The ſhepherd Sylvain has been ſadly treated on account of his work ſaved from the deluge: the *Année Literaire* has laſhed him terribly. It is a ſhame for the critics thus to hurl Jove's thunder againſt a few wild flowers. What are all your ſcientific friends ſaying and doing? Tell me who is advanced to the academy of ſciences? and whether M. Brouſſonnet be ſtill at the door. Adieu, my good friend!—Let us end the preſent year, and begin the new, under the auſpices of hearty and affectionate friendſhip: I renew that which I have vowed to you, in the fulneſs and ſincerity of my heart.

February 9, 1785.

YOU ſee I pay you in your own coin; if not with my own hands, at leaſt through the medium of a third perſon, and that I have ſent you *a little quality* alſo. It appears to me that you *lavaterize* perfectly well with the *Counteſs*, and that you have a vaſt field for obſervation to go over. You ought by this time to be an adept. Tell me then what you have diſcovered or recog-

recognized in our portraits. I wiſh much to know whether you will divine aright, and more eſpecially what my countenance beſpeaks. Your idea of the original is perhaps a little confuſed: you were not a doctor of phyſiognomy when you had an opportunity of examining it, and the veil is now a hundred leagues thick; but I ſhall be the better able to judge whether our portraits be well drawn. Speak to me frankly on the ſubject: I cannot, however, help telling you beforehand, that either you are a very bad diſciple of Lavater, or the portraits in queſtion are very little like, if you do not find in them the lines that characterize true friends. I thought I had written you word that our friend Lanthenas was very buſy, and that he had commiſſioned me to tell you not to be ſurpriſed, if you ſhould be ſome ſhort time without hearing from him: he has ſuffered twelve long days to paſs without writing us a line. We have received the two tranſlations of the worthy M. Parault. The firſt I underſtand very well; but as to the other, I am quite loſt in it: it would be neceſſary to be able to ſay with Swedenborg, *I have ſeen* this ſame intellectual world. A-propos of ſeeing—our family is very ill provided with the means: we have all bad eyes. Thoſe of the grand-mother, the two ſons, and the daughter-in-law, are all inflamed, and we all complain alike of a burning and ſhooting pain. What is ſtill worſe is, that we have not been laughing like you: we are not very gay when we cannot ſee why, and are almoſt tempted to be melancholy.

You

You may make the moſt you can of this ſtyle, one half proper, and one half figurative: I am ſometimes inclined to write nonſenſe, as well as the Counteſs.

I muſt tell you, however, in plain language, that you are beginning to grow amiable again; you are a little of the braggadocio nevertheleſs; but at your age it is pardonable; and then if at a hundred leagues diſtance one were bound to take notice of every thing!.....At the end of the reckoning, and all joking apart, we love you dearly, and embrace you moſt affectionately. I do not know how you have paſſed your carnival; but as to me, I am ſober enough to edify the whole town; and lucky it is that I am; for the ſiſter-in-law of a very regular canon, who bears no reſemblance to thoſe of the capital, is obliged, under pain of public and private ſcandal, to be very regular alſo.

Our Eudora, our little delight, grows, and entertains us with her prattle. At this moment ſhe is putting out her little mouth, and trying to kiſs us, after having received from papa a tap upon her fingers which were overturning every thing upon the table. She repeats your name, and ſometimes deſires to ſee what you have written about her. You tell me nothing of your dear ſiſter: recall us to her recollection, and do not forget in the midſt of changeable Paris, your unalterable friends.

March 16.

EQUABILITY and conſtancy you are ſure of finding in us at all times, and you will one day or other,

other, perhaps, value them more than you do at preſent. Return to ſuch friends without fear: they will never bear you any ill will for having ſhewn yourſelf ſuch as you are. You would wiſh then for long letters? while I, conſidering the diſpoſition of mind in which I thought you would obſtinately perſevere, had reſolved to write to you very briefly, until time ſhould render you ſuch in reſpect to us, as I always hoped you would become. Glory to Heaven, and peace upon earth, if it be true that I am no longer bound to act according to that reſolution which I had but juſt taken! Have you received all the letters I have written you? A very old one, incloſing another for your ſiſter; and one of recent date, with a note addreſſed to my father.

I ſend you this time ſome papers for *M. Le Monnier, painter, at the Little St. Anthony, Rue du Roi de Sicile.* I have been thinking, if you were not deſirous of knowing a man, with whom we are connected by the ties of friendſhip, you would at leaſt be pleaſed to ſee an eſtimable artiſt, of mild and agreeable manners, lately returned from Italy, where he made a long ſtay. But why do I expreſs an unpleaſant and fleeting doubt, without avowing the ſentiment that ſerves as its corrective? Yes, I ſtill believe that a perſon who has lately ſeen us, and with whom we are in habits of intimacy, is for that ſole reaſon not altogether unintereſting to you. Eudora improves in ſtrength much more than in learning and diſcretion: ſhe is very lively, and very giddy, although

although brought up alone. She is, in ſhort, a perfect romp, whoſe violent animal ſpirits will ſtand in need of a ſtrong mind to govern them. She has all the intelligence that can be expected at her time of life, and can put up with any thing, even with dry bread, when doing penance.—Beaumarchais, at *St. Lazare*, ſounds like a ludicrous antitheſis. He is puniſhed like a ſchool-boy, and will revenge himſelf like a fox.

I am called: adieu!—I thank you for your good wiſhes, and conclude like you, *toto corde*.

March 23.

I HAD a great mind to make my daughter ſpeak; but I have too much to ſay on my own account; and ſhall content myſelf with ſending you a ſheet of paper, which ſhe has ſcrawled over in her own way. You made me weep with your ſtories, after having made me laugh with the grave ſuperſcription of your letter. Eudora was much pleaſed to hear that you had written to her. In ſhort, I read her the letter; and when ſhe heard the name of mother, and the recommendation to kiſs, ſhe ſaid with a laugh, 'Why, that's for me now.' You have no need of a pardon, I aſſure you, on account of the matter that makes you aſk it. Do you think I ſtand in need of proteſtations and aſſurances as to things of that ſort? The two following lines would apply perfectly well to the preſent caſe:

Il

Il ſuffit, entre nous, de ton devoir, du mien,
Voilà les vrais ſermens, les autres ne ſont rien *.

If I had ever any thing to forgive you, it would have been the unfortunate idea, of which the traces are not yet effaced; but my attachment left generoſity nothing to do: it enabled me to form a juſt eſtimate of the errors of yours, in which I could ſee nothing but marks of its ſtrength, and perhaps I love you better than if you had not done me the wrong of aſcribing one to me that I do not feel myſelf guilty of. In proportion as time ſhall reſtore all its ſplendour to truth, you will perceive that you have loſt nothing by the diſtance you regret, becauſe you will ſee it has operated no change in the affection of your friends; nor will the pleaſure of a friendly correſpondence ſeem to be impaired by a few leagues further to travel over in idea.

You aſk me what I am about, and do not ſuppoſe I have the ſame occupations as at Amiens: it is true I have leſs leiſure to devote to them, or to intermingle them with agreeable ſtudies. Houſe-keeping is now my principal employ, and the trouble it gives me is of no ſmall account. My brother was deſirous of my taking charge of the houſe, which his mother for many years had ceaſed to ſuperintend, and which he was tired of directing, or of leaving to the care of the ſervants.—This is the way in which I paſs my time. On riſing, I buſy myſelf

* Between us, your duty and mine will ſuffice: theſe are the beſt oaths; the others are nothing.

about my child and my huſband. I make the former read, and get breakfaſt for them both, and then I leave them together in the ſtudy; or if the father be abſent, the little girl remains with the maid, while I go and inquire into the houſehold affairs, from the cellar to the garret: the fruit, the wine, the linen, and other details, contribute each their part to my ſtock of daily cares. If I have any time left (obſerve, we dine at noon, and are obliged to be then in decent dreſs, becauſe there is a chance of our having company, which the old lady is fond of inviting), I paſs it in the ſtudy, in the labours which I have been accuſtomed to ſhare with my huſband. After dinner we ſtay a little while together, and I remain pretty conſtantly with my mother-in-law till company comes. I am then at liberty, and go up ſtairs to the ſtudy in order to begin, or to continue to write; but when the evening comes, our good brother joins us, and we read the newſpaper, or ſomething better. Male viſitors ſometimes come up. If I am not the reader, I ſit down modeſtly to my needle-work, and liſten, taking care to prevent the child from interrupting; for ſhe never leaves us, unleſs on occaſion of ſome formal repaſt. As I do not wiſh her to be troubleſome to any one, or take up the attention of the company, ſhe then ſtays in her own room, or goes to take a walk with her maid, and does not make her appearance till the end of the deſſert. I never pay viſits unleſs they are abſolutely neceſſary. I go out ſometimes, though yet it has been but ſeldom,

to

to take a walk with my good man and Eudora. Bating thoſe little differences, every day ſees me go over the ſame ground, and turn in the ſame circle. The Engliſh, the Italian, and muſic, which is ſo much my delight, remain far behind. They are talents and inclinations which lie hidden under the aſhes, but which I ſhall know where to find in order to inſtil them into my Eudora in proportion as ſhe grows up. Order and peace in every thing that ſurrounds me, in the matters entruſted to me, and among the perſons with whom I am connected, added to the intereſt of my child, of which, amid my various cares, I never loſe ſight; theſe conſtitute my buſineſs and my pleaſure. This kind of life would be very auſtere, were not my huſband a man of great merit, whom I love with all my heart; but, with this *datum*, it is moſt delightful. Tender friendſhip, and unbounded confidence, mark every inſtant of it, keep an account of every thing, and ſtamp a value upon every thing, which nothing without them would have. It is the life the moſt favourable to the practice of virtue, and to the ſupport of all the inclinations and of all the purſuits that inſure ſocial and individual happineſs in the ſtate of ſociety wherein we live. I am ſenſible of its worth; I congratulate myſelf on enjoying it, and exert my beſt endeavours to make it laſt. I pleaſe myſelf with the hope that the world, on ſome future day, will bear witneſs to my deſerving what I once expreſſed to M. d'Ornay:

Heureuſe la mere attendrie
Qui peut dire avant d'expirer ;
J'ai fait plus que donner la vie,
Mes ſoins l'ont appris à l'aimer *.

My brother-in-law, of an extremely gentle temper, and of great ſenſibility of mind, is very religious alſo. I leave him the ſatisfaction of thinking his articles of faith appear as evident to me as they ſeem to be to him; and act outwardly as becomes the mother of a family in the country to do, whoſe conduct ought to be edifying to every body about her. Having been very religious in my early youth, I am as well acquainted with the ſcriptures, and even with the church ſervice, as with the heathen philoſophers, and willingly avail myſelf of my ſacred erudition, which pleaſes him exceedingly. Truth, the bent of my diſpoſition, and the facility with which I conform to every thing that is agreeable to others, while it is no violation of honour or decorum, makes me what I ought to be naturally, and without the ſmalleſt effort. Keep this effuſion of confidence to yourſelf, and do not anſwer it, unleſs in ſuch a vague way as may ſuit the ſubject. I am ſtill alone: my good man is at Lyons, whence he will not return till after Eaſter: he writes that his eyes are getting better; and I have had a freſh aſſurance of it from his ſervant, who came here to execute a few commiſſions, and who is ſince re-

* Happy the tender mother who can ſay before ſhe expires, I have not only given life, my cares have rendered it agreeable.

turned

turned to his maſter. You may judge by theſe effuſions of friendſhip, whether I believe in yours, to which I truſt for your ſetting a due value on this teſtimony of mine.

It was my intention to have ſaid ſomething of the academy, of Beaumarchais, and of that attractive ſyſtem of chymiſtry which engages your attention; but I have taken the time of writing to you out of the interval that remains between my morning buſineſs and dinner. I have only ten minutes to dreſs, which are preciſely as many as it generally takes me. I embrace you with all my heart.

Give me ſome account of academic and ſcientific matters; and more eſpecially of your own perſonal concerns.—Once more adieu.

March 26.

YOUR ſtory of the pointed noſe puts me out of all patience; it ſeems to me that mine is not ſo, and that, unfortunately perhaps, I could at leaſt enter into competition with all the ſharp noſes in the univerſe. But you are quite ſilent as to the portrait, and the *Lavateric* obſervations which you have made upon the ſubject. What care I for your ſkill in phyſiognomy, if it teach me nothing concerning my own face? Anſwer me then, ſpeak without diſguiſe, and we will diſpute afterwards, if we ſee occaſion. You will find Le M. an agreeable man, whom you would wiſh perhaps to poſſeſs a little more energy; and above all, a little more of that turn of mind that borders upon madneſs,

and that does ſuch wonders in his art. I ſhould be at no loſs to find excellent means to juſtify my delay in bringing you acquainted with him; for in the point of view in which you exhibited yourſelf to me, I had reaſon to fear it might look like importunity, if I made too frequent calls on your attention; but ſuppoſing I was in the wrong in that reſpect, I freely conſent to give you this ſubject of forgiveneſs, by way of eſtabliſhing a perfect equality between us.

April 9.

I WILL now confeſs that I applaud your acquaintance for not chooſing to employ themſelves for any body but you, and hold myſelf obliged to them for acting and thinking in that manner. I can eaſily conceive that your excellent heart makes you deſire ſtill greater means of being uſeful to your friends; but you ought not to regret the want of thoſe you do not poſſeſs. Your true friends have no occaſion for proofs of intereſt and power, to make them believe in the return of the tender friendſhip they have ſworn to you. Thoſe friends will always be greater gainers by your availing yourſelf of all the means that ſtudy and philoſophy furniſh for your perſonal improvement, than by the multiplicity of your connexions, and a ſuperior degree of influence. Do not then go in ſearch of dinners and *ennui* for the ſake of advantages, which it is eaſier to do without, than to be contented with. If ever you turn your mind to ambition, itwill increaſe with your ſucceſs, and engroſs your whole ſoul to the

the very end of your career. But enough of moralizing. I am out of ſpirits, however—my Eudora is not very well: her cold indeed does not increaſe; but her cough reſembles the one that is the forerunner of the meaſles: ſhe is a little drowſy, and laſt night appeared to me to have a fever. To-day I am to take advice. Her father is no better; his cough is no longer relieved by expectoration; and he feels himſelf ſtuffed up, and ill at his eaſe. May Heaven ſend you better health! Adieu!—We embrace you with all our hearts. Say a thouſand kind things for us to M. Parault.

It is not true that Eudora has been told not to love you a dozen years hence; but only to hold her tongue about it, and let you find it out.

April 20.

I AM much more eaſy in regard to Eudora; and without daring to flatter myſelf ſhe will eſcape the prevailing diſeaſes, I hope, in caſe ſhe catches, ſhe will get ſafe over them. They propoſe giving her a doſe of phyſic; but as I wiſh to ſpare her the nauſeous draught, we are at preſent temporiſing. The poor child is ſadly altered! You cannot figure to yourſelf my regret at ſeeing ſo tender a little being forced already to ſubmit to diſguſting and racking remedies. It would ſeem that medicine ought only to be calculated to relieve the infirmities of age, or the violent diſorders which our phyſical and moral exceſſes produce. But that amiable infancy ſhould ſtand in need of a fallacious art, is a perverſion of all

order, and a real ſubject of lamentation. Happy thoſe who in ſuch circumſtances can find motives of confidence in a man of abilities! There is not here a ſingle phyſician on whom I can venture to depend. I have however ſent for one; and have got into a fine quarrel with another. We are ſo alarmed for what we love, that we are always ſeeking for opinions without daring to follow our own.—But let us return to the academies, of which you have ſent us ſuch entertaining accounts. My good man would wiſh to know a great deal more of Quatre-mere's Treatiſe upon Sheep, or rather of Berthollet's, upon *The Theory of Bleaching*: I recollect it is the latter which, when ſetting off, he deſired me to mention to you, in order that you might communicate to him all the information you poſſeſs, or may be able to procure, on the ſubject. He affirms alſo, you have ſaid nothing concerning the oily and farinaceous ſeeds, unleſs that you cannot diſcover any ground for a ſyſtem: now *the tall meagre man, with a tenor voice*, is not at all ſatisfied with ſuch a reſult: he will have a ſyſtem even if it be brought from the moon, like ſo many other hypotheſes.

The weather is at laſt grown milder; but I do not recover my ſtrength; and if it were not for the activity of my mind, I ſhould bear a great reſemblance to the ſilk worms, when they are about to ſpin their cocoons, and drag themſelves languidly along. I cannot diſcover that I have any particular ailment, but always feel as if I were much fatigued; and notwithſtanding my endeavours to preſerve a ſprightly appearance, laſſi-

tude

tude announces itſelf by drawing a hollow circle round my eyes. If my Eudora, however, recover her health, and our friend find himſelf the better for the country, the pleaſure I ſhall feel at their welfare will make me forget my own trifling complaints.

April 22.

YOU gave me a ſcolding in your ſhort epiſtle which I received yeſterday; and I cannot deny you might have ſome reaſon; but I was ſo taken up with my child, and ſo fatigued in body and mind, that perhaps I was not very much to blame.

Eudora, though better, is not exactly what I could wiſh: ſhe is ſo livid, ſo..... I do not know what, that I am alarmed, without well knowing why. We have really and truly the ſmallpox in our horrible houſe, where we are obliged to have two lodgers, becauſe we are not able to fill it ourſelves, although our family is tolerably large. We are here a hundred years behind Paris in building and fitting up our houſes, at leaſt as far as relates to the laying out of apartments, and ſtill more in the little matters of ornament; it would ſeem that we are quite as far behind Lyons, although we are only at the diſtance of five leagues. True it is, that owing to local circumſtances, wood, and all other carpenter's materials, are very dear in this little town, where the principal luxury is that of the table. At the houſe of every little citizen, who is at all above the common, more ſumptuous repaſts are given than in

in the richeſt houſes at Amiens, and even than in many very ſubſtantial ones at Paris.

Uncomfortable houſes, a luxurious table, elegant dreſſes, and continual play, ſometimes for large ſums; ſuch are the principal features of a town where all the houſes are flat-roofed, and where the ſmall ſtreets ſerve as drains for the privies. On the other hand, the inhabitants are by no means ſtupid: they ſpeak pretty well, without any provincial accent, and even without uſing incorrect expreſſions. Their manners are alſo genteel and agreeable; but they are a little, that is to ſay, *very deficient*, in information. Our counſellors are looked upon as very important perſonages; our advocates are as proud as thoſe of Paris, and the attornies are as great rogues here as every where elſe. In another reſpect, it is quite the reverſe of Amiens: there the women are generally ſuperior to the men; at Villefranche they are the contrary, and in the women it is that the ruſt of the country is the moſt perceptible.

I do not know why nor wherefore I have thus undertaken to do the honours of my adoptive country. I conſider it as my own, and treat it accordingly, as you may perceive.

La Blancherie then has got his head above water again? I ſaw the opening of his rooms advertized in the *Journal de Paris*. Why, by my faith, theſe muſeums are like the phœnix: they riſe every year out of their own aſhes. Were you at the ſitting of the academy when the panegyric of Gebelin

was

was pronounced? Adieu!—Our males are ſtill in the country, for which they find themſelves the better: one of them is to return immediately to the dove-cot: I leave you to gueſs which.

April 28.

THE poſt does not ſet of till to-morrow; I wrote to you yeſterday; it is only nine o'clock in the morning, and I have a thouſand things to do; but I have received your agreeable chit-chat of the twenty-fifth, and am ſitting down to pay you in kind. I need very little provocation to induce me to enter into this friendly warfare with thoſe I love.

I have juſt received accounts of the male part of our family, by one of the vine-dreſſers, who brings us every Thurſday a proviſion of butter, eggs, vegetables, &c. Are not theſe pretty things to put in a letter? but they are of great uſe in a family; they recall rural occupations to our minds, and in that point of view are very agreeable. My poor turtle-dove is quite frozen with the cold winds that prevail; I ſhall not ſee him, however, in a hurry; for his brother is to return on Saturday to confeſs the nuns, and he muſt ſtay behind to ſuperintend the operations of the cellar. All our ſervants are gone down, or rather, up there; there is nothing but *caps* in the houſe, and only think of my ſimplicity! I have not ſent for a ſingle *beau* to divert me. It is not becauſe there is any want of beaux in town; but they are not tempting. The young men of this

place

place are not agreeable; and it is no wonder; for the women do not underſtand their buſineſs. Travels, and obſervation, are neceſſary to give them a poliſh; and accordingly they return home more amiable men; while the women remain in their corner, with their little airs and graces, by wh ich nobody is impoſed upon.

I believe my experience would be of great uſe to your *Lavaterian* knowledge, if I were to enlighten your obſervations on the face which you are ſtudying, and of which the lips diſpleaſe you. Nature has made her good, and has endowed her, not with wit, but with ſound ſenſe: her faculties are not enlarged or improved by education; nor muſt you expect to find in her either ideas above the common, or taſte, or delicacy, or that exquiſite ſenſibility that proceeds from an organization peculiarly happy, or from a well-cultivated mind. Add to this on one hand, that eaſe of manners which a knowledge of the world generally confers; and on the other, an inclination to command, and the habit of doing ſo, though without knowing how to keep people properly in their places, or, if you will, in their ranks, and you have the key of every thing. The reſult of all is a tolerably agreeable companion, with whom every one is at his eaſe; a woman truly eſtimable, becauſe her heart is perfectly honeſt, although ſhe is a little wanting in dignity; and a perſon worth knowing, becauſe ſhe does not exact too much, and does juſtice to herſelf, as well as to others.

With

With theſe *data*, ſtudy and improve. If we were making our obſervations together, I have the modeſty to think my inſpiration would aſſiſt your ſcience; there are things which you cannot get hold of but by dint of labour, and others concerning which I might ſay of you, and of almoſt all other men, what Clara ſaid of Volmar: 'He might have ſwallowed all Plato, and all Ariſtotle, without being able to divine it.'

The day before yeſterday, Eudora took a doſe of kermes, with a ſtrong infuſion of burrage and ſyrup of violets. Her cough is entirely gone: but ſhe cannot be ſaid to be entirely recovered: ſhe is as full of miſchief as a monkey: my brow is knit like that of a pedant in a college, and I am quite hoarſe with ſcolding her. I was juſt now horribly ſcandalized at hearing the brat utter a great oath, and inſiſted on knowing where ſhe picked it up: 'Lord, Mamma, Saint-Claude ſays ſo as well as I.'—Saint-Claude, one of our ſervants, is an honeſt fellow, who takes care never to ſwear in my preſence: but makes amends for it, I dare ſay, when I am out of the way. What admirable aptitude! She does not paſs an hour in a fortnight with the ſervants; nor do I ever ſtir a ſtep without her.

May 7, or 8.

I SHOULD be very happy to have a little converſation with you, although your projects * have ſtruck me dumb for ſeveral days. I am now in

* I had been appointed naturaliſt to attend La Peyrouſe in his voyage round the world.

great

great haſte; and can only ſay a few words, by way of announcing to you, that the Inſpector will write immediately in anſwer to ſeveral particulars of your letter.

I dare not expreſs my ſentiments to you concerning your intended voyage; for it would be impoſſible for my obſervations to be diſintereſted. With the ſtrongeſt deſire to talk the matter over like an indifferent perſon, my ſorrow, at the idea of ſo long an abſence, would be buſy, unknown to me.

If you had a nearer proſpect of promotion in your office, I ſhould contend with advantage. You have activity enough for the enterpriſe which tempts you; but you have not that iron conſtitution which ſeconds the energy of the mind, and fits a man to encounter the hardſhips of ſuch a voyage. I know we have a right, even at the riſk of our lives, to run hazards that may have a fortunate event: it is a lottery, in which ſentiment holds the balance and regulates reaſon; but friends have a different compaſs to ſteer by: their mind approves while their heart is repugnant: they have nothing then to do, but to be ſilent. This is what we are reduced to, while weeping like children, whenever you are the ſubject of our converſation. Why does not content retain in the ſame place, thoſe whom friendſhip connects ſo cloſely with one another?—Eudora is better.—Our friend Lanthenas deſired me to ſay a thouſand kind things for him; but he muſt have written to you himſelf, ſince he commiſſioned me to do ſo.

Adieu!

Adieu!—I have half a mind to be angry with you on account of the pain you give me; but the thing is not poſſible; and ſo I am forced to embrace you.

May 18.

AND I alſo take upon me to ſend you plants; not to make experiments in dyeing; but to know their names; and to give you an idea of the *Flora* of this country. I am become groſsly ignorant on the ſubject; and have ſo many things to do, that I prefer your telling me what they are, to ſpending my time in looking for them in books. The lichen, or moſs, in my little parcel, was gathered from the walls of a fountain, whither Eudora often goes to reſt herſelf, and to drink the excellent water it contains. This fountain is called Belle-Roche, from the domain in which it is ſituated: a domain, with a little château, in the poſſeſſion of the dean of this chapter, with whom we paſſed the whole of yeſterday. The yellow flower belongs to a thorny ſhrub, very common in the woods round the town, and ſaid to be good for cattle when the thorns fall off, which happens by degrees as the flower fades away. The two other little plants were formerly of my acquaintance; nor is any thing more common in the woods. I had them once at my fingers' ends; but have forgotten them, and ſhould like to know what they are, without being obliged to learn them over again: ſo tell me quickly their names, ſurnames, claſs, genus, &c.

La Blancherie then has opened his rooms when I am no longer at Paris, and when I was going to

Amiens *parimente*. As to the laſt article, it ſignified little; but I am ſorry not to have ſeen thoſe famous rooms before I removed to ſuch a diſtance. Adieu! —Good night, or good morning: I am in haſte, and going away.

Lyons, June 19.

YESTERDAY evening, on coming home, we found your letter of the thirteenth; and although I have little time to ſpare, and although you have ere this received one of ours, informing you of our proceedings, and conſequently accounting for our ſilence, I cannot reſiſt the longing deſire I feel to anſwer the kind expreſſions of your anxious friendſhip.

I long ago perceived the ſlackneſs of my correſpondence, and have been deſirous of an opportunity of making amends, by writing with the leiſure ſo dear to ſenſibility. Houſehold affairs, and occupations in the ſtudy, have ſo taken up my time, that my little excurſion was delayed by them, notwithſtanding the ſpeed with which I haſtened to bring them to a concluſion. Though we have been here ſome days, time paſſes away, as you know it does on a journey, when we have only a few minutes to ourſelves, which we endeavour to employ to the beſt advantage.

We have taken up our abode in an apartment which my good friend hired for himſelf, and with which the whole of our little family can make ſhift upon occaſion. I have brought with me our Eudora, the maid, and a man ſervant; and every thing goes on to our perfect ſatisfaction. We are in a handſome

houſe,

houſe, and in a good quarter of the town, quite cloſe to the hotel of the Intendant *(l'Intendance)*, though very far from our acquaintance; but the moſt diſtant of them lends us his carriage, of which I make as much uſe as I pleaſe. I went yeſterday to ſee Mademoiſelle St. Huberti in Dido, her favourite part, which I had never ſeen her play at Paris: I thought her ſublime. Our friend has a great deal of buſineſs on his hands: a compliment to the academy as an aſſociate; another ſitting at the agricultural ſociety, to which he alſo belongs; profeſſional caſes; and information to be obtained for the continuation of his labours in the Encyclopedia. If he were to ſtay here three months, he would find ſufficient employment; and I could ſtay as long without being tired of the place. I have taken a maſter for the forte-piano, and ſtudy muſic every morning; but little, it is true; for viſits, dinners, &c. engroſs a great part of my time. The other day I met *M. Juſſieu*, the younger, at his ſiſter's, whom I was viſiting, and whoſe huſband has a very excellent cabinet of natural hiſtory.

Eudora gave me ſome uneaſineſs yeſterday. She ſeemed to have a ſlight attack of a fever: but is pretty well this morning.

We ſhall receive your Perſian traveller with a twofold intereſt: if he had only the recommendation of having ſeen a great part of the world, he would be welcome: what will he be as your friend!

Write us longer letters. I had a thouſand things to ſay to you about your laſt revolution, which pre-

vents our loſing you; but it is preciſely on the things of which the heart is the fulleſt, that we keep ſilence, when we have not time to expreſs the whole of what we feel. If you could not, however, divine the greateſt part of it, you would not deſerve an explanation. Believe me, of all thoſe to whom you are dear, nobody is more happy than ourſelves at your being preſerved from the great hazards, which we do not love to ſee thoſe perſons run, to whom we have, in a manner, attached our exiſtence.

Adieu, my friend!—We embrace you with all the frankneſs, and all the unreſerve, of that tender friendſhip which we have ſworn to maintain to the end of our lives.

Villefranche, July 4.

We returned two days ago, and have been ever ſince in a great buſtle. We are employed in a variety of things; in letter-writing, and ſeveral others that have got a little into arrears, and in houſehold affairs, which call for my accuſtomed vigilance, to ſay nothing of thoſe little troubles, of which every one in this world has his ſhare.

I am far from enjoying that agreeable tranquillity in which it is a pleaſure to hold converſe with our friends, eſpecially when they are in the diſpoſition and circumſtances you are in at preſent. I ſhould wiſh to talk with you at my eaſe, concerning the hazards and the advantages of the two ſituations between which you have made a choice; concerning the folly of conſuming life in vain regret, when we had

had good reaſons for our determination; and concerning the inanity of that glory for which we make ſuch ſacrifices, which almoſt always betrays us, and never leads to repoſe; the end every one has in view, and which he is only endeavouring, though generally to no purpoſe, to render more comfortable. I ſhould wiſh to put into your head a few more grains of philoſophy in exchange for that exceſs of active heat, which produces good effects, and great torments. I think all this, adminiſtered by the kind hand of friendſhip, might be of ſome uſe to you, and certainly would be a very agreeable office to me; but a thouſand things preſs on me together, and the tide of time carries me away.

I add to this a flower with which I am unacquainted, and which, for the want of the *Genera*, I cannot make out. It has eight ſtamina; the plant is herbaceous, and ſix inches high, more or leſs. The flowers proceed from the *axillæ* of the leaves; are borne by a *petiolus* enlarged at the baſe, and grow up along the ſtalk, at the top of which they meet in a cluſter.

Auguſt 2.

HERE I am at laſt, having before me the half hour it wants to dinner-time, and meaning to devote that ſpace of time to your ſervice, that you may not repeat, 'It was well worth while to retire into the country.'

You muſt know, in the firſt place, the day before yeſterday I was dying, yeſterday I was in a languiſhing ſtate, and to day I am as gay as a lark.

Aſk me why? I cannot tell; but ſo it is; and if any one will figure to himſelf a continual ſucceſſion of great activity, and of extreme langour, he will have a complete idea of my health. My good man has taken to ſpectacles, as, perhaps, I have already told you: his eyes are better, without being perfectly well. He has been bathing for ſome days; but buſineſs upon buſineſs comes inceſſantly to haraſs him; ſometimes it is the blind and groping adminiſtration, building up with one hand, pulling down with the other, and always aſking for advice, without ever taking it: ſometimes the academies, to which he muſt addreſs ſome elaborate compoſition or other, at the time perhaps when leaſt inclined; ſometimes it is a uſeful connexion; ſometimes a friendly correſpondence which muſt be kept up with equal care; and then the great work above all, the continuation of the Encyclopedia, to which it is become neceſſary to return. You may expect in conſequence to be tormented like a poor ſoul in purgatory. Heavy complaints are already made of you, becauſe you no longer ſpeak to M. Audran; becauſe you appear to neglect him, &c. You muſt ſee him, follow him up, hurry him, get a great many things from him, urge him for a great many more, and ſo on. You have have had memorandums of queſtions concerning furs; try to procure anſwers to them, and ſend them to us, for we are thinking in good earneſt of that important work. Every wheel muſt be put in motion, every engine muſt be ſet to work, to collect and complete the materials; take your meaſures accordingly;

join

join your love for the ſciences to your friendly zeal, and ſerve us, as you are ſo well able to do.

I have another thing to beg of you, Mr. Naturaliſt, Chemiſt, &c. and that is, that you will employ your talents for the good of mankind. You muſt know that we have vipers in the *Cloſe*, and that a child of twelve years of age was lately bitten by one, and died in leſs than four-and-twenty hours. Find out a *certain and eaſy* remedy, which we may always have at hand, and even carry about us. It will be rendering a ſervice to the world, and, perhaps, to your friends. On my firſt viſit to this place, five years ago, we found in our own little domain, near the houſe, a viper which my Roland killed, even though he was without his *durindana* *; I have now a Eudora, who may ſlip away from me into the garden, and may meet with that terrible reptile under the graſs, in ſome unfrequented walk.—Good heavens! my heart fails me, and I deteſt the *Cloſe!* It is very true, I aſſure you: more reaſons than one put us out of humour with this country-houſe: we have laid aſide the idea of rebuilding it; and if you, who know every thing, ſhould chance to hear of a ſnug box to be ſold, with a good garden, good water, a fine proſpect, and pleaſant grounds about it, near Villefranche, or on the road between this and Lyons, pray let us know, that we may make the purchaſe. Now, is it not a fine piece of folly to deſire you to look out for ſuch a

* The ſword of the famous Orlando, who in French is called *Roland.—Tranſ.*

thing? It is becauſe, to our ſorrow, it is a thing very ſcarce, and very hard to come at.

So, poor Lanthenas is at liberty again? We ſhall ſee him, I hope, ere long: I am heartily rejoiced at it. My poor Eudora grows thin, and waſtes away without my knowing to what to attribute it. I fancied our water was not good, and ſent to fetch ſome from a fountain without the town. I next ſuppoſed ſhe had worms, and gave her a vermifuge mixed up with honey and afterwards lemon-juice and oil. They operated violently, without her voiding any worms, unleſs ſomething that looked like a ſmall one, about which I am not ſure. Her tongue is loaded, her breath has a faint and bilious ſmell, her complexion is pale and wan, her eyes are hollow, and her fleſh is flabby; but ſhe is ſtill gay and lively, and very gentle and patient when in pain. This is her preſent ſtate; and this it is that torments me, and breaks my heart. While my uneaſineſs on her account quite wears me out, I am teaſed and tormented by other cares; and in the midſt of all this, I have ſometimes the courage of a lion, and ſometimes I weep like a child. Adieu.—I wiſh you health, ſtrength, peace, and happineſs: we embrace you with all our hearts.

Auguſt 8.

I AM going, Sir, to begin my day with you, by order of my lord and maſter, who gave me your letter the moment I awoke. It is ten o'clock however; but I bathed at ſeven, went to bed again, and enjoyed that ſound and refreſhing ſleep which

is ſo neceſſary to health. I was yeſterday at a ball given by one of our lodgers, and danced two cotillons. Take notice, that it was the firſt time I had danced ſince two years before my marriage. I found that a reliſh for that agreeable exerciſe is not ſo ſpeedily loſt; and notwithſtandin my matron-like age of one-and-thirty, I was rather induced to withdraw at midnight by prudence, than by ſatiety.

I do not know what to make of the ſtory you tell me of your man of a ſuperiour kind: do I know him, or do I not? It appears to me hardly poſſible to receive his homage at my feet on the firſt interview, if I have not beforehand ſome notion of what he is. In good truth, you have no pity for a poor ruſtic, whoſe imagination naturally grows cold under the influence of every thing around her. I do not mean that our country ladies are more ſcrupulous than thoſe of your great town; but for my part, I think our country gentlemen ſtupid; and if I had not been already virtuous from habit and principle, I ſhould have been made ſo by diſguſt, or the want of knowing how to better myſelf. In ſober ſadneſs, there is nothing here to make it worth while to loſe the honour of the field. Accordingly my habits are formed, and your wonderful man will not make me change them: ſo much the worſe for him, if he is not ſatisfied. But if he be a traveller by the diligence, the notice you have given us will be altogether uſeleſs: that carriage does not ſtop on the road; if otherwiſe, I expect to ſee ſome good ſort of a man in your own way.

I ſend you a plant, which from its firſt appearance I took for a kind of valerian; but I think I can diſcover a ſpecific difference. It is very common here on the banks of a beautiful little river. Adieu!—I have at this moment old father *Renard* by my ſide. He tells me his ſon has ſeen you three times; but you are ſo buſy, that he is afraid of being troubleſome. Farewell! Our beſt wiſhes attend you.

Auguſt 19.

WHILE you were dining with your literati, we were at dinner here with the widow of an academician, and with counts and counteſſes of the neighbourhood, as well *ſacred* as *profane*; for among them was a canoneſs and a count of Lyons*: only think what holy perſonages! The widow is the relict of the Count de Milly, and rejoices with reaſon at her widowhood.—If you are not acquainted with her hiſtory I will treat you with it on ſome future day. We had not an intereſting *hortus ſiccus* to viſit, like that which made you ſo happy; but we had officers with us, who were both polite and tolerably well informed, a thing too uncommon among military men, not to be very agreeable; and we concluded the day by taking a walk to a *vogue*: ſuch is the name given here to certain feſtivals, to celebrate which, the populace aſſemble in the country, and dance and drink in a meadow to their hearts' content. In one place are fiddlers; fifes in another, and a bagpipe in a third. Thoſe who have no inſtruments make amends with

* The counts of Lyons conſtituted a noble order of religious,—*Tranſ.*

their

their voices: others ſit under tents, and guzzle new wine as ſour as that of Surenne; and ſometimes the fair ladies made up a country dance. But to return to our own affairs; you are a perfect romancer; a great promiſer of nothings; you always announce people who never come. It was well worth while to make my mouth water for a *quieſbet* *! Three times we have already calculated, and waited impatiently for the moment, when, according to the notice you gave us, ſome great perſonage was to arrive: nobody has yet appeared. I conſole myſelf however, for the non-arrival of the gallant you have found out for me, ſince I have been informed that he is only fifteen: he would want tutoring, and I am not old enough to undertake his education, or to ſeek my fortune among ſchool-boys. I am not afraid, let me tell you, Sir, to encounter a connoiſſeur. I wiſh to heaven I had you in England; you would fall in love with all the women. I was very near doing ſo, although a woman myſelf. They bear no reſemblance to ours; and have in general that oval form of countenance which Lavater commends. I am not at all ſurpriſed that a man of ſenſibility, who has ſeen the Engliſh women, ſhould feel a longing deſire to viſit Penſylvania. Take my word for it, that the individual who does not feel ſome eſteem for the Engliſh, and a degree of affection mixed with admiration, for their women, is either a pitiful coxcomb, or

* This is ſome cant word, neither in common uſe in France, nor to be found in a dictionary. It is in italics in the original French. —*Tranſ.*

an

an ignorant blockhead, who talks about what he does not underſtand.

As to you, Sir, you are an impertinent fellow, and a coxcomb too; for I only ſuſpected it to be *valerian* by its manner of growing; but the very great ſpecific differences convinced me it was another plant, and made me aſk you the name. The inference may be eaſily drawn. You are much miſtaken, if from this ſportive ſtyle you ſuppoſe me to be in good ſpirits. I am heartily vexed, as you will eaſily believe, when I add, that I am not to go into the country at all this year; and that I ſhall ſee no more of *the Cloſe* than yourſelf. The only difference is, that I ſhall eat ſome of the fruit; but they muſt be brought two long leagues; their bloom will be gone off; and, beſides, they will not be gathered by my own hands.

I ſhall conclude with this lamentation, wiſhing you all joy and health.

Auguſt 27.

THE poſt does not ſet off till the day after to-morrow; but I have a few moments of leiſure, and haſten to tell you, that you have not the merit of being the firſt perſon from whom I heard of La Blancherie. I had already been told that he was at Lyons, and from that moment made no doubt but he was the man of whom you meant to ſpeak. I am, however, very glad to find that you did not mention Mademoiſelle Phlipon to him. His negligence appears to me the more excuſable. *How very modeſt I am!* But what I have to tell you is, that La Blancherie having waited upon M. de Villers, the director of the academy of Lyons,

Lyons, in order to requeſt he would take him to a ſitting, that gentleman aſked him, out of attention and politeneſs, whether he ſhould like to become a member? '*No*,' ſaid La Blancherie, '*I ought not to belong to any academy*.'—'And why ſo, pray?'—'*Becauſe, if I did, I ſhould be obliged to belong to all the academies in Europe*.' The grave M. de Villers, who is poſſeſſed of both energy and ſpirit, contented himſelf with replying, 'You told me, Sir, that you were to dine with M——: you may beg him to conduct you to the academy alſo.' At a ſitting of ours, I met two or three men of merit from Lyons, who all agreed in ſaying, that La Blancherie is a moſt unſufferable coxcomb. Between ourſelves, I was not much ſurpriſed at hearing it; for ten years ago he ſeemed to have a turn that way, which ſo great a length of time employed in intriguing in the world, cannot fail to have wonderfully improved.

Let us return to our academical ſitting, which was very agreeably filled up in the opinion of every body preſent. I give you their teſtimony, becauſe my own might appear ſuſpicious to you, in two different points of view. In the firſt place, my good man read a diſcourſe that was much applauded, upon *the influence of the cultivation of letters in the provinces, compared with their influence in the capital*. There was a good deal in it concerning the women, which ſeveral preſent had good reaſon to apply to themſelves, and they would tear my eyes out, perhaps, if they imagined that I had any ſhare in the production.

The

The director entertained us with an account of the discoveries of the present age; and a stranger very agreeably explained his opinion, that plants are not destitute of sentiment. This author is a Swiss, settled at Lyons, and a protestant minister. He is arrived from England, after taking a doctor's degree at Oxford, and is lately married to a young woman of eighteen, who is a native of Sedan, and whom he brought with him. We kept them with us the day after the sitting, and became very intimate. A high-vicar of Lyons, whom we knew before, read some pieces of excellent criticism, translated from the German. The secretary recited an epistle in very pleasing poetry, congratulating our friend on his return to his country, accompanied by a helpmate of whom the poet spoke as poets are accustomed to do. It is pretty certain this did not tend to recommend me to the favour of the women. Not daring, however, to say any thing against it, they would fain have it in their power to criticise the discourse of an academician, whose wife was the subject of a public panegyric. But, unfortunately, although it contains some severe truths that regard them, the language is exceedingly polite, and even elegant.

Now for a word or two of your Messieurs Ducis and Thomas, who are at Lyons, and who puff each other off like the two asses in the fable. The latter has thought proper to print some poetry, addressed to Jeannin, whom you know, and whom every body ridicules. In his verses, the academician praises the charlatan in the most extravagant terms, and

to make the matter more moving, has inſerted an epiſode about Ducis, who, in paſſing the mountains of Savoy in an old crazy carriage, was overſet, and frighted out of his wits. Thomas ſees in his brother academician the Sophocles of France, whoſe furious horſes are dragging him along like Hyppolitus, and daſhing his chariot to pieces. A country gentleman, tired of this learned jargon, and ſick of ſuch fulſome flattery, has anſwered him in verſes which I incloſe, ſincerely regretting that I cannot join in your opinion concerning my countrymen; but if the judges of your Parnaſſus make ſuch blunders, how will you defend the herd of our *badauds* *? Independently of the bad ſubject choſen by Thomas, his verſes are not even worthy of a writer of panegyric. Theſe, however, are the great men who are to ſhine on Tueſday at the public ſitting at Lyons, where one of them is to read a canto of his Petreide: you will have an account of it from La Blancherie, who is to return immediately. I do not imagine he has met with many ſubſcribers at Lyons.

October 12.

WELL, my good friend! how do you do? It is a long time ſince I wrote to you; but the truth is, that for this month I have ſcarcely taken up my pen. I verily believe I am imbibing ſome of the inclinations of the beaſt whoſe milk is reſtoring me to health. I am growing *aſinine* by dint of attending

* The Pariſians are called *badauds* in deriſion, as our Londoners are called cockneys.—*Tranſ.*

to

to the little cares of a *piggiſh* country life. I am preſerving pears, which will be delicious; we are drying raiſins and prunes; are in the midſt of a great waſh, and getting up the linen; make our breakfaſt upon wine, and lie down upon the graſs to let the fumes of it go off; overlook the people who are buſied in the vintage, and reſt ourſelves in the woods and meadows; knock down walnuts, and after gathering our ſtock of fruit for the winter, ſpread it in the garrets. Heaven knows how we make the doctor work!—You make us kiſs him! Upon my word, you are a ſtrange ſort of creature.

We were much entertained by the charming narrative you ſent us. You ought, indeed, to be always moving about for the amuſement of your friends, particularly that you may not forget to pay them a viſit.

Adieu!—There is a talk about breakfaſting, and going afterwards in a body to gather almonds.

The Cloſe, October 15.

YOU ſee I am ſtill here, whither I came for a week, and where I ſhall probably make a ſtay of two months. Economical arrangements had guided us in our firſt reſolution: our moral and phyſical welfare make us change our minds. Our mother, it is true, lives at as great an expence during our abſence, as if we were with her, and ſtrangers occupy our places at table; but what then? We are here in the aſylum of peace and liberty; we no longer hear a ſcolding tongue going from morning to night; nor do we any longer

longer behold a forbidding countenance, in which a want of feeling and jealouſy are depicted by turns, and in which ſpite and anger are perceptible through the diſguiſe of irony, whenever we meet with any ſucceſs, or receive any marks of attention. We breathe a pure air, and can obey the dictates of friendſhip and confidence, without fearing to irritate, by the manifeſtation of thoſe ſentiments, a hard heart which was never acquainted with them, and which hates to ſee them in others. In a word, we can be buſy, we can employ ourſelves, or paſs our time in ſoft dalliance, without the diſagreeable aſſurance, that whatever we do will be blamed, criticiſed, miſconſtrued, &c.

Theſe advantages are certainly worth a pecuniary ſacrifice. It is impoſſible, however, to make ſuch a bargain all the year round, without an abſolute rupture; and for that purpoſe it was not worth while to meet. Well! have I told you enough this time? Do you believe I am ſtill your friend? You may alſo believe, though I have the ſame affection for you as ever, I ſhould never have ſpoken to you, nor to any one elſe, of my huſband's mother, if he had not done ſo before. To confeſs the truth, however, theſe ſorrows, which affected me ſo powerfully during the firſt two or three months, now appear infinitely more ſupportable: I know how to eſtimate them in a more rational manner. As long as it was poſſible to retain any hope of finding a heart among the whimſicalities of the moſt extraordinary diſpoſition, I tormented myſelf in endeavouring to gain her favour, and was diſtreſſed beyond meaſure at my want of ſucceſs. Now

that

that I ſee in a proper point of view, a ſelfiſh and fantaſtical being, who is governed ſolely by the ſpirit of contradiction, who never enjoyed any thing but the pleaſure of tormenting others by her caprices, who triumphs at the death of two children, whoſe ſouls ſhe ſteeped in bitterneſs, who would ſmile at that of all of us, and who ſcarcely takes any pains to conceal her ſentiments, I feel my affliction converted into indifference, and almoſt into pity; and my fits of indignation and hatred are become ſhort and unfrequent. Every thing conſidered, it was, nevertheleſs, wiſe to come and ſtay here: the health of our child requires it more urgently than we imagined before our arrival. You will alſo believe, my good friend, we cannot poſſeſs great bleſſings, without purchaſing them at the expence of a few troubles. This nether world would be a perfect paradiſe, if, with a huſband ſuch and ſo dear to me, as mine, I had nothing elſe but ſubjects of ſatisfaction.

December 1.

I HAVE received your epiſtles, and make a jeſt of your morality: you might go far before you would find any one who ſtands ſo little in need of it as I do. I ſhall take your letters to Lyons, whither I am going to-morrow with Eudora, and a man ſervant, without a maid, becauſe I am to make but a ſhort ſtay, and becauſe my little apartment will be ſufficiently filled by the doctor and my huſband, who have already inhabited it a fortnight. You may tell the excellent M. Parault, with my beſt compliments, this ſame doctor

doctor will call here again before he makes his entry into the capital: he muſt conſequently wait with patience till next year.

You aſk me, why I have not written you long letters for ſome time? I will anſwer you with a frankneſs equal to your own: in the firſt place, I have not had time; but perhaps I ſhould have found it, if I had not thought I perceived my letters were a little leſs intereſting to you than formerly. I will not tell you what this idea is founded upon, for I do not know: it is not a judgment, but a ſentiment. It is indeed ſo internal, that I preſume, in reflecting on it, you are not ſenſible yourſelf of any change. The alteration in you, however, is not great, ſince you notice my ſilence; and I rejoice at it. If you had been a woman, I ſhould already have made you ſome friendly reproaches; but without knowing why or wherefore, I do not feel myſelf at all indulgently inclined towards you male creatures; and when I cannot believe in a warmth of affection, and in a kindneſs, at leaſt equal to my own, my ſentiments concentrate themſelves, and I hold my tongue as a thing of courſe. Perhaps this will appear to you to be rather haughty than generous, and not conſiſtent with the frankneſs of friendſhip. I cannot account for it; but ſo it is.

December 22.

WHY, how now, my good friend! you are in a terrible paſſion! will you be pleaſed to tell me why? You men are whimſical creatures: you clamour

dreadfully whenever you are told the truth, and at laſt confeſs that it is fully proved.

Have I ſcolded you? Have I made any complaint? I ventured an obſervation, which you confeſs to be well founded; and it is for that you are diſpoſed to quarrel with me.—*It is no more poſſible for the moral man to remain always the ſame, than for the phyſical man not to alter.*—This is your anſwer, and the reſult of your examination: why, who conteſts either the fact or the principle? *I* had laid down the firſt, as my own notion: *you* make a maxim of it. All this comes to the ſame thing; nor can I any longer underſtand your inclination to reproach me, or your idea that I have deſerved it.

Am I then ſo much to be blamed for the acuteneſs and juſtneſs of my feelings, and for having told you frankly what they enabled me to perceive? You would, perhaps, have wiſhed me to enter into angry and doleful lamentations: it is the moſt that could happen in a certain kind of connexion; but in a friendſhip like ours, the tone and colour may be more or leſs lively, and the nature of the thing remain for ever the ſame. We ſhall always find in our diſpoſition and way of thinking the ſame reaſons for reciprocal eſteem; and in our inclinations and ideas we ſhall ever have the ſame points of contact, and the ſame bonds of union: there is then a degree of confidence and kindneſs which will neceſſarily ſubſiſt without alteration. There remains, for variety, the greater or ſmaller degree of attraction, eagerneſs, and pleaſure, in cultivating that friendſhip: in this reſpect the

the field is wide and open. You were flame colour laſt year; you are now of a ſmoky grey; while I, who never run into extremes, preſerve a pretty regular hue, and am witneſs to your oſcillations without conſidering them as ſtrange.

Tranquil and ſacred friendſhip has a point of ſupport on which the balance ever reſts. The paſſions, at once delightful and cruel, tranſport us out of ourſelves, and at laſt deſert us; but ſincerity of ſoul, and propriety of conduct, the confidence of a true and feeling heart, the moderation of a well-regulated temper, with good and fixed principles; theſe are the things that inſure the continuance of a connexion, whatever alteration it may ſeem to ſuffer. Theſe, my worthy friend, aſſure you that you will find me ever the ſame. No doubt, as wife and mother, fixed to a point, and ſatisfied with thoſe happy titles, it is more eaſy for me to preſerve an equability in my intercourſe with my friends, than it can be for you, whoſe unſettled ſituation muſt occaſion a fluctuation in your affections: accordingly I make a due allowance for effects and cauſes, and at the ſame time that I am ſenſible of your variations, continue to be your friend.

By the way, I cannot help laughing at my ſimplicity in making ſo particular an anſwer to a man, who, ſince he wrote his letter, has been thinking of ſo many other things that he does not, perhaps, even know what I mean.

However that may be, I muſt requeſt you to do

me a piece of ſervice with all convenient ſpeed: the matter in queſtion is as follows:

A man of excellent ſenſe, whom I particularly eſteem, has undertaken to deliver a funeral oration on the Duke of Orleans; but does not know very well what to ſay, any more than myſelf. It therefore becomes neceſſary to collect facts and anecdotes, to come at the public opinion; to know ſomething, in ſhort, of the habits of that prince, that may ſerve to give an idea of his way of life, both in the world and in his own family—ſomething that may be brought forward that will furniſh the means of drawing inferences, and admit of embelliſhment. Your acquaintance is ſufficiently extenſive to enable you to pick up ſome materials. Try what you can do, and ſend me the reſult: you can eaſily perceive what I want. I know your activity is great, and I depend on your friendly exertions.

My good man is returned to Lyons; whence he is to ſend me your letter, which he took for himſelf, and to which he requeſts me to ſay in anſwer, *that he does not dread any one's reading what he writes to his friends*; *that he well knows people of great ſenſibility are ſuſpicious, uncompliant, and ſometimes even cruel*; *that at bottom, however, they are well worth other folks*; *that you are very much of that ſtamp as well as himſelf*; *and it is, no doubt, on that account he loves you.* If by chance he be in the right, and if your letter, which I take to be an anſwer to mine, prove entirely for him, you will not fail to hear of it in pretty plain terms.

WHAT

Villefranche, Jan. 24, 1786.

WHAT are we to think, my good friend, of your fate, and of our own? I mean of the changes that ere this have taken place in your department, and of the little haſte you are in to inform us of them, as far as you are perſonally concerned. Do you ſuppoſe we no longer feel ſufficiently intereſted in that reſpect, to look upon you as bound to ſend us ſuch information? On what can an error ſo injurious to our friendſhip be founded? I cannot, indeed, believe it exiſts. But how are we to account for your ſilence? Aſſuredly, after what you have already intimated to us, you muſt have known for ſome time what you have to expect from changes, in which your intereſt could not but be at ſtake.

If any thing unpleaſant have reſulted from them, why have you not unboſomed yourſelf to your friends? If not, as I am more inclined to perſuade myſelf, how have you had the heart to leave us ſo long in ſuſpenſe?

In a word, whatever may have happened, and however you may be, write to us, and do not reduce us to the painful neceſſity of inquiring into the cauſe of a ſilence which friendſhip cannot brook.

When you have made us eaſy on your own account, ſend us news of what is paſſing in the capital, and of the Cardinal, of whom in the country we no longer know what to think. I muſt once more remind you of the notes concerning the Duke of Orleans, whoſe funeral oration is expected with impatience, while the

author, in his turn, impatiently expects the information you are to send.

Eudora grows tolerably fast, and begins to read: her father is at this moment very much engaged. We all embrace you, and earnestly beg you will send us accounts of your situation, of yourself, of yourself again, and of yourself above every thing. Adieu!—Do not forget friends whose temper of mind, and situation, make them very unlikely to change the sentiments they have felt for you so long.

February 20.

THIS Paris is an abyss, in which it seems to me friendship itself and remembrance are swallowed up. We hear no more of you, than if you were dead. Even to the very doctor, who is obstinately silent also: I see plainly the capital spoils you all. Well go on in your own way; and only answer when you are spoken to; for that appears to me to be all you are capable of at present.

In the midst of your business and your amusements, in the midst of your changes of administration, court intrigues, academical cabals, scientific discoveries, and learned trifles, shall I venture to entertain you with an account of our pleasures? That would be playing the rustic with a vengeance! We dance, sing, eat, and drink here, however, as well as in town; but instead of entering the lists of argument against all challengers, we only reason in the study, by way of diversion.

I will

I will not tell you that we ſtill love you, before I know whether you are worthy of our affection: I poſtpone doing ſo to my next.

February 3.

WHY, upon my word, you begin to be edifying: a man who proves a thing certainly deſerves ſome conſideration. But a *penitent!*—that does not ſound well; and really, though I am ſorry to ſay it, you have very much the air of one. However, in the midſt of your grave and cenſor-like ſtyle, a certain ſomething is perceptible which looks like ſpite and malice, and renders you a little more amiable. For this once then let every thing be forgotten, and let us converſe like reaſonable people.

I am very glad you are reading De Lolme, and think that he muſt pleaſe you much, eſpecially conſidering the objects of compariſon you have choſen.

But do you know that Maſſachuſſets is a very barbarous name, and that a man of faſhion was never known to utter ſuch a word when ſaying ſoft things to one of the fair ſex? I have heard of a lady who was ſo ſhocked at the ſound of Tranſylvania, which was quite new to her, that ſhe deſired the impertinent fellow who pronounced it to leave the room. As to me, I am ſo good-natured, and am ſo pleaſed at your not knowing what to ſay, that I forgive you every thing elſe.

You wiſh me to give you ſome account of Eudora, who grows tall, reads fluently, recites verſes of my compoſition to her father, bluſhes up to the

eyes, coaxes and wheedles as cunningly as if ſhe were already ten years of age—but I muſt not tell you every thing either. I ſhall therefore conclude by confeſſing, that being ſtill a cockney *(ba.* I cannot help feeling myſelf concerned in th fare of the inhabitants of your great town, a I ſometimes love you in ſpite of every thing.

March

WE never feel more ſtrongly that we are friends, than at the moments when you are aff The little you have told me, makes me uneaſy. ſpeak of bad news, but without unboſoming y ſelf: you are in bad health and in bad ſpirits, a you content yourſelf with ſaying ſo, without givi way, I will not ſay to confidence only, but to th effuſions of friendſhip. Do you no longer then think of ours? Is it no longer dear to you? The tone of indifference in which you write, is calculated to give us pain, at the ſame time that we are tormented by your affliction.

Write, and explain yourſelf: we ſhall be uneaſy till we have further accounts from you, and are waiting for them with impatience. I only write to requeſt that we may hear from you. Our friend is juſt come in, after getting tolerably wet—Believe me, you occupy the thoughts of us all. Adieu, my good friend! recline yourſelf ſometimes on the boſom of that friendſhip which has united the whole of us for ev embrace you with more tenderneſs than I can find words to expreſs.

THE

May 3.

THE reſemblance between us is but ſmall; for I am going to love you a little more than ever; my good man is ſet off, and every thing about him is become more intereſting in my eyes. He will ſoon be in your preſence; you will ſee him; you will renew the compact of ſacred friendſhip; imagination will bring me into the midſt of you, and I ſhall participate in your affections.

To-day, or to-morrow week, the well-beloved of my heart will arrive in your capital. On his way he is to paſs a few days at l'Epine and Longpont. Let me hear of his welfare, and your own: you will often hear from me; and I truſt that you will take as much pleaſure as formerly in promoting, and in partaking of our correſpondence.

I am to go next week into the country with my Eudora, who is ſtill thin and weak, though advancing faſt towards convaleſcence. I intend to paſs the whole of my widowhood at the *Cloſe*.—It is in the midſt of fields, and by means of the charming ſpectacle of nature, I ſhall ſupport the abſence of him who renders them more dear to me. You, who inhabit a great town, and many others beſides, will perhaps conſider theſe ideas, and theſe ſentiments, as only fit for ruſtics, or for books; nor are they leſs ſtrange in our little country towns, than in your capital. I believe, indeed, that corruption is ſtill greater in the former, where every little paſſion is inceſſantly fermenting, and produces its baneful effects without any compenſation. The only advantage a

ſmall

ſmall town has over a great one is, that we can get ſooner out of it, and may be every day in the fields. Adieu!—While I am moralizing, the clock is ſtriking twelve; my mother is ſcolding, and ordering the cloth to be laid, the ſervants are hurrying about, and the child cries: whether inclined to eat or not, I muſt ſit down to table.

Adieu!—I long to hear that you and my good man have met: mind, beforehand, that I join in your embraces.

Clos la Platière, May 12.

IN good truth, you are no better than a cameleon, or ſomething worſe. You begin your letter in the ſtyle of a *mountebank*; you proceed like a man of *ſenſibility*, and conclude like a *rake*. Tell me, in which part it is that Nature ſhows herſelf?

I ſhould like much to prove to you that my doubts are well founded; but I am not diſpoſed to enter into an argument. I would only wiſh you to know that I ſhall not hold myſelf obliged to you for my huſband's conſtancy; and that if he were only to diſcover *half a ſcruple* of fickleneſs, I ſhould lay the blame upon you. Learn then, in future, to employ more cunning and duplicity in your nefarious projects. You have the air of a mere ſchoolboy, or a merry-andrew; and though I am no more than a plain country-woman, I could buy and ſell a hundred ſuch as you, if I choſe to give myſelf the trouble. It becomes you admirably to ſay that he ought no longer to love me; believe me, it would become you better to confeſs that you have forgot me; for he will do nothing

but what is written *above*, as pious people ſay. As to us women, the caſe is different—but the rain is over, a gleam of ſunſhine attracts me and you muſt not be angry with the ſun, if his attractive force is more powerful than your own. I lay down my pen, wiſh you a good night, and am going to breathe a little freſh air upon the terrace. Adieu.

May 30.

IN good faith, let it be to either one or the other, you may go alone: I am content with *the man* you know, hold the devil in great contempt, and hardly believe in God; but a woman cannot write the remainder of my thoughts.

It is very fine, indeed, to aſk me whether I love you: pray, is that any buſineſs of yours? It would be almoſt neceſſary for me to ſee you, in order to make you a pertinent anſwer; for all truths are not fit to be told; and if I had continued to beſtow my affection upon you, in ſpite of your being grown a little of a profligate, female dignity would not have allowed me to acknowledge it. Confeſs your peccadilloes to me, if you can find courage enough, and then I will tell you my ſecret. In the mean time, I feel myſelf much obliged to him, whoever he may be, who promotes my correſpondence with my huſband, and I wiſh that he may find ſomebody to do him the ſame good office with an object worthy of his beſt affection.

As to me, I do not ſend you to any body, for I believe that you laugh as much at our *God*, either alone

alone, or preceded by an *A**, as at the *God-damn* of our neighbours.

I hope that my letter will not find you in Spain, and that you have no reaſon to be afraid of broiling.

June 2.

UPON my word, I am quite at a loſs what to think. You have not then received the ſermon I preached to my huſband concerning his mode of travelling? You have not then received what I wrote in anſwer to the pretty billet, which you concluded by ſending me to God, or to the devil?

Well! I muſt return to the latter to tell you, that as often as I am walking in peaceful meditation, in the midſt of ſome rural ſcene, of which I reliſh the beauties, it ſeems delightful to me to owe the bleſſings I enjoy to a ſupreme intelligence: at ſuch times I believe and adore. It is only in the duſt of the cloſet, in poring over books, or in the buſtle of the world, while breathing the corruption of mankind, that theſe ſentiments die away, and that a *ſombre* ſort of reaſon ariſes enveloped with the clouds of doubt, and the deſtructive vapours of incredulity. How fond we grow of Rouſſeau! how much wiſdom and truth do we diſcover in his works, when we have nature and him for our ſole companions!

I bid you adieu then, in expectation of the obſervations, which you promiſe in the firſt line, and which in the ſecond you ſay, you have not time enough to make.

* This appears to be an alluſion to the valediction, *Adieu*.

I HAVE

Villefranche, Sunday, July 9.

I HAVE ſeen our good friend: we are met again, and I am determined he ſhall go no more journies without me. He was with me in the country, when I received your laſt letter, the particulars of which I cannot anſwer, becauſe I left it behind me at the Cloſe. I will only tell you, that it gave me great pleaſure, notwithſtanding the greater pleaſure which ſeemed to eclipſe every other—the pleaſure of ſeeing my turtle-dove reſtored to me.

Your ſtory of the beehives is a very fine gaſconade; I inquired after your loſs, and your ſorrows; and at firſt you did not underſtand what I meant, and then you laughed in my face. Whenever you come again with your pitiful tales, I ſhall take it for granted, that you are laughing at ruſtics.

Adieu!—Let us hear from you, and believe us ever and unalterably your friends.

Auguſt 18.

OH! 'a great deal worſe than giddy—why, you are inconſiderate, impertinent—I know not what. How is it poſſible that you can ever expect me to pardon you, for having made me loſe my time in copying the moſt tireſome things in the world? Copy!—copy!—I copy! why, it is a degradation, a profanation; it is ſinning againſt all the laws of taſte. It becomes you well, after this, to go ſnuffing the wind, and ſtrutting along; you, an interloper in the capital, whence I carried away a great part of what was good for any thing. Do not you know that I have upon my toilet

toilet both pens and journals, and, moreover, verſes to Iris; that I can talk of my country-houſe, of my domeſtics, and of the ſtupidity of the town at this time of the year: that I can pronounce ſentence upon new books, fall in love with a work upon the report of the editor of the journal of Paris, pay visits, talk nonſenſe, liſten to the ſame, and ſo on? Is not that the utmoſt effort of the wit and art of the elegant women in the great world?

Go your ways, young gentleman, you are not clever enough as yet for a *perſiflage*, nor impudent enough for faſhionable airs and graces. You have not even levity enough to encourage an experienced woman to undertake your education, without a riſk of expoſing herſelf. Go your ways, pick up inſects, diſpute with the learned about a ſnail's horns, or the colour of a beetle's wings; but as to the ladies, all you are good for is, to give them the vapours.

I am much obliged to the amiable family of the Audrans for their remembrance; tell them ſo when you ſee them, and ſay a thouſand kind things in my name.

Villefranche, Nov. 10.

ALSO by my fire-ſide; but at eleven in the morning, after a quiet night, and the various cares of the morning, my huſband at his deſk, my girl knitting, and I chatting with the former, overlooking the latter's work, enjoying my warm and comfortable ſituation, in the midſt of my dear little family, and writing to a friend, while the ſnow is falling upon ſo many wretched beings, overwhelmed with poverty and affliction,

affliction, I compaſſionate their miſerable fate; I revert with pleaſure to my own, and at this moment make no account of the unpleaſant connexions and circumſtances that ſometimes ſeem to detract from my felicity. I rejoice at being reſtored to my accuſtomed way of life. We have had at our houſe theſe two months a charming woman, whoſe beautiful profile and pointed noſe, would make you fall in love at firſt ſight. She was the cauſe of my going a good deal abroad, and receiving company at home; and was much carreſſed by every body here. We intermingled this diſſipated life with peaceful days paſſed in the country, and, what was ſtill better, with agreeable evenings, employed in reading out to one another, and in converſing upon the ſubjects ſuggeſted by our books. At length it is neceſſary to return to our accuſtomed way of life. We are alone, and I am delighted at finding myſelf in the little circle neareſt the centre: ſo much ſo, that, in ſpite of preſſing ſolicitations, and almoſt an engagement to paſs a part of the winter at Lyons, I have taken the reſolution of not quitting the dove-cot: my good man, however, cannot do otherwiſe than viſit the principal town of his department, and make a conſiderable ſtay there; but I ſhall let him go alone, to cultivate our connexions, follow his adminiſtrative buſineſs, and amuſe himſelf at the academy. I ſhall confine myſelf to my ſolitude for the whole of the winter, and ſhall only leave it when the fine weather ſets in, in order to ſpread my wings in the beams of the vernal ſun. I ſmiled at the concluſions you draw concerning what muſt neceſſarily

neceſſarily have been thought of me, and what may be expected, as to gaming and viſiting; and ſaid to myſelf, This is the way in which our natural philoſophers, chymiſts, and all the reſt of our learned men, reaſon. They ſet off from *data*, of which they neither know the cauſe, nor the connexion; ſupply the deficiency by conjecture; varniſh over the whole with a jargon of fine words, and gravely give the falſeſt reſults in the world, as if they were palpable truths.

Becauſe upon a ſtranger's account I went into ſociety, where any one might have ſeen that I made as good a figure as my neighbours, and have judged that I muſt be very fond of home to remain there alone, while qualified upon occaſion to receive company, and to do the honours of my houſe, Mr. Philoſopher muſt needs take upon him to decide, that I have determined to live like other country ladies, always from home, and for ever at the card-table.

Becauſe I am aſtoniſhed that the child of a man of feeling, and of a good-natured woman, ſhould be of ſo obſtinate a temper as only to be overcome by harſh meaſures, and becauſe I regret the ſeverity I am obliged to aſſume in order to make her bend beneath the yoke of neceſſity, this wonderful reaſoner immediately concludes that I have caught the contagion, and that my daughter will ſoon have an iron collar round her neck, and a clog to her leg. Poor young man! if you ſucceed no better in your ſtudies, I pity you for loſing ſo much time. If you had been with

me

me theſe three months, you would have come at a knowledge of more truths, perhaps, than you will diſcover for a long while to come. In the firſt place, you would have become acquainted with all the people of note in a country town; I ſhould have aſſiſted you in judging of the diſpoſition, inclinations, talents, and pretenſions of every individual; of the relation of each to all the reſt, and of one to another; of their plans, duties, and paſſions; of the public and private operations of the latter; of their influence upon important meaſures, and upon actions the moſt inſignificant; of the reſult of all theſe things in regard to general manners, and thoſe of private families, &c. It would have been a much more complete courſe of philoſophy, ethics, and even of politics, than what you will be able to make up, in whole years, from your incoherent and ſcattered obſervations. From thence I ſhould have carried you to the country, in company with an Italian lady, full of fire, wit, graces, and talents, and joining to all theſe good qualities, a ſound judgment, a conſiderable portion of knowledge, and an excellent heart; with a German lady, gentle by nature, rendered grave by a republican education, ſimple in her manners, and combining great good nature with very uncommon information; and with a man of a reſerved diſpoſition, but good tempered, witty, and polite. The other perſonages you are acquainted with. Such is the compoſition of our domeſtic circle during the preſent vacation; to which may be added, a few perſons of the neighbourhood, with ſeveral originals, who ſet themſelves above every

body elſe. Beſides this, you would have entire liberty, wholeſome nouriſhment, paſſable wine, long walks, long converſations, entertaining readings, &c. I leave you to judge whether your courſe of philoſophy would not have terminated pleaſantly.

In the next place, you muſt know that Eudora reads well; begins to leave off all playthings but the needle; amuſes herſelf in making geometrical figures; is entirely unfettered by dreſs; has no idea of the value ſet upon ſcraps of gauze and ends of ribbons; thinks herſelf fine when ſhe is told that ſhe is good, and has a clean white frock on, and looks upon a cake, given with a kiſs, as the greateſt of all poſſible rewards. You muſt know too, that her fits of ill humour are more unfrequent, and of ſhorter duration; that ſhe walks in the dark as well as by daylight, is afraid of nothing, and does not think it worth while to tell a lie on any occaſion whatever. Add to this, that ſhe is five years and ſix weeks old; that I do not perceive that ſhe has falſe ideas on any ſubject, of importance at leaſt; and you will allow, that if her obſtinacy has fatigued me, if her fancies have made me uneaſy, and if her careleſs indifference has rendered it more difficult for us to keep her under, our pains, nevertheleſs, have not been thrown away.

Upon ſumming up every thing, I found by your letter that all the reaſoning, of which you were yourſelf the direct object, was very juſt; that you underſtood very well what was conducive to your preſent and future happineſs; and that, conſequently, you were a better philoſopher than three-fourths of mankind.

kind. Continue at the ſame time to be a good friend, and you will always bear a high value in our eyes, and in thoſe of all good men. Adieu!—Noon approaches, and I ſhall be called to dinner. I have only time to embrace you in the name of the whole family, Eudora included, who ſtill remembers you, or your name.

Clos la Platière, October 31.

YOUR fervent prayers have recalled me from the abode of ſhadows, and I can once more converſe with the living. I did not loſe ſight of you in the other world; but I ſaw you only in the diſtance, like thoſe fleeting clouds which appear upon, and are hardly diſtinguiſhable from, the horizon. Your oriſons, and your efforts to attract attention, brought me back to you worldly folks with additional experience. When I had inhabited only one planet, I thought it was poſſible to cultivate the acquaintance of its inhabitants, without injury to our intercourſe with the men of another. But I plainly perceive that it is not the caſe; and that Proſerpine was in the right to divide the year alternately between Pluto and Ceres. As long as I remained in the ſtudy, nailed down to my deſk, you heard from me often, and could judge of my way of life, and perhaps of my heart, by my correſpondence; but as long as that correſpondence was kept up with ſpirit, the people in our neighbourhood, and of our town, looked upon me as a hermit, who could only converſe with the dead, and who diſdained all commerce with her fellow-creatures. I laid down my pen; ſuſpended my literary labours; walked forth

from my muſeum, mixed in the world, and ſuffered it to approach me; talked, ate, danced, and laughed, like other people, with every body that came in my way; and then my neighbours perceived that I was neither an owl, nor a conſtellation, nor a female pedant; but a being both tolerable and tolerant; while you, on the other hand, thought me dead. I am about to reſume my ſtudies, to return to my ſolitude, and expect to hear you alter your note once more.

What have *you* been doing all the while? You have, no doubt, increaſed the ſum of your knowledge; but have you augmented your ſtrength of mind, ſo as to take mankind as you find them, the world as it goes, and fortune in whatever ſhape ſhe may preſent herſelf? As to me, I am in ſuch a ſtate as no longer to care about any thing that may contribute to that end. This you will ſay is eaſy for a perſon whoſe neſt is feathered; and who has a mate to help her to philoſophize, and the reſt of it; but there are a number of circumſtances and things which are independent of all this, and which have an influence over our happineſs: that influence it is that my reaſon turns to good, or reduces to a cipher.

Only think how *nice* (gentille)* I am!—*Nice!* this is not ſaying a little; for you muſt know that at *Villefranche*, in the *Beaujolois*, the word *nice*, applied

* As it was impoſſible to tranſlate the word *gentille* by any correſponding word in Engliſh, ſo as to retain the abſurdity which Madam Roland ridicules, the tranſlator has ſubſtituted the word *nice*, which ſometimes ſuffers a ſimilar perverſion of ſenſe in this country, and almoſt always in New England.

to

to either man or woman, means the practice of virtue, the love of ſtudy, good ſenſe, activity, &c Accordngly you are a *nice* man, if you do your duty as a citizen, or a magiſtrate, or any thing elſe. You cannot laugh more than I do when I hear it gravely ſaid of a father of a family, or of a good advocate, that he is a *nice* man. We are pretty ſpoken people in this country! And in that which you inhabit, are the conſequential, the ſwaggerers, the Crœſuſes, and the great talkers, as much reſpected as ever? As to you, whom I think I ſee at this moment, talking faſt, walking like lightning, with a look which ſometimes indicates ſenſibility, and ſometimes giddineſs, but which never has any thing commanding about it, when you affect to look grave, becauſe on ſuch occaſions you make *Lavaterical* grimaces, and becauſe activity alone becomes your countenance; you, whom we love with all our hearts, and who deſerve our affection, tell us if the preſent *you* be ſupportable, and the future promiſing; for this it is that conſtitutes the happineſs of that age, when the illuſions of youth vaniſh, and the cares of ambition begin.

January 19.

YOUR adulation, my dear friend, was thrown away: my lord and maſter is not yet returned, and I was not in a humour to be puffed up; but on his account I feel myſelf obliged to you for your intention On my own, I thank you for your agreeable little letter, the receipt of which gave me much pleaſure.

I did not imagine you were a Jew in any part of your character; but I find you not a little of a rogue in your way of excuſing your want of memory.

We have had a variety of ſtories told us here about your Lyceum, in which the parliament interferes, by way of giving Monſieur de la Harpe a rap upon the knuckles: pray is there any truth in it?

I keep your third page for my well-beloved, who will be ſenſible of its excellence. As to unworthy me, I like Arioſto's follies better than all the truths of your learned doctors, with their hard names, which there is no ſuch thing as pronouncing.

To-morrow will be one of my happy days; I ſhall ſee my friend after two months' abſence. My heart bounds at the thought, as much as it did ſeven years ago.

Eudora gives you as good as you bring, without ceremony, and without malice; but if you were a hundred leagues nearer, it is poſſible that there might be a little pouting.

May 2.

WHAT is come to you then, my good old friend? We hear no more about you: we only receive a few ſhort lines announcing ſome incloſure, or giving us an account of ſome commiſſion you have been good enough to undertake; but not a ſingle word of friendſhip; not one of thoſe little articles of chit-chat, which are ſo expreſſive of it, becauſe they proceed from the fullneſs of the heart, and are given with a confidence of their proving intereſting. Do you no longer

longer love us? Have you met with better friends, with perſons who value you more highly, who cheriſh you more, or are more deſirous of cultivating with you an agreeable and laſting connexion, founded upon reciprocal eſteem, and ſimilarity of taſte and inclinations?

I ſhall not envy you the happineſs of having met with beings of more analogous minds, who enable you to enjoy the pleaſure that reſults from the communication of your thoughts and ſentiments; but I ſhall complain of your ſeeming to forget thoſe with whom you formerly partook of that ſatisfaction. I know that I have for ſome time paſt written leſs frequently than before; but I have told you the reaſon. You ought to have pitied us on account of the multiplicity of buſineſs, and variety of cares, that prevented us from contributing as much as uſual to the commerce of friendſhip, and not to have written the leſs on that account yourſelf; but the contrary.

It is by mutually ſupplying each other's deficiencies, according to circumſtances, that we keep up the ſacred flame of friendſhip, of which candour, ſimplicity, unbounded affection and indulgence, are the neceſſary attributes. To proceed therefore according to my principles, I forgive you whatever I may have reaſon to complain of, and I dedicate to you the firſt moments, not of leiſure, but of liberty, which I can find in the midſt of the more peaceful, though very buſy life to which I am returned.

We have juſt paſſed three weeks at Lyons, when the neceſſity of cultivating a variety of acquaintance and connexions, and of fulfilling the engagements they led us to contract, did not leave me a moment to myſelf.

Let us know then what your feelings are: take a ſolitary walk: you uſed to tell me, that it was in ſolitude that you became ſenſible that you had friends and a heart; I hope that in ſuch moments we are not forgotten.—Is the revolution in public affairs likely to produce any in your department? Can you deviſe any project for your more rapid promotion? Or do you continue to conſole yourſelf for the contrary by the pleaſures of ſtudy? They are certainly great for a philoſophic mind. I lately met with a man reduced to the ſtate of preceptor, who is happy in that ſituation, and conſoles himſelf, by ſtudy, for a fortune of thirty thouſand livres a year, which he either loſt or ſquandered away. Much may be owing to his diſpoſition, it is true: and it muſt be confeſſed, that we often give credit to philoſophy for what is produced by a man's temper of mind.

October 20.

I RECOLLECT a certain certificate of confeſſion which you forwarded me: it contains an abſolution in proper form; and I feel myſelf diſpoſed to make a return for the favour: good day then; peace be with you. Perhaps I ſhould have anſwered it ſooner, if I had had more time: buſineſs on the one hand,

hand, cares on the other, and company into the bargain, are more than enough to fill up the day, and to take away the desire, or the power, of entering into chat with our distant friends; besides—but we will say no more on that subject.

Whenever I have had a few moments to myself, I have employed them in digesting my little tour through Switzerland; to which I do a greater honour, as you may perceive, than to the one I made through England. I have not yet finished it; nor do I know when I shall. Notwithstanding, however, the rain, the wind, the hail, and the cold, which besiege us during our vintage, and prevent its completion, I am confined here for a good part of the winter. You, good folks of the capital, ought to be much edified at seeing one of your country-women set herself down in the midst of the woods, where the wolves are howling, while the neighbouring mountains are covered with snow. But according to you, what signifies the retreat we inhabit when once we are out of Paris? Lyons, or the woods of Alix, are all one in your eyes. What have you to tell me that is worth hearing? Pray let me know how you keep your head in order. As to your heart, it is a good sort of heart at bottom, and would go on very well, were it not for that same head, which sometimes leads it astray. And then the sciences, and your solitude? Have you found any means of rendering them compatible with one another, or do you court them by turns? Among so many revolutions, which threaten so many persons, does your situation promise you promotion? Now take up your

pen

pen in your turn; let us hear from you, and let us ſtrengthen the bonds of a friendſhip of ſo many years ſtanding.

October 24.

I AM glad you join me in my deteſtation of this everlaſting guzzling, and theſe ſlovenly houſes. If I could do as I like, or were alone with my turtle-dove, I would not give a dinner for theſe three years to come; but would have elegant apartments in town, and a delightful little box at the *Cloſe:* but according to all appearance I ſhall not go to paradiſe in ſuch a hurry.

The wind which is here called the *biſe* (the north-eaſt) is blowing; and I keep a Chriſtmas fire. The leſſer veronica and pimpernel are hardly to be ſeen in the fields; and in the hedges there is nothing but half-blown violets and primroſes peeping out from among the leaves. I have met with a kind of inſect reſembling the little wood-lice, that are found running about in cloſets among books and papers, only a great deal larger, that takes up its abode in the ſhell of a ſnail, exactly as the *hermit** does in that which it adopts. It was my intention to go to Lyons next month; but I am prevented by houſehold affairs, and regret it much; for I am very deſirous of improving my acquaintance with Madam de Villiers: ſhe is the only woman I can find to my liking in this quarter of the world: ſhe is polite, kind-hearted, gentle, modeſt, like her fortune, goes little into company, is very well informed, and exceedingly attached to her huſband, who is

* A marine animal of the cancer kind.

much

much older than herſelf, and whoſe labours in the ſtudy ſhe partakes of. I do not know if you are acquainted with that grave philoſopher; an excellent man at bottom, very ſtiff in his opinions and manners, tolerably well verſed in chemiſtry, and various other branches of the ſciences, and particularly ſkilled in entomology. He has a very intereſting cabinet of inſects, collected by himſelf and his wife. This is almoſt the only connexion, either at Lyons or here, that has any charms for me. I ſhould, however, have occaſion to ſee in the former place ſeveral very intereſting perſons in various points of view. Buſineſs muſt take place of every thing: I therefore leave you in haſte to make up for the half hour I have devoted to you.

April 6, 1788.

REALLY and truly, my good friend, I have been thinking of applying to a third perſon, in order to learn what is become of you: it is ſo long ſince we have had any accounts from you, expreſſed in the tone of confidence, which keeps up that of one's friends, that I almoſt doubt whether my correſpondence upon the old footing will be well received.

Have we not a new acquaintance to make? Or do you, who formerly wrote me word that you changed every year, reſemble the *you* of three years ago? It is highly neceſſary that you ſhould let me know; for however long we may ſuppoſe the teleſcope to be, mine does not enable me to ſee things

a hundred

a hundred leagues off. I can only judge by approximation. For, inſtance, I recollect to have known you in poſſeſſion of a true and affectionate heart; and as that is a thing which does not eaſily change its nature, I ſuppoſe you in poſſeſſion of it ſtill, and love you accordingly. But it ſeems to me alſo, that you are ſometimes, in your mode of expreſſion, and in your ſtyle, the reverſe of good nature, or thereabouts; it ſeems to me alſo, that you do not like to be told of it; but then I recollect that I have paid you in your own coin, when your ill-temper has made me loſe mine, and I aſk myſelf in what ſtate things are at preſent? Is the tinge grown deeper, or is it gone off? I am for the latter ſide of the queſtion, when I figure to myſelf the effects of ſtudy, of meditation, and of happy inclinations; but I am for the former when I conſider the influence of the world, the ſociety of fools, the ſenſe of injuſtice, and the hatred of prejudices, and of tyranny. I ſhall therefore continue in this ſtate of incertitude, until you remove my doubts. But that you may have none in regard to me, I will give you my barometer, as it ſtands in the different places I inhabit. In the country, I forgive every thing: whenever you know me to be there, you may venture to ſhew yourſelf, ſuch as you are, at the moment of writing: an original, a cenſor, or, if needs muſt, moroſe: my ſtock of indulgence is inexhauſtible, and my friendſhip tolerates all kinds of appearances, and every ſort of tone. At *Lyons* I make a jeſt of every thing; the company I ſee there puts

me

me in good humour, my imagination grows more lively, and if you rouſe it, you muſt take the conſequences; it will not let a joke eſcape, without ſending it back with a ſharper point. At Villefranche I deliberate upon every thing, and ſometimes am a cenſor in my turn. Grave, and full of buſineſs, I receive the due impreſſion from every thing; I ſuffer that impreſſion to be ſeen without diſguiſe; and am more than uſually inclined to reaſon, though my feelings there are as ſtrong as elſewhere.

You muſt allow that I give you great advantage in the game: you know all my cards before I ſee yours. Amidſt all this I do not forget your diſſertations, which are not at all in my favour: they take up a great deal of your time, damp your imagination, and do not leave room for the leaſt word of friendſhip. I no longer know whether your ſyllogiſms are in *baroco* or in *ferifon*; and having forgotten Ariſtotle's Categories, being acquainted with no inſect but the *lady-bird*, knowing nothing of Linnæus but a ſcore of phraſes for culinary and medicinal purpoſes, I am ſadly afraid leſt our friendſhip ſhould fail for want of ſome rallying-point. By way of reviving it, I will ſpeak to you of my daughter, whom you are pleaſed with, becauſe ſhe puts me out of all patience. In the firſt place, ſhe has ſtill that claim to your kindneſs, although ſhe gives me hopes that it will not always be the ſame; ſhe begins to fear reproaches almoſt as much as doing penance upon dry bread; ſhe is, perhaps, more ſenſible of the approba-

tion

tion beſtowed upon her when ſhe behaves well, than of the pleaſure of eating a bit of ſugar; and is fonder of being careſſed, than with playing with her doll. What a ſad degeneration, you will ſay; what a fine progreſs we have made!

She is very fond of writing and dancing, becauſe they are employments that do not fatigue her head, and will make a great proficiency in both. Reading amuſes her, when ſhe has nothing to do that ſhe likes better, which does not frequently happen: but ſhe cannot bear ſtories that require more than half an hour to come to the end: ſhe is ſtill a long way off from Robinſon Cruſoe. The harpſichord ſometimes makes her gape: it requires the head to work, and that is a thing ſhe does not excel in: there are ſounds, however, that ſhe is fond of, and when ſhe has ſtrummed an air of *The Three Farmers*, with both hands, ſhe does not fail to be mightily proud of her performance; and to repeat three or four notes that pleaſe her five or ſix times over. She is very fond of a clean white frock, becauſe ſhe is the prettier for it, and becauſe ſhe thinks it muſt make her appear more agreeable. She does not ſuſpect that there are rich dreſſes which entitle the wearers to greater conſideration, and likes a leather ſhoe bound with roſe-coloured ribands, better than one of ſilk of a *ſombre* hue. But ſhe would like ſtill better to be running about in the country, than to be neatly dreſſed, and to ſit primming up in company. She has a ſtrong inclination to ſay and do the very contrary of what ſhe is deſired, becauſe ſhe

thinks it agreeable to act in her own way; and this sometimes carries her to great lengths. But as she is sure to be repaid with interest, she begins to suspect that she might do better, and gives herself as much credit for an act of obedience, as we should do for a sublime effort of the mind. Her fair hair takes every day a deeper hue. Her complexion is rather pale, unless when she takes some violent exercise. She sometimes blushes from embarassment, and is always in great haste to make me acquainted with any blunder that she has committed. She is very strong, and her temperament has some resemblance to that of her father. She is now six years, six months, and two days old. Although she plays a great deal with her father, she reveres him so highly, that she begs of me as the greatest favour possible, to conceal her little misdemeanours from his knowledge. She fears me less, and sometimes speaks to me in a very slighting way: but I am her confidant upon all occasions; and she is very much at a loss what to do when we quarrel, for she has then nobody to whom to apply for any indulgence, nor to whom to tell her little tales. We are in doubt whether we shall have her inoculated or not; it is a question that gives great anxiety and occupation to my mind. If it were for a person less dear to me, I should easily come to a decision, for probabilities are much in favour of the operation; but I should never forgive myself for having exposed her to the unfavourable chance if she should prove the victim of it, and should rather wish that she might be cut off by the hand of

Nature,

Nature, than that it ſhould happen by my means. Beſides, I dread the taint of a ſtranger's blood, which might be communicated by inoculation; an objection to which I have not yet heard a ſatisfactory anſwer.

Find me then, if you can, good reaſons to bring me to a deciſion.

Adieu—I am going to return to my ſtudies: tell me if I have given much interruption to yours. I wiſh you peace of mind, and every thing that can contribute to your entire ſatisfaction; and if you be ſtill our good friend, as I hope, I embrace you with all my heart.

Monday, April 7.

YOU will readily underſtand, my worthy friend, that I had not received your little epiſtle of the fourth, when I wrote you the incloſed. You will therefore take no more than what is good at all times, and will paſs lightly over the raillery, by which I endeavoured to provoke you, in order to makeyou break ſilence.

I was highly ſenſible of this mark of your friendſhip, which made me perceive that I retained a greater attachment for you, than I either ſaid or thought I did. Tell me then what are your ſubjects of ſorrow: nobody will more readily ſhare them than ourſelves. I have perfectly made up my mind as to all uneaſineſs about the place; as ſoon as my huſband's health gives me any, I feel that in compariſon with that object, every other is nothing.

He is better ſince he went to Lyons; but his cheſt is affected as ſoon as ever he begins to write

with any aſſiduity. I am therefore at great pains to make his labours for the Encyclopedia laſt as long as poſſible, by means of moderation and intervals, and to partake of them myſelf as much as I can.

Villefranche, April 21.

WE have received your agreeable epiſtle with the greateſt pleaſure, and with the warmeſt feelings of friendſhip. It is not neceſſary for me to be at the *Cloſe*, in order to find it to my taſte. You wrote it at a moment in which you did not ſtand in need of the indulgence of your friends, and in which they diſcover you to be every thing that they can deſire. You viſit the unfortunate, and you endeavour to conſole them: it is one of the moſt effectual means of preſerving and increaſing the native goodneſs of the heart.

I have alſo that painful advantage: my neareſt neighbour has loſt an excellent huſband, whom ſhe loved as I love mine. This woman, whoſe mind is of the common caſt, is rendered ſublime by her grief; ſo much does a ſtrong and lively ſentiment render us ſuperior to ourſelves. She has a great number of acquaintances, all of whom endeavour to divert her attention from her loſs. I am, perhaps, the only one who never attempt to conſole her, and who weep with her ſincerely: my tears render her's leſs bitter, and her affliction leſs grievous.

Our eldeſt brother ſet off this morning at five o'clock: pray examine him *levaterically*. I believe that his pointed noſe will pleaſe you, and that his

mouth will give you ſome pain: it ſeems, at leaſt to me, to be at variance with every thing like wit and taſte. As to his forehead, I am at no loſs what to think of it; but I will not foreſtal your obſervations. You know what I wrote to Lanthenas concerning the triumph which I offered him over elderſhip; pray be of the party; and let the praiſe of the younger brother, and the care of enhancing every thing that is in his favour, ſhew his elder, that a man may enjoy great conſideration in ſpite of primogeniture.

You are very fortunate to be able to apply yourſelf to a ſcience ſo agreeable as natural hiſtory: I cannot figure to myſelf a ſtudy which agrees better with our peace of mind, or which is better fitted to defend us from thoſe paſſions that diſturb it.

Adieu!—I embrace you.

May 22.

MANY thanks for your news: it brings us a little acquainted with the world again, from which we were a hundred leagues off. I am very much of your opinion, both as to the principles, to the buſineſs itſelf, and to the reſult that we ought to deſire.

We get nothing but falſified intelligence. The journals are garbled, and ſent a ſecond time to the preſs: it is a great pity. My health is but indifferent, and I am threatened with another doſe of phyſic. An ounce of hardneſs of heart, and the ſame quantity of indifference, might do a great deal of good to my conſtitution; but thoſe drugs, common as they

they are, are not to be bought, and I ſhould abhor making uſe of them.

Send me then your journal, if it be not in Latin: as to the fowls, I cannot promiſe you them in exchange, but I can promiſe you ſome pretty ſpecimens of quartz, upon yellow ſtones, with which our Cloſe abounds. Is not that ſtill better for a man of ſcience, although not ſo digeſtible? Give us a good receipt to deſtroy caterpillars, and then you may come, and eat your ſhare of our apples. In good earneſt, ſhall you never be able to make a pilgrimage to this part of the world? We would take you a walk through our woods, and over our mountains; from our terrace you would ſee Mont-Blanc, which our peaſants, I know not why, call The Cat's Mountain, and we would go in a body to viſit Mount Pila. Throw off your fetters for a little while, and join us in our retreat: you will find there true friendſhip, and real ſimplicity of heart. A woman of Lyons has betrayed me; her huſband has done ſtill worſe; and between them they have printed one half of my tour through Switzerland. I have inſiſted upon the cancelling of my name, and of every thing that might ſerve to point me out, and it has been done; but there are ſo many blunders, and the cenſor (an abbé) has ſo curtailed me, that I am quite ſtupified at it, and hardly know my own work.

Clos la Platière, June 18.

I SEND you a treaſure for a naturaliſt, but the deſtruction of our kitchen gardens. You will find in the box that accompanies this, ſeveral indivi-

duals of a ſpecies of inſect which preys upon artichokes. Theſe villanous little animals, of a ſhape ſomewhat reſembling that of caterpillars, have at the end of their tails a kind of ſcaly mantle, which they throw over their backs, and thus brave every danger. When once they ſet to work upon the artichokes, they devour the pulpy ſubſtance of the leaves; the whole plant turns white, and withers; ceaſes to be productive; and ſometimes abſolutely dies. We are ignorant, in this country, both of the name of the inſect, and of the way of deſtroying it. They do not often make their appearance; and, if I may judge from the preſent year, the firſt in which they have been ſeen ſince I came to this part of the world, they never ſhow themſelves but after great drought.

If it be unknown to you, it is a preſent I am making you, and I aſk in return a receipt to get rid of them: if you can procure us one, you will render a ſervice to the whole province. You will find two individuals, which I ſurpriſed, in a different ſhape: they are larger, and in their preſent dreſs reſemble a wood-louſe.

You will be able to judge by ſome bits of artichoke-leaves, incloſed in the box, of the ſtate to which theſe little black animals reduce the beſt of our vegetables.

I have juſt opened the box again, and find nothing left already of my pretended wood-louſe, but a ſkin of a greeniſh white. The black animal has crept out of it, and is now running about like the reſt, with the

the mantle, which gives them the appearance of little *prickly balls*.

July 4.

HONOUR to the ſciences, and ſtill more to men of ſcience, for their admirable expedients! Are not my artichokes well protected? And have I not made a notable addition to the ſum of my knowledge, by learning to give the name of *larva* to what I deſignated ſo well by that of the little black animal?

You do not ſo much as tell me what the two perfect inſects, *hatched on the road*, reſemble, though I had informed you, that you would find in the box two individuals in a new dreſs. But I have met with ſome in my garden in a third ſhape, with a handſome green cuiraſs, running briſkly along, and no longer making me ſick with their diſguſting appearance, although they fall directly upon the artichoke itſelf, and pay no further attention to the leaves of the plant. You and your brother muſt agree as you can about the two bottles of oil: in the mean time I muſt inform your ſcience, that it is for the uſe of the human ſpecies alone, and that it is the laſt and moſt powerful remedy for worms. The doſe is a few drops, in a ſpoonful of any ſort of ſyrup. By theſe means grown-up perſons have been ſnatched from the grave, after all other remedies have proved ineffectual, and when they have been almoſt expiring in convulſions. Eudora once took ſome in a violent fit of ſickneſs, and ſhortly after voided a very large worm, the

only one which ſhe ever brought away in her life, and of which the expulſion was the ſignal of better health.

Perhaps this diſcovery may be new to ſome of your doctors, and will be more uſeful to them, than your preſervatives againſt the *caſſida viridis* will to me: this is the way in which I am reſolved to revenge myſelf for your want of knowledge.

I expect your ſevere critique; but beg you to ſuſpend it as far as relates to the article Lavater, as I have new matter to furniſh.

You no longer ſay any thing about your men of ſcience, and the intriguers, and ſo on, that pretend to it; what is that little nation doing, while the great republic is in diſorder, and money as ſcarce in the coffers of the ſtate, as water was in our ciſtern in the months of April and May?

I have now, however, enough to baptize you, if you will come and ſee us; and I may venture to defy every thing reprehenſible about you, with an element ſo pure, a ſite ſo excellent, and ſo deep a ſolitude. My good man is ſtill at Lyons; nor do I very well know when he will come back. My health is tolerable, as long as I have nothing to affect me, or make me uneaſy; but my ſtomach is not in a ſtate to bear without injury the emotions of my heart, or the agitation of my mind: when they are too much employed, the former goes quietly to reſt, and will no longer do its office. We muſt put up with theſe old ſervants, who take it in their head to govern.

Adieu!

Adieu!—I have a great deal to do, and I amuſe myſelf with chit-chat. It appears to me that you have dropped your correſpondence, ſince I have been living in retirement. I have only heard once from you at this Place, where I have been ever ſince the fifteenth of laſt month. Health and friendſhip!

October 1.

HANG yourſelf, dainty Crillon*; we are making jellies and jams, and ſweet wine, and ſweet-meats, and you are not here to taſte them! Theſe, elegant Sir, are my preſent occupations. The vintage in the mean time is going on amain, and very ſhortly it will be only in the cellar of the maſter, and in the cupboard of the miſtreſs of the houſe, that the grape, and its delicious juice, will be found. That of this year will be excellent; but we ſhall have little of it on account of the viſit paid us by the hail: an honour which always leaves a dear and laſting remembrance behind it.

Why then do you not write to us? you who have no vintage to attend to; can there be any other occupation in the world beſide?

But you are quite loſt in the labyrinth of politics, and exhauſt yourſelf in diſſertations upon the good to be done, that will never take place. What is M. Necker about? They ſay that there is a terrible party againſt him. And the tall devil of an archbiſhop;

* An alluſion to a letter of Henry IV. beginning in theſe words, Hang yourſelf, brave Crillon; we have been fighting at Arques, and you were not there.—*Tranſ.*

he was ſaid to be ſet off for Rome; but it is now reported that he is in cloſe cuſtody.

May God grant peace to the good, and annihilate the wicked! Devote a few moments to the recollection of your friends at the world's end, who do not forget you, and who embrace you without ceremony, except Eudora, who might already have her objections.

How do the ſciences go on in the midſt of our political convulſions, and our financial diſtreſs? and the men of learning, and the great talkers, and the collections, and the courſes of lectures, and La Blancherie, and the muſeums, and the *muſards* (loungers?)

We are told here that Necker's anſwer is ready, but that he muſt leave the kingdom in order to publiſh it. What is ſaid of it in your part of the world? We, who think him pretty much of the *charlatam*, in ſpite of his *character*, have great doubts of the exiſtence of that anſwer, or of its being good for any thing, in caſe its exiſtence be real.

Carra's manner beſpeaks him exactly what you repreſent him to be. I ſhould be very glad to be more particularly acquainted with him.

Tell my brother-in law what I have not been able to let him know, that the Intendant came here to inſiſt upon the regiſtering of the edicts, after which our bailiwic, though very happy at this little piece of violence, affected to be in no haſte to take its meaſures in conſequence. Next comes a letter from the Intendant to his ſub-delegate, deſiring to know if the court had begun to ſit, and pointing out the neceſſity

in

in caſe any difficulty ſhould ariſe, of informing government, &c. The bell of the town-hall is ringing, and our magiſtrates are aſſembling, probably to form a *preſidial* * court.

The grand bailiwic of Lyons held its firſt ſitting on Friday upon a threat of its being transferred to Macon in caſe of any reſiſtance.

But Macon refuſes to ſubmit to the juriſdiction of Lyons.

Nevertheleſs, the little tribunals are upon the whole well ſatisfied with the revolution.

We poor plebeians, whoſe pockets will be emptied, without any one ſaying *by your leave*, were the only perſons diſpleaſed with this ſame buſineſs of regiſtering, and this formation of a *plenary court*, compoſed of creatures of the crown.

It appears to us beſides, that the right of juriſdiction given to the inferior courts is too conſiderable. In ſmall places, where goſſiping and prejudices have ſo much influence, the fortune of almoſt every individual is left at the diſcretion of judges, very eaſy to be impoſed upon and deceived.

Let us wait and ſee—let us bleſs America, and weep over the banks of the river of Babylon.

Adieu!—We love you as much as ever.

December 4.

COME, now, Mr. Doctor, have the goodneſs, I beſeech you, to let me know *ſubito*, for that is the

* In France an inferior Court of Judicature, from which an appeal lay to the provincial parliaments.—*Tranſ.*

way to pleaſe the ladies, if the famous turnips, at preſent ſo much extolled at Paris, and ſo much cultivated in its vicinity, be of the genus *raphanus* or *braſſica*. Then you will tell me, *en paſſant*, in what genus you include the *turnip-radiſh*, which you Pariſians eat at breakfaſt; and then, whether you are acquainted with the *long* and *round* radiſh which grows in Flanders, and in ſome of our provinces, and what you call it. Let your deciſion on all theſe points be exact and preciſe: it will terminate very learned diſcuſſions, in which you may conſider it as a great honour to be choſen for umpire. But let that deciſion be accompanied by the Linnæan terms; for we have a great many things to attend to, and very few books. Should I be ſatisfied with your ſcience, and ſhould you notwithſtanding be unacquainted with our *radiſhes*, the moſt ſalubrious, the mildeſt, and the lighteſt of all poſſible kinds of food for man and beaſt, I will ſend one of them at your head of five or ſix pounds weight, *long* or *round* as you beſt like.

Adieu!—Do not altogether forget your friends of the laſt century, who embrace you with ſincere affection.

Clos la Patière, October 8.

WE hear nothing from you, my dear friend, and yet the parliaments are coming forward, and acting in a moſt extraordinary manner. Are the friends of order and liberty, who deſired their re-eſtabliſhment, then doomed to regret it? What effect have their reſolutions produced upon the public mind?

Their

Their mention of the ſtates-general of 1614, their pretenſions, their tone, and their language, are very ſingular.

The queſtion then is only to know, whether we are to vegetate miſerably under the rod of a ſingle tyrant, or to groan beneath the iron yoke of ſeveral united deſpots? The alternative is dreadful, and leaves us no choice, for there is no making one between evils of the ſame magnitude. Though the national degradation may be leſs general in an ariſtocracy, than under the deſpotiſm of an unbridled monarch, the ſituation of the people is ſometimes harder, and would be ſo among us, where the privileged claſſes are every thing, and where the moſt numerous claſs is counted for little more than a cipher.

We are told that the principal financiers have entered into a league againſt Necker; what is that miniſter about? Has he not yet fixed himſelf firmly in the ſaddle?

July 26.

NO, you are not free: nobody as yet is ſo. Public confidence is betrayed; our letters are intercepted. You complain of my ſilence, and I write to you by every poſt. It is true, I entertain you very little with my perſonal affairs:—who is the traitor, that at this moment minds any buſineſs but that of the nation? It is true alſo, that I have written ſtill more vigorouſly than you have acted; and yet if you do not take care, all you have done will be only a vain parade. Neither have I received the letter from you

which

which our friend Lanthenas ſpeaks of. You ſend me no news, and yet there muſt be a great abundance. You buſy yourſelves about a municipality, and you ſuffer heads to eſcape, which are about to conjure up new horrors.

You are nothing but children; your enthuſiaſm is a momentary blaze; and if the national aſſembly do not bring two illuſtrious heads to a formal trial, or if ſome generous Decius do not ſtrike them off, you will all go to the devil together.

If this letter do not reach you, let the baſe wretches who read it bluſh, on learning that it is from a woman, and tremble on reflecting that ſhe is able to make a hundred enthuſiaſts, who will make millions more.

Auguſt 15.

IT is not to the citizen only that I addreſs myſelf to-day, but to the naturaliſt alſo. We do not give up politics: they are at this moment too intereſting; nor ſhould we deſerve to live in a free country, if we grew indifferent to the public weal. But the days are long; people of a lively imagination, and ardent minds, ſoon draw their concluſion; letters and converſation can only fill up a part of our time, when we are not actors in the buſy ſcene ourſelves; nor can we for ever feaſt upon the ſame diſh. Furs are then coming once more upon the carpet: they are intereſting on account of their immediate relation to a part of natural hiſtory. There is no work indeed in which we cannot, in ſome ſhape or other, introduce and ſet forth

forth the rights of juſtice, and the true principles of adminiſtration.

We are ſtudying with much pleaſure the *Mammalia* of *Erxleben*, and I think we may quote him with confidence: we have, however, remarked, that his own quotations of the different works of Linnæus, Buffon, Bomare himſelf, and a thouſand other authors, are from editions more than twenty years old.

For theſe twenty years paſt natural hiſtory has been very generally cultivated: it has made a great progreſs, and we ſhould perhaps run a riſk of finding ourſelves behindhand in ſeveral articles, if we were to place our principal dependance upon an authority of ſuch ancient date.

We ſhould be glad to know then whether any able naturaliſt exiſts in Europe, who has publiſhed ſince that period; and whether you chance to be acquainted with any work of later date, which is worth conſulting, and deſerving of faith. Communicate to us what you know in that reſpect, and try to procure us all the information you can. Did Erxleben publiſh nothing but his *Mammalia*, particularly ſince he gave that work to the world? And have not ſome of the learned men of Germany, or England, gone over the ſame ground ſince with equal ſucceſs?

As ſoon as you have it in your power, we ſhall expect a ſatisfactory anſwer on that head, and in the mean time will beg you to explain to us one of his paſſages: we comprehend the words, but as we

do

do not underſtand the ſignification of the figures, the whole is loſt upon us.

It is in page 42, *Naturales* hic ſubeſſe, *ordines* generum, 1—7; 9—11; 12—20; 21—24; 25—31; 32—40; 41—46; 47—51; apparet; neque male conjungi crediderim, 7 and 8; 11 and 12; 20 and 21; 24 and 25; 31 and 32; 40 and 41; 46 and 47.

Fiat lux.—That is your buſineſs.

We embrace you heartily.

Auguſt 25.

YOU deſerve a few friendly lines for your laſt letter, which gave us great pleaſure. I can eaſily conceive how much you muſt be occupied; and accordingly I do not complain of your momentary ſilence, as of a fault which you commit, but as of a privation which I ſuffer. Courage then; continue to aſſemble: by dint of uniting for the common weal, the ſphere of good-will is extended, ideas are propagated, and the public ſpirit is fixed upon a firmer footing.

Our ſilly country towns are a hundred leagues behind you in all poſſible reſpects: vanity there is ſo great, that each individual thinks he is grown one half ſmaller. Every one looks only to himſelf; and the conſequence is, that the whole ſee nothing but fools. I believe that the honeſt Engliſhman is in the right, and that we muſt have a ſmall touch of civil war before we are good for any thing. All theſe little quarrels, and inſurrections of the people, ſeem to me inevitable; nor do I think it poſſible to riſe to liberty, from the midſt of corruption, without ſtrong

convul-

convulſions. They are the ſalutary criſes of a ſerious diſeaſe. We are in want of a terrible political fever to carry off our foul humours. Go on and proſper then: let our rights be declared; let them be ſubmitted to our conſideration; and let the conſtitution come afterwards.

We ſhall come to blows: I fully expect it: what is to be done? We muſt arm ourſelves with courage. I will lay aſide the ſciences, and all the reſt of it, to talk and think of nothing but politics. At this moment can any other intereſt come in competition with our political concerns? But it becomes us to keep in our proper places, and not to rebel againſt the influence of thoſe about us.

Adieu!—Health and friendſhip, in unity of heart, as fellow-citizens.

September 4.

YOUR kind letter brought us very bad news. We bluſhed on hearing it, and on reading the public papers. They are going to patch us up a bad conſtitution, in like manner as they garbled our faulty and incomplete declaration of rights. Shall I never then ſee an addreſs of reclamation for the reviſion of the whole? Every day we ſee addreſſes of adheſion and other things of that ſort, which beſpeak our infancy, and confirm our ſhame. It behoves you, Pariſians, to ſet the example in every thing; let a temperate but vigorous addreſs ſhew to the aſſembly that you know your rights, that you are determined to preſerve them, that you are ready to defend them, and that you inſiſt upon their being acknowledged! Without this

this bold measure, every thing will be worse than ever it was. It is not at the Palais Royal it should be done: the united districts ought to act; but if they do not shew themselves so inclined, it should be done by any set of men, provided they be in sufficient number to command respect, and to lead on others by their example.

I preach all I can. A surgeon, and a village curate, have subscribed for Brissot's journal, which we have taught them to relish; but our little country-towns are too corrupt, and our peasantry too ignorant. Villefranche overflows with *aristocrats*, people risen from the dust, which they think they shake of by affecting the prejudices of another order.

You will be able to judge of the happy days I pass, by figuring to yourself my brother-in-law more priestly, more despotic, more fanatic, and more obstinate, that any priest you ever met with. The consequence is, that, though we have little intercourse with one another, he contrives to tease us a good deal; and I am well persuaded, that out of hatred to our principles, he will do us, perhaps, all the mischief he is able.

I do not know whether you be amorously inclined; but I well know that in the circumstances in which we are placed, if an honest man be free to follow the torch of love, it is not till he has lighted it at the sacred fire of that of his country. Your rencounter was interesting enough to deserve mention; and I feel myself much obliged to you for making us acquainted with it; but I can hardly pardon

don you for being ignorant of the name of ſo worthy a creature.

I have this inſtant heard of the proceedings of the king, his brothers, and the queen, with the aſſembly. They were deviliſhly frightened! That is all that the ſtep they have taken proves; but to believe in the ſincerity of their promiſe of leaving every thing to that body, it would be neceſſary to forget all that has paſſed. It would have been neceſſary for the king to begin by diſmiſſing all the foreign troops.

We ſhall be nearer the moſt dreadful ſlavery than ever, if we ſuffer ourſelves to be blinded by deluſive confidence.

The French are eaſily ſeduced, by fair appearances on the part of their maſters, and I make no doubt but one half of the aſſembly was moved at the ſight of Antoinette recommending her ſon. *Morbleu!*—A child is of great conſequence, to be ſure! It is the ſalvation of twenty millions of men that is at ſtake. All will be loſt if we do not take care.

Have we not reaſon to be afraid of freezing, even in the remembrance of our friends, in ſuch ſevere weather? Receive this *billet* then as a little faggot to feed the ſacred fire, and watch over it faithfully, that it may not go out.

As to us good country folks, who have nothing but cheering friendſhip to divert our attention from the bitter blaſts that afflict theſe regions, there is no fear of our neglecting its worſhip. Join us then,

as far as intention goes, in our ſincere prayers, and let us pay homage together to that amiable divinity, at the renewal of a year which adds to the date of our friendſhip. Are we to have no more of the chit-chat from you, that we uſed formerly to receive? And does the Latin of Linnæus leave no room for the communications of ingenuous friendſhip? Adieu! —If to this *oremus* you anſwer *amen*, we may begin again; in the mean time receive the embraces of all our little family.

Eudora is tall, with fine *fair* hair, which falls down her ſhoulders in natural curls; very dark eye-laſhes encircle her grey eyes; and her little noſe, ſomewhat turned up at the end, gives her already a roguiſh look.

Clos la Platière, 17 May, 1790.

A TRUCE for a moment with your politics: let us return to natural hiſtory, to the ſtudy of which the country invites. But our ideas concerning it have been ſo diſturbed, that we are puzzled to find our way even with the help of Erxleben.

For inſtance, I think I have formed a juſt conception of Linnæus's diviſions, of which the *claſſes* are the firſt; the *orders*, ſubdiviſions of claſſes; the *genera*, ſubdiviſions of orders; the *ſpecies*, ſubdiviſions of genera; and the *varieties*, ſubdiviſions of ſpecies. It appears to me that Erxleben ranges his diviſions in the ſame way: however, when I look for examples, I think I perceive contradictions. His Mammalia conſiſt of only one claſs, in which he has included 51 orders. The firſt of thoſe orders, *homo*, has

has only varieties; but in the fourth order, *cereſpithecus*, I conſider as genera the *hamadryas*, the *veter*, the *ſenex*, the *vetulus*, the *ſilenus*, the *faunus*, &c. How happens it then that he ſays, after the ſynonimy, of *faunus*, *barbatus*, *cauda apice fioccoſa* SPECIES *obſcura adeoque dubia?*

This word *ſpecies* deranges all my ideas, and I can no longer underſtand the author's arrangement.

I ſhould like to find in his *Mammalia* an example to juſtify his ſtatement of the ſubdiviſions: I ſhould wiſh to find in one of the 51 orders a genus having both *ſpecies* and varieties belonging to it, or to know why the denomination *ſpecies* is applied to a diviſion which I had reaſon to conſider as a genus.

Give me the clue of this labyrinth, in which I am loſt, and out of which I can no longer find my way.

The weather is delightful; and in ſix days the country has undergone a total change: the vines and the walnut-trees were as black as in the dead of winter.—The touch of a necromancer's wand does not change the appearance of things more ſuddenly, than the genial heat of a few fine days has done: every thing is verdant, and in leaf; and we can now find a pleaſant ſhade, where before nothing exiſted but the gloomy aſpect of torpor and inaction.

I could eaſily in this place forget public affairs, and the diſputes of mankind: contented with the range of the manor, with ſeeing my hens hatch their young, and with tending my rabbits, I no longer think of the revolutions of empires. But, as ſoon as I

am in town, the misery of the people, and the insolence of the rich, excite my hatred of injustice and oppression; and I no longer ask any thing of Heaven, but the triumph of truth, and the success of our regeneration.

Our peasantry are very much discontented with the decree concerning feudal rights: they look upon the rate of redemption for fines and quit-rents as exceedingly burdensome; and will neither redeem nor pay. We must have a reform, or we shall have more *châteaux* burnt. The mischief perhaps would not be so great, were it not to be feared that the enemies of the revolution would take advantage of this discontent, to diminish the confidence of the people in the national assembly, and to excite some disorder, which they long for as a triumph, and as a mean of recovering their lost ground.

Preparations are making at Lyons for a camp: send us then brave fellows to make aristocracy tremble in its den. It had been made a question, whether women should be allowed to approach the camp; apparently those who raised the doubt had some treachery in contemplation; but the idea was too offensive, and did not take.

Adieu!—Send us a little chit-chat for once and away.

Clos la Platière, Monday, Sept. 27.

IT was only by Saturday's post that we received your letter of the twentieth, because it did not reach Lyons till after our departure from that place. We had been longing for accounts from you for some time,

time, and we welcomed them joyfully; but your obſervations concerning public affairs afflict us the more, becauſe they are perfectly conſonant with what we hear from other quarters. It is not, however, from the public papers that you think you ought to procure us information: not one of them is calculated to give an idea of the bad ſtate of public affairs; and that very thing ſerves to render it more complete. This is the moment in which patriotic writers ought to denounce by name thoſe corrupt members who, by their hypocriſy, and their manœuvres, deceive the hope, and betray the intereſt of their conſtituents. They ought to publiſh without reſerve what you ſay of the General. What purpoſe does the liberty of the preſs anſwer, if the remedies which it affords againſt the evils that threaten us be not made uſe of? Briſſot ſeems to be aſleep; Louſtallot is dead; and we have lamented the loſs of him with many tears: Deſmoulins will have occaſion to reſume his employment of procurator-general of the lantern. But what is become of the energy of the people? Necker is ſet off without throwing any light upon the abyſs of the finances, and nobody thinks of exploring the labyrinth he has abandoned: why do you not remonſtrate againſt the baſeneſs of that committee which dares to defend d'Artois' debts?—The ſtorm is howling; the knaves throw aſide the maſk; the bad ſide triumphs, and the people forget that inſurrection is the moſt ſacred duty when our country is in danger! O Pariſians! how much do you ſtill

reſemble that fickle people whoſe *effervescence* was falſely ſtyled enthuſiaſm! Lyons is ſubjugated. The Germans and Swiſs domineer in that place by means of their bayonets employed in the ſervice of a treacherous municipality, which is in league with the miniſters, and other bad citizens. Soon we ſhall have nothing left to do but to weep over liberty, if we do not die for her. We dare no longer ſpeak, ſay you: be it ſo: we muſt *thunder* then. Join yourſelf to ſuch honeſt men as you can find; complain; reaſon; ſet up an outcry; wake the people from their lethargy; ſhew them the dangers by which they are threatened, and try to give new courage to the ſmall numbers of members who poſſeſs any underſtanding, and who would ſoon recover their aſcendency, if the voice of the people were raiſed in their ſupport.

I have not the heart to entertain you with an account of the life we lead, and of our rural excurſions. The republic is neither happy nor aſſured; and our felicity is diſturbed by it. Our friends are endeavouring to make proſelytes with a zeal which would be attended with ſucceſs, if they could preach for any length of time in the ſame place.

December 20.

GET a decree paſſed declaratory of the way in which miniſters are to be made reſponſible; get a bridle put in the mouth of the executive power; and haſten the organization of the national guards. A hundred thouſand Auſtrians are aſſembling on your

your frontiers; the Brabanters are conquered; the kingdom is drained of its ſpecie, without any one's inquiring how; we pay the princes and fugitives, who with our own money manufacture arms to ſubdue us.—Death and deſtruction! What ſignifies your being Pariſians? Why, you cannot ſee to the end of your noſes, or elſe you want vigour to make your aſſembly get on! It was not our repreſentatives who brought about the revolution: take away a dozen or ſo, and the reſt are beneath it.—It was the *public opinion*; it was the *people*, who are always in the right, when that opinion is properly directed. It is Paris that is the ſeat of that opinion. Finiſh then your work, or expect to ſee it watered with your blood.

Adieu!—Your fellow-citizen and friend, in life, and in death.

29 January 1791.

I WEEP for the blood that has been ſpilt; it is impoſſible to be too ſparing of that of our fellow-creatures! But I am very glad that there are dangers. I do not ſee any thing elſe capable of goading you on. The fermentation prevails throughout France, it fluctuates along with external meaſures; the public force is not organized; and Paris has not yet ſufficiently influenced the aſſembly to oblige it to do every thing it ought!

I expect vigorous reſolutions from your ſections; if they deceive my expectation, I ſhall think myſelf doomed to weep over the ruins of Carthage, and though continuing to preach liberty, I ſhall deſpair

of ſeeing it eſtabliſhed in my unfortunate country. Lay aſide your natural hiſtory, and every other ſcience, except that of becoming a man, and diffuſing public ſpirit.

I have heard Lanthenas ſay, that members of the aſſembly went to ſtudy botany in the Garden of Plants: Good God! and you did not make them aſhamed of themſelves! And thoſe worthy citizens, who ſee with pain corruption ſurrounding them, do not riſe up with energy to oppoſe its progreſs! do not follow it through all its ramifications! do not call upon public opinion to ſtop the torrent! Is this the way in which they ſhew their courage? Is this the way in which they do their duty?

Why do you not put them in mind of it? If I perceived the ſmalleſt intrigue directed againſt the welfare of my country, I would haſten to denounce it to all the world.

The wiſe ſhut their eyes againſt the faults or the foibles of a private individual; but the citizen ought not to forgive his own father, when the public weal is at ſtake.

It is eaſy to ſee that theſe good quiet men did not admire Brutus, till the revolution had brought him into faſhion.

Beſtir yourſelves, and may we hear at one and the ſame time of your efforts, and of your ſucceſs.

Lyons, February 7.

I AM told that you are playing the *Rodomont*, and that you write fine things to puff off the Pariſians and

and yourſelf, but that no effects follow. It is certain that the armaments which you get decreed are highly ridiculous, while our national guards remain every where unorganized, unexerciſed, and without arms. It is very fine, to be ſure, to reckon twenty-five millions of men, among whom there are not three hundred thouſand in a ſtate of defence! and in the mean time the enemy's frontiers are covered with armed men; and the great deſpots, the petty princes, the fugitives, and the diſcontented of the interior, are preparing for us, in concert, the moſt bloody ſcenes. Read the printed addreſs that you will find incloſed, and you will ſee that this is not a time for boaſting, but for ſhewing ourſelves by our good works.

You may ſay what you pleaſe; but as long as I ſee your tyrannical, ignorant, or corrupt committees propoſing trifling decrees, amuſing themſelves with matters foreign to the conſtitution, or ſetting up nothing but ſcarecrows, I ſhall aſſert, that the Pariſians are not ſo brave as they appeared to be, or that they have loſt all their cleverneſs. Shew yourſelves men, or I will tell you the ſame thing to your face.

Adieu!—I ſhall write to you to-morrow concerning our lodgings. In the mean time we embrace you in return for your kind expreſſions, and I take my leave of you in order to pack up. In leſs than a week we ſhall be with you.

Madam

Madam Roland wrote me by almoſt every poſt from the beginning of the revolution, letters as replete with patriotiſm as the above; but I only kept thoſe which it was not worth while to circulate. Whether they were intended for me or Lanthenas, I ſent them to the latter, who uſed to communicate them to Briſſot, and other perſons; and they never came into my poſſeſſion again. Many of them ſerved to make articles in the different journals, particularly the Patriote François, *and were remarkable for their energy, and for the juſt reflections they contained.*

END OF THE FOURTH AND LAST PART.

Printed by I. Gold, Shoe-lane.

Date Due

OCT 2 3 '84			
NOV 1 1 '84			
DEC 17 '84			
MAR 3 1 '85			
~~MAR 1 6 1975~~			
MAY 1 5 1997			
MAY - 8 1998			
MAY - 6 1997			
MAR - 8 2004			
APR 1 6 2004			

Demco 293-5

WELLS BINDERY INC.
WALTHAM, MASS.
JUNE 1962

TUFTS UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
3 9090 001 509 450

DC
146
.R7C4

26436